

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF THE COUNTRY HOME MAGAZINE—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—COLLIER'S—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

November 27, 1937

5¢ A COPY

Collier's

THE NATION



WITH LABOR THROWN IN By Walter

MRS. JOAN E. HARGROVE
417 E. MADISON
KANSAS
22 JULY 39
R 219

Nov. 27, 1937

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Even in Scotland...



*Ambassador
of good will
to 87
countries*



"Here's a Scotch story you *haven't* heard," writes C. K. Lamont of New York. "Visiting Uncle Duncan of Cromarty last summer, I was taken off to a very damp moor to shoot grouse, so I was more than ready for a tall one when we got back to the ancestral hall. With proper reverence I raised my glass, expecting to sip a rare Scotch whisky. It was rare whisky, all right, but familiar as the

Statue of Liberty! 'I see ye ken Canadian Club,' said Uncle Duncan, noting my surprise. 'O' course twud never do tae let it get aboot, lad, but e'en the most loyal Scot enjoys a drop o' Canadian Club now and then!'"

"Canadian Club" (90.4 proof) is the only whisky of its kind. But Hiram Walker also makes ryes, bourbons, gins—whatever type you like, at whatever price you pay. At dealers, clubs, bars, hotels. Hiram Walker & Sons, Peoria, Ill., Walkerville, Ont., Glasgow, Scotland

Hiram Walker's "CANADIAN CLUB"



You, too, CAN NOW ENJOY A PRIVATE ROOM ON A PULLMAN *at these low rates*

In planning your Winter Vacation or a holiday trip home, see how little it costs for this extra privacy and comfort

Does the season call for a trip home to see the folks, or a jaunt to the mountains for the winter sports, or a southward pilgrimage to await the spring? Just study the Pullman accommodations on this page—and their reasonable cost. You'll admit it's economy to go wherever you're going—by Pullman. You get so much for so little. Your holiday starts the moment you board the train—clean, quiet, comfortable lounging quarters by day, inviting beds for relaxing sleep at night, a courteous efficient staff to serve you, and above all—unequaled travel safety! Not a passenger or employe fatality in a Pullman car in nearly three years! Ask your ticket agent to give you complete details on Pullman accommodations and the cost to your destination. Or write

THE PULLMAN COMPANY, CHICAGO

Note: More than half of all the millions of Pullman travelers pay no more than \$2.50 for their accommodations. Pullman travel is *inexpensive*. The examples quoted are merely to show the reasonable cost of Pullman accommodations only, and do not include rail fare. For longer distances, of course, prices are in proportion.

Where can you buy travel comfort for so little?

For an overnight Pullman journey of about 300 miles, the lower berth is \$2.50, the upper \$2.00. One person may have the whole section for only \$1.00 more than his lower costs on such a journey.

★



A PRIVATE BEDROOM, (above) with individual toilet facilities, costs one person only \$2.00 more than a lower on an overnight journey of about 300 miles; for two, \$2.50 each—the same as each would pay for a lower.

★

THE SPACIOUS COMPARTMENT (right) with individual toilet facilities—a completely enclosed private room—costs two persons each only \$1.00 more than each would pay for a lower berth on an overnight journey of about 300 miles.



THE LUXURIOUS DRAWING ROOM, (above) with toilet facilities in an adjoining annex, has an upper, a lower, and a full length couch. It would cost three persons each only 50¢ more than each would pay for a lower berth on an overnight journey of about 300 miles.

Pullman and Rail—The safe way to go and the sure way to get there



Copyright 1937, The Pullman Company

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH
 Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK
 Editorial Director

Collier's

November 27, 1937

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Aviation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art

DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
WALTER DURANTY Europe
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editors

Next Week

THE welcoming committee consisted of two pink flamingos. O'Rourke was glad that Crane saw them too. Otherwise they might not have been there, and there's nothing worse for a young detective starting out on a case than to be met by the horrors. The flamingos were real; so were the other assorted freaks of the Essex household. But whether The Eye was real no one could find out.

You will meet these diligent investigators, surrounded by lovely girls, threatening notes and in the company of a very rich and very scared young man when you begin Jonathan Latimer's new serial, "A Queen's Ransom."

TAKE a look at the top of the world. One thing you notice is the commanding position of Alaska. It's only a step from there to the Orient, or across the pole to northern Europe. Alaska is at the crossroads of the world's airways, and her flyers are ready to make the most of it. Their story is told by W. B. Courtney in "Riding Alaska's Storms."

"YOU got to think football, eat football, sleep football. You got to make football your whole life." That's what Bill Lenihan's father told him, and that's what Bill had to do. He didn't like it at all. But it made a football player out of him. Bill had to be a football player, though he didn't know the reason till the day of the big game. "Second Try" is by Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain.

EIGHT thousand years of experimentation ought to produce something, so perhaps you had better investigate Chinese cooking. In the course of the millenniums they have turned up a lot of ideas. Some of them you may not care for, but others will work just fine in your own kitchen. Peggy Marshall shows you.

BESSIE was the girl who did the iron-jaw act and the high dive into four feet of water. You would have loved her if you had seen her, but would you have wanted her for a mother-in-law? Bill McVeigh did, and it required some very fancy diving on his part to get her. The story is by Jerome Beatty.

FORTY-EIGHT years ago Walter Camp selected the first Collier's All-America football team. Grantland Rice tells the dramatic story of the developments from the days of the long-haired giants to the present. Kyle Crichton, Jerome Beatty, Katharine Roberts, Sydney Herschel Small, George Worts, Karl Detzer and others complete the list.

This Week

SHORT STORIES

EDWARD L. McKENNA

To the Strong. The love story of a man who didn't play football. Page 9

LIBBIE BLOCK

Little Girls Belong to Their Mothers. The kid who knew too much. Page 13

BETTY WALLACE

The Land of the Free. A marriage is arranged. Page 18

HAROLD LAMB

Sleeping Lion. Messer Marco Polo rides for the khan. Page 22

THE SHORT SHORT STORY

Clear Conscience, by Hugh MacNair Kahler. Page 60

SERIAL STORIES

GEORGE F. WORTS

Smart Girl, Part V. Sally gets in deeper. Page 20

ERNEST HAYCOX

Sundown Jim, Conclusion. The marshal's surrender. Page 24

ARTICLES

QUENTIN REYNOLDS

Jungle Dance. Rumba in the raw. Page 12

KYLE CRICHTON

Property Man. Movie-miracle maker. Page 14

WALTER DURANTY

Murder is Naughty. Russia reproves her criminals. Page 15

WALTER DAVENPORT

With Labor Thrown In. Industry comes to Mississippi—by invitation. Page 16

FRANK J. TAYLOR

Sunken Treasure. Gold out of gravel. Page 48

FRELING FOSTER

Keep Up with the World. Odd numbers. Page 6

EDITORIAL

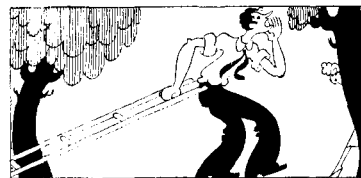
Health to All of Us. Page 82

COVER

D. H. HOLCOMB

Any Week

WE HAVE a deskful of unsolicited but doubtless very useful information. It includes virtually everything—from how properly to carry a ladder to what's wrong in Russia. Carrying a ladder, as we've known for some time even without a letter from Mr. George W. Coules of Manchester, New Hampshire, is fraught with dangers. Personally we've never managed to tote one any distance at all without suffering a number of painful fractures and falling down several times. Mr. Coules says it shouldn't be carried at all, but dragged. "I always drag a ladder," says Mr. Coules. "When I get it to the place it is to be used, I call my wife. Then she mounts it and does the work. Do this and you'll never have any trouble."



THE trouble in Russia, says Mrs. B. T. Horrison of Terre Haute, Indiana, is the language. Mrs. Horrison admits that this exhausts the list of possibilities on which to blame Russia's troubles. She adds, however, that as nobody else has been right she must be—she grabbing the sole remaining possibility. "The Russian language is harsh and hard," says she. "It is so much so that harshness and hardness is spoken into the Russian heart, making it unresponsive to Christianity. But mark my words, Stalin will die a Christian and things will change."

AND Mrs. Jo Brathwait of Colorado Springs, Colorado, is devoting her worries to "why Mr. Hoover and Mr. Landon are fighting over who is boss of the Republican party. Now if I were in their place," she goes on, "I'd sue anybody who even mentioned me in that connection. It is like having 'the late' written in front of your name."

FOR many years friends of Colonel W. Gordon Brasier of Birmingham, Alabama, have been saying: "We dread the day when he breaks his heroic silence and we pity the head he breaks it on." Colonel Brasier tells us that himself. Well, it's broken. And it's our head that needs the pity. "I have," writes the colonel, "suffered in silence for the better part of a temperate lifetime. But now, sir—" Whereupon for eight and a half closely typed pages the colonel belabors us for our "delirious scorn of fact, reason and logic," in our somewhat cold appraisal of

the Hugo Black controversy. After all, it did peter out in some cheap vaudeville, didn't it? "But now that I've broken my silence," concludes the colonel, "I shall never again permit my tongue to be stilled."

WE REGARD the colonel's threat as good news. Any man with his vocabulary should be compelled to use it, even if on us. We hope, too, to hear again from Mr. Al Guinzberg of Jersey City, New Jersey, who reports that he has just finished serving on a murder jury with three women. Every juror except one of the ladies was convinced that the defendant was frightfully guilty. They had quite a struggle with the unconvinced lady. "The defendant had a dog," says Mr. Guinzberg. "The lady juror admitted that he sounded awfully guilty but she would not vote until she found out what kind of a dog the fellow owned. When asked what difference that made she said it made all the difference in the world because a man's actions depend upon what kind of dog he has. We found out and she voted guilty at once. I won't tell you what kind of dog it was because I own the same breed."



WE PAUSE to predict a brilliant future for the four-year-old son of Mr. C. F. Klegin of Waterloo, Iowa. Mr. Klegin tells us that he keeps a large pile of Collier's in the house, prepared to read us even more thoroughly later on. However, this son of Mr. Klegin noticed older boys prospering by selling Collier's. He observed for several days. Then: "One day," reports his father, "he came home with forty cents. He had picked up an armload of my cherished back numbers, some of them three years old, and had sold them. And I have not had a single complaint from any of the buyers. In fact, the only complaint is my own."

WE'VE known for some time that this column lacked something. In fact, we've been told so by almost all of our numerous bosses, all of whom have hinted it frequently. Miss Cora M. McKenna of Mt. Holyoke, Massachusetts, rushes to our rescue. "What you lack," says she, "is a social consciousness. You frivol. You dance. You babble. You fritter."

TRUTH is, we waffle.

Vol. 100, No. 22. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's, The Country Home Magazine. Copyright, 1937, The Crowell Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Gertrude B. Lane, Vice President; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and

sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts. Price, 5 cents a copy in the United States and Canada; \$2.00 a year, \$3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Balearic Islands, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Foreign subscriptions including postage: \$5.50 a year to all other countries. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. To avoid mistakes in delivery, subscribers should notify us of change of address five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

How Movies of Noise Gave Cars a "Hushed" Ride

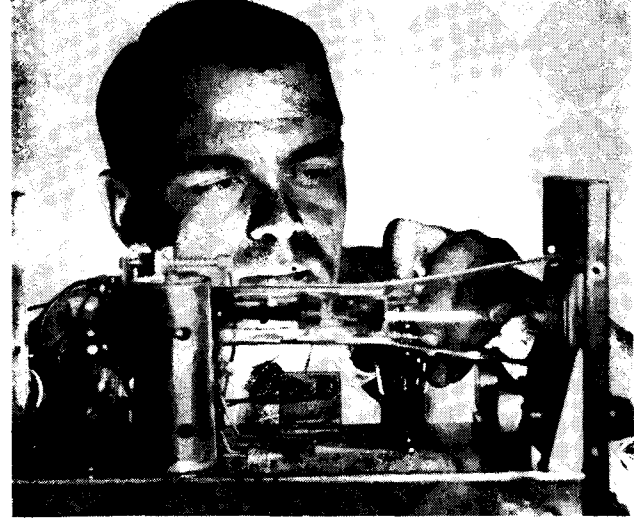
REMEMBER the clatter and noise of old-time "gas-buggies"? Today's Plymouth is so quiet you can actually hear a watch tick inside it! Read this fascinating story of modern research and engineering. And, don't forget, Plymouth cars are priced with the lowest...with the Commercial Credit Company's low payment terms available through Dodge, De Soto and Chrysler dealers.



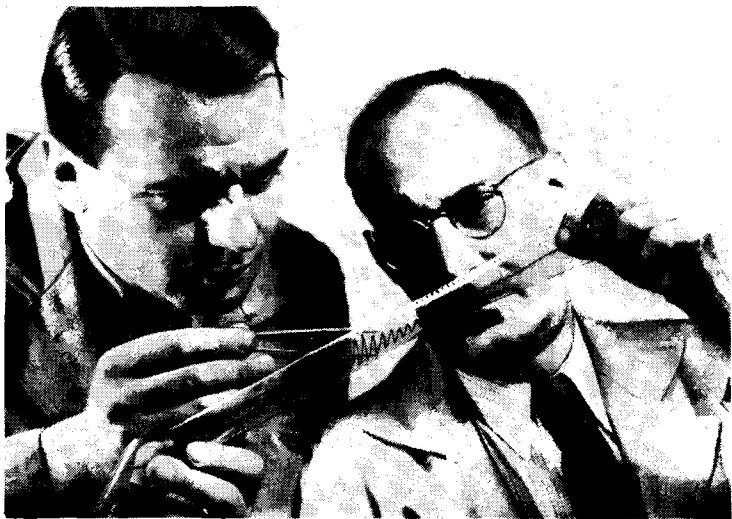
1 This is One Way to plug out noise. But Plymouth contains special insulating materials which effectively keep noise out...give a "hushed" ride! These pictures tell how the materials were developed.



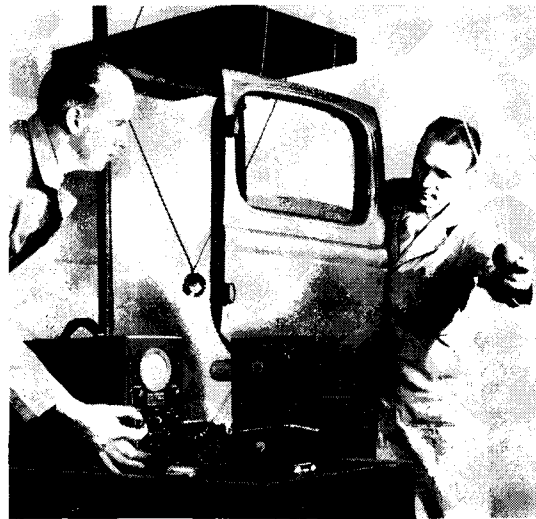
2 Different Roads Make Different Noises. And different parts of a car have different vibrations, too. Plymouth engineers put microphones everywhere inside...to ferret out the slightest noise.



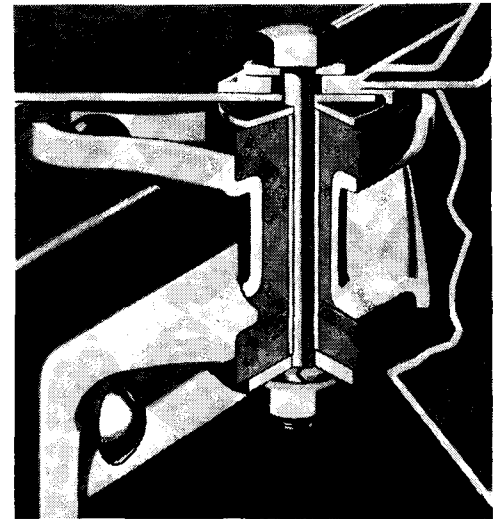
3 They Used Television tubes to photograph noise. This is one. It transforms sounds (even those you can't hear) into light-rays. Throw these light-rays on a movie film—and noise will paint its own picture for you!



4 This is a Movie of Noise. Look at the wavering sound-track that runs along the film. Plymouth engineers studied hundreds of these "movies." They worked out 5 different ways to stop noise...they sound-proofed Plymouth like a modern radio studio!



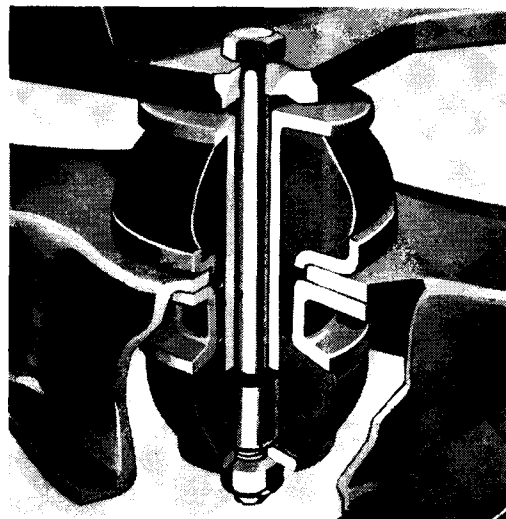
5 Dampens Hum, Rumble. When you grab an alarm-clock bell, the vibration is "dampened." A special material dampens vibration in various Plymouth parts. This test developed the material.



6 Blocking Road Vibration. Spools of rubber "float" Plymouth's body on the frame... "noise-movies" show how the rubber blocks out road vibration.



7 Soaking Up Noise from the Air. Insulating materials are tested in this special concrete tunnel. Noise must be actually "soaked up" by the Plymouth sound-proofing materials in this test.



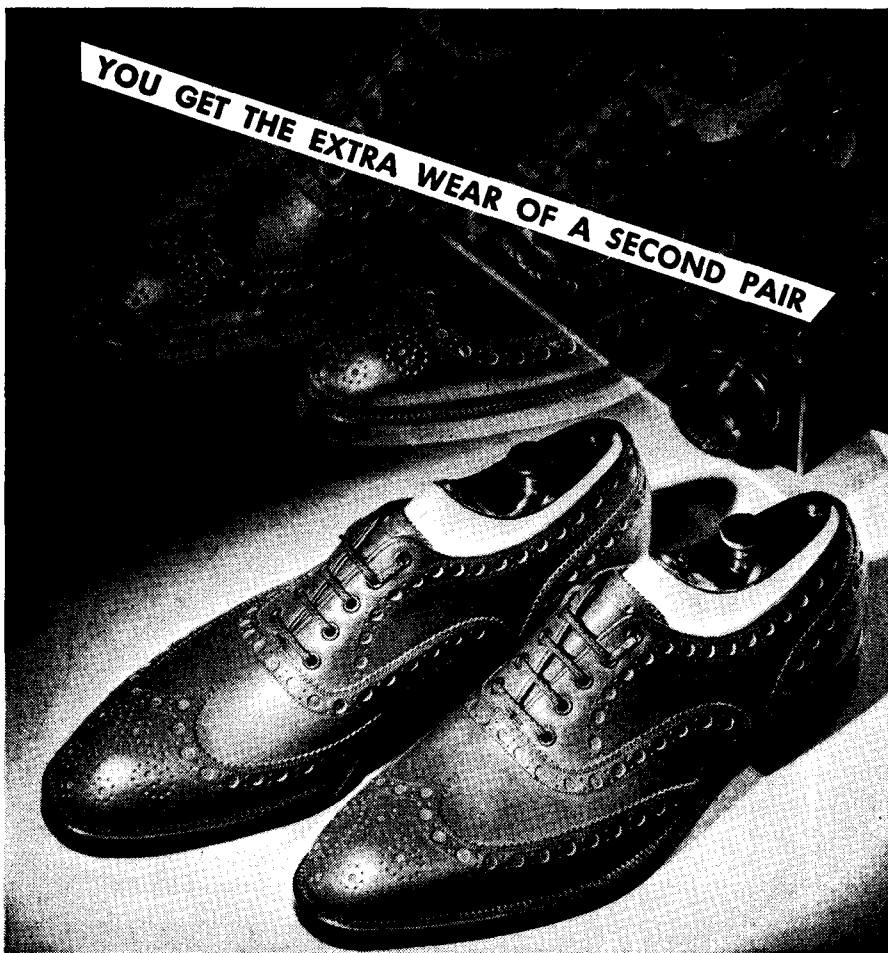
8 Patented Floating Power engine mountings, still further improved, keep power vibration from being telegraphed through the car's frame to the body. Your ride is quiet!



9 The Big 1938 Plymouth! Silenced by the miracle of modern acoustic engineering. See it today—and learn the whole story! PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Mich. MAJOR BOWES' Amateur Hour, Columbia Network, Thursdays, 9 to 10 P.M., E.S.T.

IT'S "THE CAR THAT STANDS UP BEST!"

Plymouth Builds Great Cars



MIRACLES IN MILEAGE

The full life span of an ordinary shoe is only the halfway mark for a Florsheim. At the point of exhaustion for most shoes, Florsheims are just getting their second wind—ready to push on for new distance records. Day in, day out, the legion of Florsheim wearers grows larger . . . because month in, month out, the miracle of Florsheim mileage becomes more emphatic. The well-invested shoe dollar is going into Florsheims . . . getting "the extra wear of a second pair" . . . that built the largest fine shoe business in the world! *Illustrated, The SAXON, S-682; a rugged brogue in brown Norwegian calf. Retails at \$11.*

\$10

MOST STYLES

THE

FLORSHEIM

SHOE

The Florsheim Shoe Company • Manufacturers • Chicago



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Among the unusual vessels in service today is a fleet of seven church ships or "floating cathedrals" which ply the delta regions of the Parana River in Argentina and bring religious services to the settlers in this churchless section. The entire superstructure of each vessel is a complete church, with a steeple which contains a bell and is surmounted by a cross.

Many destructive earthquakes have been accompanied by strange luminous phenomena. One such display, which occurred in Japan in 1930 and is described in 1,500 reports, established the fact that these mysterious beams of light, flashes of fire, flames and sparks are produced by seismological disturbances and not, as was formerly believed, by thunderstorms, fires, volcanoes or landslides.

Despite the fact that ambergris, a product of the sperm whale, has been used in cookery and the manufacture of pharmaceuticals and perfumery for hundreds of years, the chemical world has never yet been able to analyze its composition and reproduce it synthetically. Even its precise origin still is a matter of controversy.

A short time ago in California, a man with a baseball bat attacked a friend, who shot him dead in self-defense. His insurance company refused to pay on his accident policy of \$5,700—and a federal decision upheld the company on the grounds that the man had deliberately courted the fatal shot and, therefore, had committed technical suicide.—By Mrs. E. C. Jones, Los Angeles, California.

During the World War, "The Cabaret Rouge," on the Arras-Bethune road south of Souchez, France, probably passed through more battles than any other single structure. On one occasion it changed hands eleven times in the course of 24 hours.

On Inishmurray Island in Donegal Bay, Ireland, is the only Christian community in the world, so far as is known, which buries its men and women in separate cemeteries.—By K. H. Hodgins, Seattle, Washington.

More than a hundred different kinds of animals and plants attach themselves to ships and seriously hamper the progress of the vessels. One ship, whose hull was covered with 250,000 barnacles to the square yard, had its speed retarded as much as 35 per cent by these shellfish.

Marseille is believed to have surpassed all other world cities in the breeding of criminals. Three quarters of all major crimes committed in France during the past generation were perpetrated by persons who were either born or bred in this seaport.

Naturalists have seen a lion leap over a nine-foot wall with a calf in its mouth, honeybees extinguish the flame of a candle with the breeze created by their wings, and a secretary bird, four feet high, kills a venomous snake with one blow of its foot.

Americans worth \$100,000 today are on a financial level with those worth \$5,000 about 300 years ago.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher.

Abuse? – Misuse? – Disuse?



A FOOT sometimes seems to break down all at once. The pain may be sudden but the breakdown almost always is gradual. Foot troubles, like ailments in other parts of the body, can usually be traced back to their sources.

If you have pain in your foot, you need the advice of your doctor or an orthopedist, who specializes in preventing and correcting foot and other deformities. He will endeavor to determine whether your foot has been subjected to abuse, misuse or disuse and will prescribe the best treatment for its present condition.

Abuse of the feet is largely a matter of ill-fitting shoes—too short, too narrow, too pointed, too high-heeled, too thin-soled, or with soles that are not flat but have a rocker-bottom appearance. A too-short stocking may also be responsible for foot trouble.

Misuse commonly means walking, standing or running with the toes pointed out instead of straight ahead. It also means throwing the weight of the body on the inside of the foot.

Disuse is insufficient exercise, causing the feet to grow weak. When

the feet are not properly exercised, the muscles supporting the arches often become weakened until the bony framework sags and the feet are nearly flat.

It is almost impossible to maintain good posture if one has deformed or weakened feet. Bad posture usually forces the vital organs of the body out of proper position and may lead to poor general health.

If you are having difficulty with your feet, consult your doctor who will advise about treatment, or may recommend seeing an orthopedic specialist. You may need a different type of shoe, or special foot and leg exercises, or some particular kind of arch support.

The joys of outdoor life, the pleasures of sightseeing, the benefits of walking, and the enjoyment of athletic sports are only for those who have sturdy, dependable feet.

The Metropolitan booklet "Standing Up to Life" presents useful foot exercises and contains valuable information on the care of the feet and on how to select shoes that fit. A postcard will bring you a free copy. Address Booklet Department 1237-C.



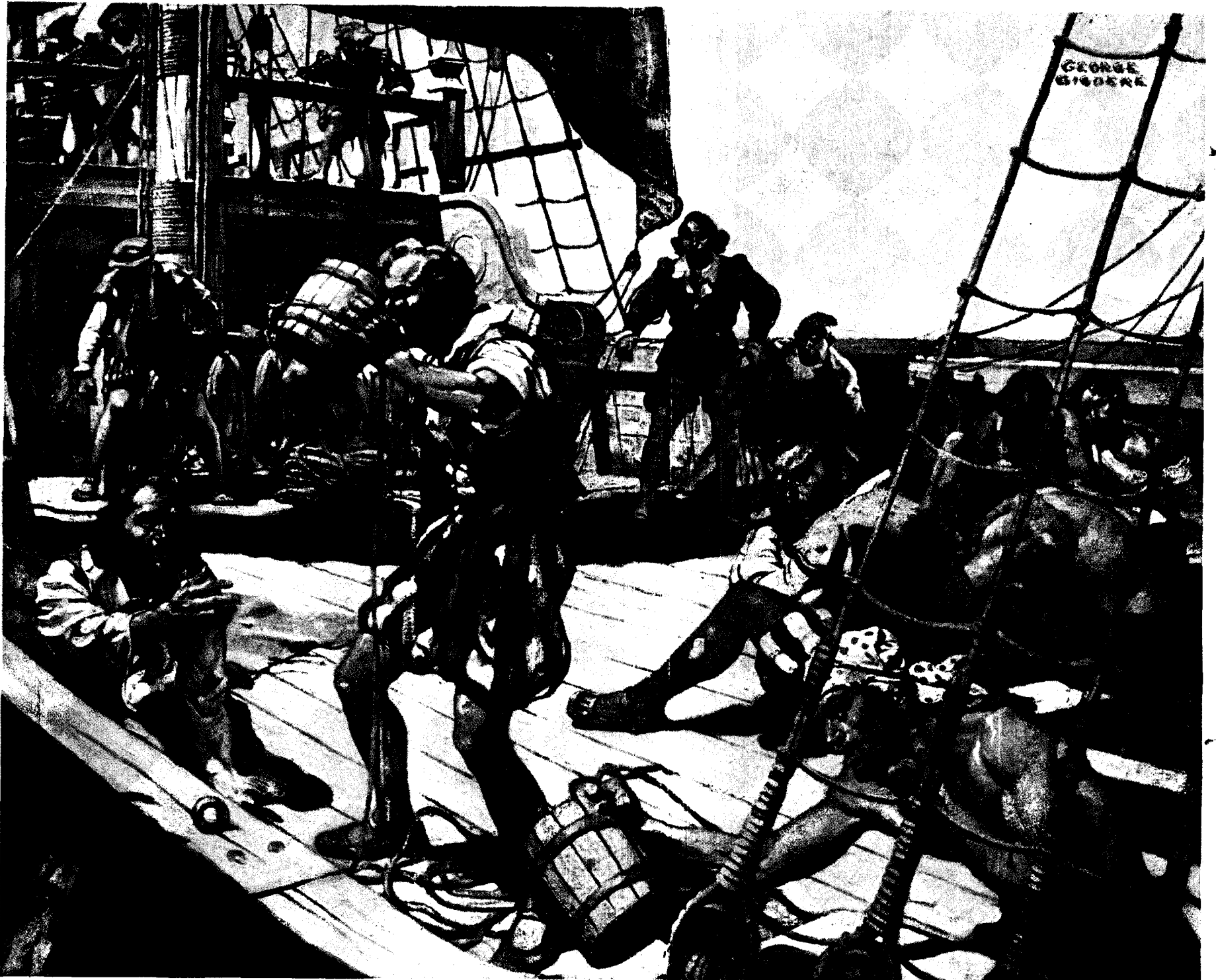
METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, *Chairman of the Board*

ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

LEROY A. LINCOLN, *President*

Copyright, 1937, by Metropolitan Life Insurance Company



"DROP YOUR BUCKET WHERE YOU ARE!"

There is a curious legend concerning the discovery of Brazil by the Spanish explorer, Vicente Pinzon.

The dawn of the 16th century found his little fleet of four caravels off the coast of South America—becalmed in the tropical doldrums. Throats parched, lungs scorched, the men had long since drained their buckets dry. Now, tormented by thirst, they could only sink to the decks and pray for deliverance.

Perhaps it was merely a delirious fancy that made one of the sailors arise and declare he had heard a voice from afar, saying: "Drop your bucket where you are!"

Nevertheless, he lowered his bucket into

the sea, withdrew it, and before the astonished gaze of his comrades, drank his fill. They too dipped their buckets, and were overjoyed to find the contents fresh and cool.

Unknowingly, they had sailed upon the broad mouth of the Amazon, and their buckets contained water flowing from the inland mountains of a new continent.

"Drop your bucket where you are!"

That advice—taken figuratively—has saved many a man becalmed on financial seas. Surrounded by uncertainty, despairing of a way out, he has found what he wanted right within his reach. He has found that he need no longer merely wait and hope—that there is an in-

stantly available means of solving his difficulties.

You need look no further for the security you seek. Life insurance, wisely applied, is the method whereby you may banish financial worries, guarantee your future independence, protect your family now and forever.

There is an experienced Travelers representative in your community who will gladly assist you in shaping a life insurance estate suited to your individual requirements.

Moral: Insure in The Travelers. The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

"People like us have a hard time," he told her. "We have to lie sometimes, even to the ones we love. Then maybe they find it out, and we give them a lot of grief"



To the Strong

By Edward L. McKenna

A football romance which will surprise you—if you know no girls like Dolly

IT WAS night, a black, cold night in January. Every shade in the big stone house was drawn. So were the blinds in the Phi Delt house, next door, and the Sigma Nu house, just down below, was dark and quiet. There'd be no blaring radios, no high, gay, stabbing voices of women to disturb them. It was known that the Rhos were initiating, and such courtesies are extended, and reciprocated, by the good neighbors of every Fraternity Row.

A great big boy came marching up the steps of the Rho house, and knocked three times upon the door, as he'd been directed to do. Three knocks, similar to his own, answered him. He rapped

once more, and the door swung open. Two men in robes were there to greet him; their faces were masked, and they were carrying lighted candles. "Who seeks admittance here?" one of the men said.

"A stranger," said the big boy, and moistened his lips with his tongue.

"What is the stranger's name?"

"Albert William Hutchins."

"Are you not afraid to enter here, O stranger?"

"I am unworthy, but I am not afraid." A pity if he didn't know the answers; the ritual, so they say, was devised by an officer in the army of Robert E. Lee, and the Rhos have rehearsed their can-

didates in it these seventy-odd years.

"Enter then, bold stranger, and we shall test your courage."

That did not sound particularly good to Albert William Hutchins, whose fortitude and whose essential dignity had been sorely tried during the preceding week. However, he walked in, with a firm step. Somebody blindfolded him, and he was turned around and around, so that he should be confused. Hands grasped his arms, and he was led upstairs and down, along corridors through which his stumbling feet were loud. At last, they halted him; he heard again the ceremonial blows, this time upon a wooden door, and the three knocks in

return. Rolling doors slid open; slow steps approached, and he set his teeth.

"A stranger seeks entrance here," said one of the guards. "Is there one of us who knows him? Who of our family answers for him?"

"I, Joseph Anthony Gerard, your brother in the bonds. I know him. Bid him come in. I stand as sponsor for him, before our altars."

"'Tis well!" shouted twenty-eight men, more or less in unison, their cue being the word "altars." This usually has the effect of startling a nervous neophyte no little, but Al Hutchins was made of stern stuff.

He was right not to be frightened.

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

When he saw Joe and Dolly again, they were sitting in a corner, and Dolly was drinking something out of a tall glass. The glass, needless to say, did not please Al

The horseplay, the roughhouse, the brutality, all of that was over. What remained was solemn, and earnest; some of it beautiful. They were greeting a new member of a far-flung brotherhood, asking him for certain pledges, certain vows.

Al Hutchins took those vows with trembling hands, and a voice that he tried to make resolute and strong. He meant every word of them. Meanwhile, his sponsor, Joe Gerard, knelt beside him, his eyes straight ahead, his lips unsmiling.

"My brother, you who vouch for this candidate . . ." Joe Gerard listened absently to the words; he knew the ritual, and may have smiled at it. The Head of the House put the pin into Joe's hands. "I give you this pin, my brother," said Joe. "Give me in return your right hand. I show you now, with the clasp of my hand, how you will know a brother in the bonds always, wherever you may find him."

A BIG, capable hand met a slim, long-fingered one; the big one was cold with sweat. "And should you greet a brother, in the presence of a stranger . . ." The slim, cool, left hand closed above the clasped hands, hiding them; this ceremony was doubtless gathered by observation of an ostrich with his or her head in the sand. "This way?" said Hutchins, hoarsely. "Yes, that's right—look out for that pin, you dope. Okay; take that blindfold off him. Now you can help put the next guy through." Twenty-eight men then gave Brother Al Hutchins the grip, while Joe found himself a cigarette.

"I was right," Joe Gerard was saying to himself. "I was dead right. The house needs him, and he's going to be a dandy. Boy, does he lap this stuff up!"

Had it been Joe Gerard's own choice, Al Hutchins would never have made that fraternity. Joe's vote could have kept him out; the adverse vote of any of them would.

Joe didn't do it. He fought hard for Al, instead; fought to get him away from the competing houses; made a good speech for him when the boys were discussing the prospective pledges. The Rhos never guessed that Joe didn't care much for Al; after they slapped the pledge button on Al, somebody said, "Joe, you'll sponsor this Hutchins, I guess?" "Okay," said Joe.

Two men more unlike than Joe Gerard and Al Hutchins never lived in the same fraternity house, and that's a sweeping statement. Al was six feet two, and weighed a hundred and ninety-four, and was just eighteen. Joe was three years older, but he was a mere five feet eight, and weighed about one hundred and thirty-five, though nobody ever asked; also, he wore glasses. Al came from Chicago, and had trouble with his family because he insisted on coming east to school; Joe was the latest of four generations at the university, and one of them had been a charter member of the Rhos.

Both of their families had money, though Al's people could have bought and sold Joe's; Joe's forebears had been judges and governors and generals in the Army of the Potomac, and before that, one of them had shivered in the snow at Valley Forge, though to be sure, he is otherwise unknown to fame. Al's people had merely been pioneers; that is to say, they pioneered to Chicago, and not in any covered wagon, either.

Joe didn't mind all that, or thought he didn't. Joe was the sort of snob who doesn't know he is one. Confucius, so it appears, was that kind of snob, too. Did not Confucius say, "One owes courtesy to inferiors, always"? Gathering his breath, he went on. "One owes them politeness, consideration. But never converse with them without necessity. One owes them everything, everything except one's self."

That wasn't Joe at all, so far as talking to inferiors was concerned. Joe was a quiet fellow, always pleasant, always ready to do what anybody else wanted to do, unless it offended his fastidiousness too much. He drank little, saying liquor didn't agree with him; he'd never play cards for much money in the house, although his brothers swore he was the Culbertson of the campus. His grades were fair, though he never seemed to work, and probably he could have made a college letter, though he never bothered. Not bothering was Joe's long suit, or at least, he gave that impression. He seemed to be gliding through life, looking at life as if it were a panorama spread before him while he watched with wonder, with detachment, perhaps with pity and regret.

Dwelling in a house by the side of the road wasn't Al Hutchins' idea of a good time at all. When Joe was graduated, two years ahead of Al, there were about three lines under his picture in the Year Book; Al's record took half a page, and in his senior year, he was voted the Man Most Likely to Succeed and The Man Most to be Respected, and a few things of that sort.

Now, make no mistake about this—everything Al Hutchins got, at that college, he was entitled to get. He earned his football captaincy; he deserved to be Head of the House. He earned his Phi Beta Kappa key, too, by sweating over books; and for books as such he had no great fondness, seldom, if ever, reading one that wasn't in a course. Granted that the pros liked him, admired him, were astounded to find a fullback with any brains; granted that gradually anybody would be impressed with his huge size, and his fine head, and his deep, grave voice, and his moral earnestness.

That earnestness was real; it was genuine. Al Hutchins was no faker, no phony, no gold-bricker, no fraud, no cheat. He meant exactly what he said, and he had less than no hesitation in saying it. There wasn't any breaking training when he was captain of the football team.

ALL through college, after the football season, he used to go downtown two nights a week and teach poor young kids in a settlement house, teach them athletics, and the delights of a sound mind in a sound body. For this, he never took a dime. Well, of course, that was right, too; he didn't need it.

Oh, what a bear cat he was, over in the Rho house! When he was a sophomore, he began the fight against liquor, and against the big-limit poker games, and against unchaperoned parties. Unfortunately, such things have been known, even in the best-regulated fraternities.

Who backed him up? One of them was Joe Gerard. Joe wanted that house to be run right, too. Joe didn't enjoy drunken parties with adolescents, or gambling with dullards, or love affairs with cheap women. His own girls were

pretty smart, and pretty nice. Joe knew a lot of them; he mixed his dates up, and doubtless they mixed him up, too. He didn't seem to know what jealousy was, or to care much, either.

It was like that, with Al. Al had the same girl all his freshman and sophomore year. Something must have happened that summer, and it was understood by one and all that his heart was broken, and that it was wisest not to say anything to him about it. Just about everybody thought it was a pretty good break for Al. His girl had been good-looking enough, but she danced and talked and acted with a good deal of gravity.

Then the Junior Prom came along, Al's Junior Prom. He was on the committee, and it was understood he'd have to drag a girl. A member of the committee couldn't very well go stag, could he?

They needn't have worried. It's usual to import good numbers for the Prom, but the one Al brought down gave many a brother in the bonds a feeling that his collar was too tight. His friends and enemies saw her and muttered such ejaculations as are the youthful equivalent of "Thou art fair; thou hast dove's eyes."

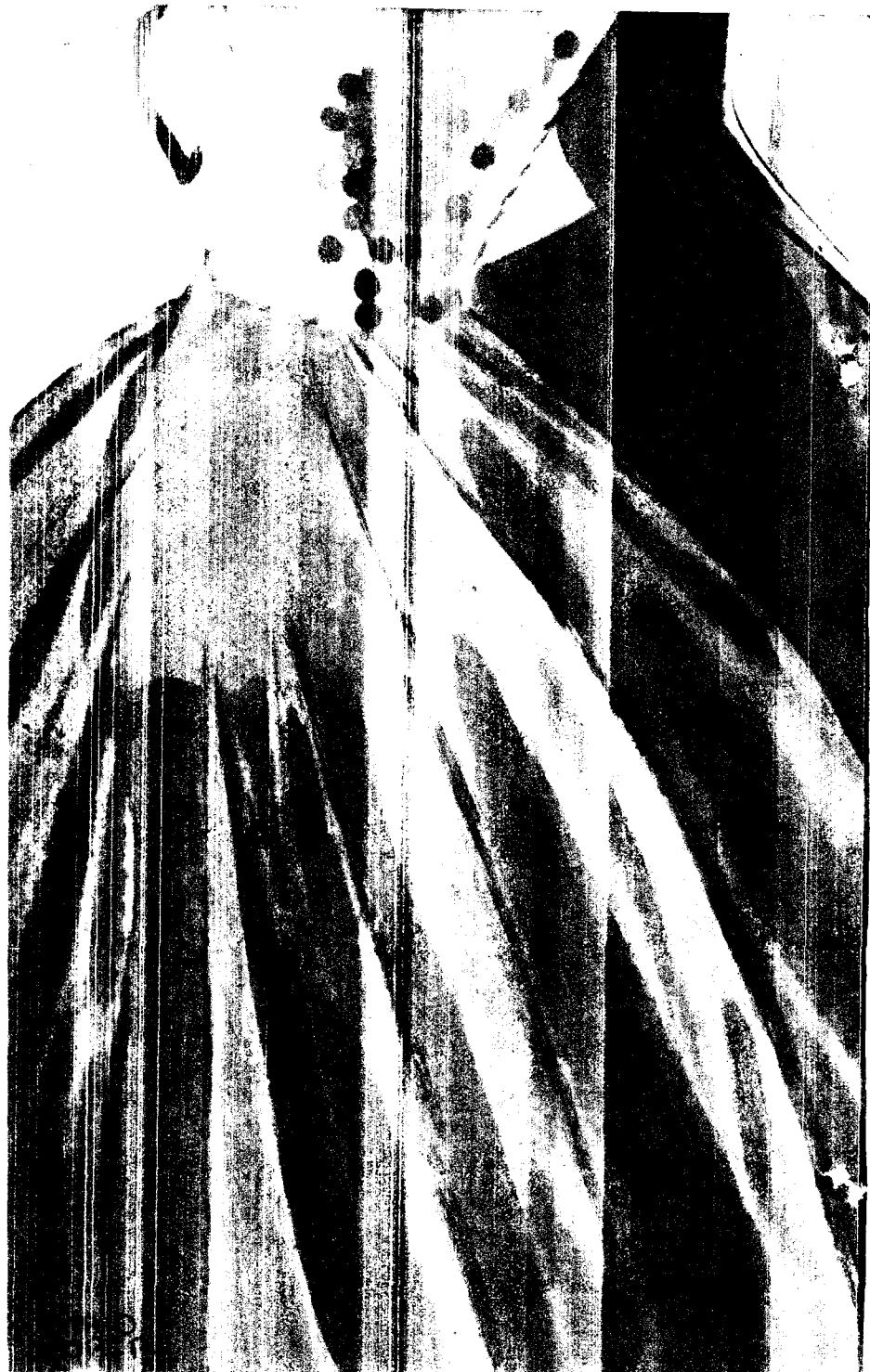
Miss Dolly Folsom did not have dove's eyes, though they weren't a bad pair of eyes at that, being a fair shade of blue and big as a quarter. Her hair was the color of lemon drops, and by no means so sticky-looking. Miss Folsom was almost five feet nine, and should have weighed about a hundred and

forty pounds. However, she was ranked fifteen by the Tennis Association of the State of Pennsylvania, which is one reason why she didn't weigh any hundred and forty pounds, and that in turn was one reason why she fully intended to keep on being ranked fifteen, or better. In between-times, she rode great big jumping horses over her native hills, or in Connecticut, or Virginia. Dolly had a papa who could buy her those jumping horses, and send her betimes to Aiken, Palm Beach, Nice, Villefranche and similar poor-farms. Why shouldn't he have? He was a judge, until he decided he had enough.

THIS Dolly Folsom had several secrets. To begin with she was an old hag of twenty-four. This was her eighteenth Junior Prom, naturally not at the same institution. Naturally, also, she was not disclosing these matters to all and sundry.

Another secret of Dolly's was this: that it was a good idea to keep your mouth shut at the right time; then they'd think you were dumb but nice. This one can be varied with a cryptic smile. Of course, the Mona Lisa found that out, and look what she did to Da Vinci with it.

Dolly had also made another discovery, which is that a good way to make a hit with at least one kind of man is this, and it's simplicity itself: When he says, "Let's go somewhere," the thing to reply is, "Uh-huh. Wait till I get my hat." That way, a girl gets to see a lot of good places, and fewer bad ones than





right offhand be easily disarmed, and the first arrow in the quiver of the silver used in self-defense. And Dolly had one, though, really, it was a bunchiaelies, of Harriet's. It was that most discernible of all, it she wasn't really that wild, as frivolous as she was, perhaps, as she'd like to seem, the looking blonde who nevertheless did not resemble a Madonna starts in two strikes on her. Dolly's jaundiced female contemporaries, her sisters, elders were saying, "Teh! Teh! That Folsom girl will come to a bad end, if she hasn't, already."

They may have hoped she had, or would. So far, she hadn't; though, really, that's nobody's business. Dolly was just about as nice, one way, as she was another.

Al, as may have been gathered, was not the sort of man who gave away many dances, and one didn't tap his shoulder lightly, or without forethought. However, they cut in on him plenty, that night.

He was no little perturbed when the blond Valkyrie floating in his arms stopped suddenly. "Ooh!" she said. "Isn't that Joe Gerard, with that little pudgy thing in blue? Look, over there."

"I admitted that it was," "Gosh!" said Dolly, "I haven't seen Joe Gerard since—I'd hate to tell you how long it's been. His people had a place next to ours, at Easthampton, one summer. I was about eleven, or twelve, I guess.

But Al, as may have been gathered, was not the sort of man who gave away many dances, and one didn't tap his shoulder lightly, or without forethought. However, they cut in on him plenty, that night.

Al made his way to the floor to Joe Gerard, a Bedouin knee, his tinkling caravans. He tapped Joe on the shoulder.

When he saw Joe and Dolly again, it was a while later, and they were sitting in a corner, and Dolly was drinking something out of a tall glass. She was talking a mile a minute about Dolly, a member who's his! and What-ever became of so-and-so? The glass, needless to say, did not please Al at all; no, it did not. Still, after all, it was Joe, and Joe was nice to everybody, and nobody minded him.

FROM that night on, and perhaps before that, Al pursued Dolly just exactly as he had gone after a fast halfback or his Phi Beta Kappa key. She was as hard to catch as a waiter's eye, but that didn't matter. He used a good system, too: the third time he saw her, he proposed to her, and regularly thereafter. Having plenty of money, he spent it taking her places; places, to be sure, that he selected, although she knew a lot more about all that than he did. He played tennis with her, and won, and she didn't let him, either; and anybody who beats the fifteenth ranking woman player in Pennsylvania has no immediate use for a wheel chair. He could, and did swim rings around her.

Besides all this, he treated her as if she were a small and tender child, much in need of all sorts of protection.

Dolly was fond of Al, from the beginning. He was more than eligible:

any man would have been glad to have him for a son-in-law; he'd know his daughter would be safe and sheltered. When Dolly went to a restaurant, or a theater with him, he wouldn't have looked away from her if Cleopatra or Semiramis passed by. That's a good trick, too, only Al didn't know any tricks. He was crazy about Dolly.

And she gave in, at last. In September, she took his pin; she'd had others, but she never told him that. Within a week, he bought her a solitaire almost too big for comfort. Emeralds were Dolly's dish, but she didn't tell him that, either. What ball Al played, that season! It was his last and he was out to leave a record. He had one sweet back, and a smart quarter, and a heavy line to help him. Train? Any one of them could have compared his life proudly with that of the president of the Anti-Saloon League, at least from September to Thanksgiving.

Champions of the country? No, they weren't that, but they did all right: dropped one, and tied one, up to Thanksgiving, and the one they lost was the result of a midseason letdown. They played a tough schedule; they always did; they were still paying for the stadium.

Thanksgiving Day came, not clear, not cold. A warm, soupy rain set in on Wednesday, and continued all day Thursday.

Dolly came to town Wednesday night, and went to a hotel. There was a party at the Rho house, but Al, of course, couldn't be there, and she wouldn't go

with him. She didn't even call him up at the training house; she sent him a wire, instead, notifying him of her arrival, and wishing him luck, and assuring him of her love, and that she'd see him at the house after the game.

TWENTY minutes later, her stalwart hero called her. "Dolly? Al," he said.

"Hello, darling," said Dolly.

"Look, Dolly. What about this rain? What about this rain, huh? Is that a break! Lightning backhead, huh? Wait till they get out in the mud."

"Darling, I've got fifty dollars on this. Fifty, at three to one. Oh, I know, darling, but Al, three to one. I hate an insult."

"You shouldn't bet. It's bad, bad for the game. . . . Look. If it keeps on like this, you can't go. I don't want you sitting up in those stands, sopping wet."

"I'll sit in the covered stands. I won't sit up top."

"Listen! If it's like this, I don't want you to go. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Al."

"That's a good girl. Are you comfortable? Did you get my flowers? Okay, then. Call you in the morning. Take it easy."

"Take it easy, darling," said Dolly, and hung up slowly.

She woke early the next morning. She looked out: it was pouring. Dolly took the receiver off the hook, and grinned to herself as a little girl does who knows she has done something very wicked and is enjoying it thoroughly.

(Continued on page 28)

There's something about the rumba, even in its prettified, ballroom version—something weird and savage. Look at its origins and you'll see why. Mr. Reynolds takes you down to Havana to see it danced in its native, unadorned form



Cuba's most fashionable rumba team, Elpido and Margot, in a part of the rumba routine that has made them famous

Jungle Dance

By Quentin Reynolds



Rumba, as danced by Clarito, is a far cry from the polite ballroom version

THERE were three men and two women in the large open car and the men wore white dinner coats and the women wore soft clinging white dresses and one of them carried a pink camellia in her dark hair. The car was held up at the Calle Oquendo because the street was full of people and full of strange sounds, too. There was a sound of chanting and under the chanting there was a thumping, rather monotonous sound like that of a tom-tom.

The woman who wore the pink camellia in her dark hair turned impatiently to the chauffeur and said, "Can't we get through? We're apt to miss Elpido and Margot. They say they're the best rumba dancers in Cuba."

The chauffeur merely shrugged his shoulders and pointed eloquently to the crowd in the street. Two huge Negroes led what might loosely be called a parade. They carried large candelabra held aloft and they kept time to the weird music and they constantly turned, never remaining still. Behind them came perhaps two hundred grotesquely dressed Cuban Negroes, the men attired in top hats, white ties and tail coats, and the women dressed in hoop skirts, brilliantly pink, and above them short blouses of vivid crimson or blue. They shuffled and they turned and they strutted and they pranced and the music grew louder, and above it, dominating it, was the boom-boom of the drums.

Two of the musicians carried large

congas, which are drums, and they hit the drumheads with the tips of their fingers. Others carried bongos, which are two small drums strapped together. Others carried claves, sticks of ebony or any other hardwood, which they beat one against the other; another carried maracas, the gourdlike instruments inside of which are pebbles or dried peas; one carried a cowbell and another a stick and a piece of iron. Still another lent a wailing note to the music with his trumpet, but always predominating was the insistent beat of the drums. The dancers shuffled forward, then backward, their shoulders, then their whole bodies, shaking, and finally they passed the corner down the Calle Oquendo toward the Malecón and the woman with the pink camellia in her hair said loudly, "They shouldn't let those people clutter up the streets. Let's hurry now. We can still see Elpido and Margot."

From the Dark Forests of Africa

So the big car drove away from the sound of the drums and hurried toward the fashionable night club Sans Souci, where Cuba's most fashionable rumba team, Elpido and Margot, danced, and the woman never realized that for a few moments she had been watching the rumba as it was danced five hundred years ago in the dark forests of Africa, before it was overlaid with a veneer of terpsichorean respectability intended for night-club trade. They had been watching a conga, something which hadn't been seen in Cuba for many years, street dancing which the authorities for the first time in fifteen years had allowed to return. The rumba as we know it is an outgrowth of the conga, which in turn is an outgrowth of ñañiguismo, religious and witchcraft ceremonies, which are

even now held secretly in the swamps and the forests of inland Cuba.

The rumba is not a Spanish or a Cuban dance at all. It is as African as are the musical instruments used to inspire it; as African as the word "rumba" itself, a word which is found in no Cuban or Spanish dictionary, a word which is African and which has no meaning at all.

The rumba itself is much more than a dance; it is an expression of a people who, being inarticulate, can express themselves only in physical and emotional ways, in laughter, song, dancing; it, too, is the public survival of a powerful secret religion born in Africa, nursed by early slaves in Havana to a point where it grew so strong that authorities finally made participation in its ceremonies punishable by death. Part of these ceremonies was a dance resembling and closely akin to the rumba of today, which is merely a tepid, rather ridiculous caricature of it, the popularity of which in French and American night clubs is a source of constant amusement and amazement to Afro-Cubans.

When the Spaniards conquered Cuba they were mildly surprised to find that the Indians who lived on the island had a decided aversion to work. They especially disliked to work under the supervision of the white man. The country furnished them with food; they had but to raise an arm to pluck fruit or coconuts from the trees and they were cold to the orders of their conquerors, who wanted them to build houses and fortresses and to dig for gold. The Spaniards in a very detached and thorough manner solved the whole problem of these early sit-down strikers. They killed them. They killed them by the hundreds and even to this day a large

(Continued on page 45)

BY LIBBIE BLOCK

The tale of Mrs. Sylvia Foster, who refused to be grown up, and Sandra Foster, aged twelve, whose wisdom was her mother's only shield against a harsh world

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

THE little girl's here with a nightgown for her mother."

Sister Mary Joseph was tall and cone-shaped in white, the little girl a small compact oblong beside her. They both had slanting shadows which, in the careful light, crossed the narrow hospital corridor and bent on the other wall.

Nurse Howard stuck her proud white cap through the half-open door of Ward 620.

"Go down to the end of the hall and sit in the waiting room," she said to the child whose mother had attempted suicide. "I'll come right away."

Then her head disappeared as the rubber-cushioned door closed reluctantly.

Sannie looked at Sister Mary Joseph.

"Could I wait right here, instead?" she asked. "I won't try to go inside. They told me I couldn't."

The sister inclined her white coif toward the child's black, straight hair with its uncertain center part.

"You might be tired, having to stand," she said gently.

"Oh, that's okay."

"Did you come alone so late at night?"

"Yes, ma'am. On the L. It stops a block from our hotel. I knew she'd want her nightie. She was in the hospital once and she bought this here especially." She indicated the tea-rose satin through broken tissue paper.

"Didn't your daddy come with you?"

"He don't know. We're divorced and she got me."

"Well, sit quietly here while I make a telephone call."

From the back, going down the hall, Sister Mary Joseph looked like a pine tree beautifully covered with snow.

AN ORDERLY brought a small chair for Sannie and she sat alone by the door of 620 with the nightgown on her lap. She waited fifteen minutes, tilting the chair back on its short rubber socks. She watched the green signal lights shine silently off and on above the doors down the long, diminishing hall.

Nurse Howard came out with white clothes over her arm and began to slip quietly away.

"Here I am," said Sannie softly.

"Oh, yes, I forgot," said Nurse Howard. "Now what was it about that nightgown?"

"She'll want this." Sannie unfolded the tissue paper and, standing, held the melting length of satin by its lace yoke.

"No," said Nurse Howard. "Your mother is wearing one of our hospital gowns . . . see, like this." It was short and wide, open down the back; and, as Sannie felt it, of stuff that angered the finger tips.

"She won't like that," Sannie said. "Her skin's awful touchy."

"It doesn't make any difference whether she likes it or not," said Nurse Howard. "Any woman that would . . ." She stopped, remembering possibly that she spoke to the woman's child. "Where were you when it happened?" she asked curiously.

"When she shot Henry? I was playing in the lobby. Then she took the iodine, I guess, and phoned down to tell the desk about it." Sannie refolded the nightgown carefully and wrapped the tissue about it. "After they called the police ambulance to come and get them, Mr. Durwent told me. Mr. Durwent's the manager. They didn't take me in the ambulance, so I came by myself. Mr. Durwent said she's going to be all right."

"You don't die," said the nurse, "from putting a bottle of iodine to your lips. But you get burned enough to make it exciting." (Continued on page 67)

Little Girls Belong to Their Mothers



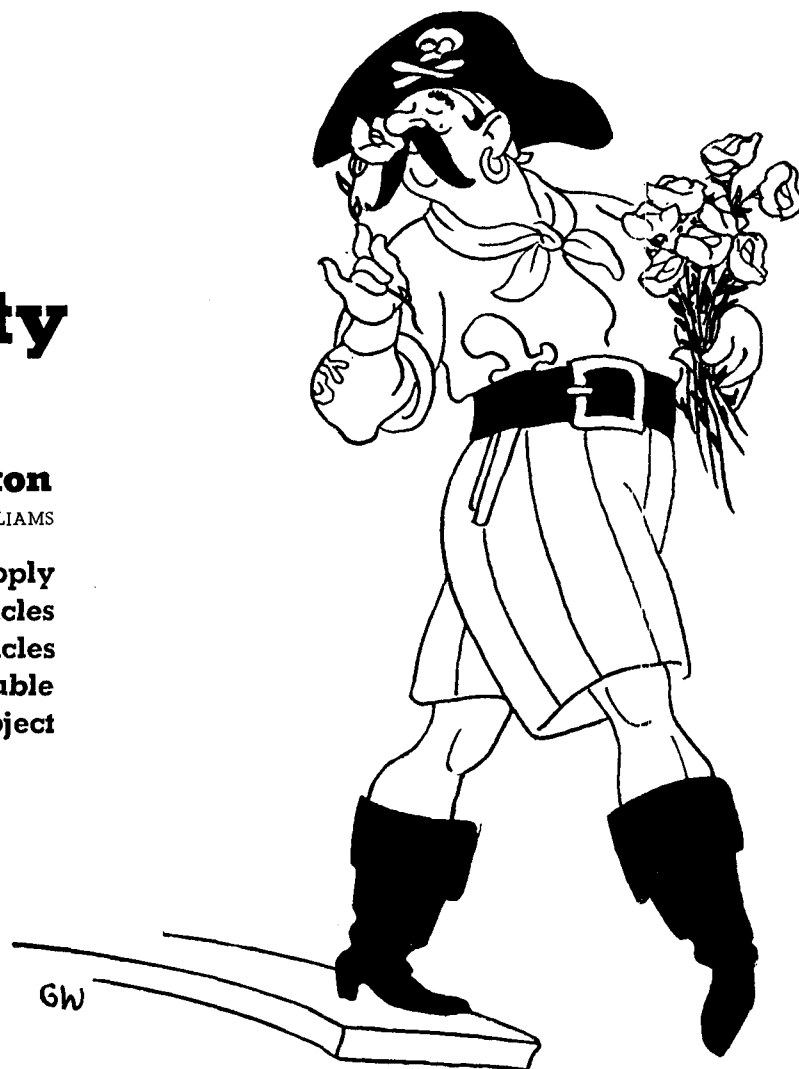
"Well, how about the nightie?" Sannie asked politely.
"Can I give it to her? Maybe she'll sleep better"

Property Man

By Kyle Crichton

ILLUSTRATED BY GLUYAS WILLIAMS

His business is to supply the material for miracles and see that the miracles are authentic—trouble and expense no object



THE usual story about a movie property man has to do with a company on location in the middle of the Atlantic. The director suddenly decides at eight o'clock at night that he must have a dozen fresh roses for a scene to be shot next morning. Just what he wants the roses for is never quite clear but presumably it is to humor a script writer who thinks a pirate should walk the plank with a little sentiment.

"Roses!" the mythical property man is reported to say. "Yes, sir; roses." And, of course, produces them in time for the first shooting next day.

He gets them from a Zeppelin fortuitously flying overhead or he fires a shot across the bow of an ocean liner and compels them to strip the first-class cabins or he rescues a shipwrecked scow which is entirely out of bread and water but has an icebox filled with posies.

To all such tales Thomas K. (Tommy) Little, head property man at Twentieth Century-Fox, answers "Nuts."

"The impossible, yes," he says, "but not the in-

Script writers have a way of writing in roses to denote sentiment—usually at the last minute

credible. Don't listen to that bunk. In truth, Mr. Little gives part of his time to going around bawling out directors who think they are Aladdin. They rub their brows and expect to find the Grand Central Terminal suddenly transported to Beverly Hills. There was a big row during the filming of Lloyds of London when director Henry King insisted on photographing a steaming roast.

The main trouble arose from the fact that a roast does not steam. It will sizzle away merrily but it will not steam. Duke Abrahams, the property man with the company, kept buying the juiciest cuts of beef on the Los Angeles market and the chef continued to cook them up, but steam they would not. After seven failures, Director King was reduced to screams. The roast would come off the fire looking as if it were about to explode, the cameras would begin to grind and then the head cameraman would look up and lift his hands in despair. When it had reached a point where either Mr. Little had to go down and talk to Mr. King or Mr. King had to be led away under guard, Mr. Abrahams gave up on nature. He inserted a bit of dry ice under the sizzling roast and steam rose in great clouds.

When plans were being made for screening The Good Earth, George Hill was sent to China by M-G-M and not only brought back thousands of feet of film dealing with the Chinese background but he also transported a herd of water buffaloes and sundry native carts, implements and knickknacks. The investment ran into hundreds of thousands of dollars but that is the way Hollywood operates. The turmoil the studio went through in getting the wheat to grow at the right time has become a classic in the industry.

How a big studio keeps ahead of its schedule is a mystery because at Twentieth Century-Fox, Mr. Little will have charge of as many as eight productions at a time. In the case of Wee Willie Winkie, he was under the necessity of constructing a complete railroad train and the station at Rajpur, India.

"Come down and look at this engine," he says. "We built the whole thing and it runs under its own power."

It was a typical English locomotive (the small snub-nose sort) and the coaches were of the Continental model. All had been built on the lot.

For Seventh Heaven, Mr. Little's department had constructed a complete Paris street and had filled it with authentic detail, including a series of original war posters of inestimable value. Every flowerpot was the real thing, every plate and knife was direct from Paris and of the proper period. The taxis were the original models and had seen use when the taxi-cab army of General Gallieni saved Paris from the Germans in 1914, and they moved under their own power. There was a group of trained rats, used to warn the men in the trenches at the start of a gas attack. Half a dozen cats were trained to walk in single file over the roofs of Paris. There was a French fire engine with steam up all the time.

As a general thing, any item not in stock in the company's property building can be found somewhere in Los Angeles, but the real happy hunting ground is New York.

"I can find more French and German and English odds and ends in New York than I can in the home countries," says Mr. Little.

He makes a yearly trip to New York and spends on an average of \$100,000 each time adding to the permanent property collection at the studio. A look at the property building would give the impression that everything ever heard of was included there, but they are constantly adding to it. The Hollywood collections of antiques and period furniture and historical items run into millions of dollars. They include everything from paper clips to army tanks and what isn't on hand is built from historically correct models.

Correct to the Last Detail

For Café Metropole, the property department had constructed a café scene which would have been good enough for any capital in the world. Wake Up and Live not only had Walter Winchell and Ben Bernie but also two night-club settings which were as solidly built and as beautifully decorated as anything of the kind in real life. Every detail of those settings was complete to the last goblet and oyster fork.

For Ramona the boys on location grew an entire farm, complete with waving corn, hay and wheat.

"We had a bad time with that wheat because it was on a man's land and he almost broke a suspender strap trying to get at it before it was too late to harvest. He sat around and looked at it so pathetically the director finally rushed through the last scenes to get the picture finished."

The property department is divided into smaller units. There is the effects department, which handles such things as fogs, guns, smoke, "blowups" and general bang-bang stuff. The greenhouse looks after the beautifying of the scenes. The sound-effects department can produce thousands of raucous and lovely strains, pip-pips and yowls. These are incorporated into the film after (Continued on page 66)



Your house and personal possessions are fair game for a good prop man on location



Seven attempts to make a roast of beef steam are too much for any director

Murder is Naughty

By Walter Duranty

That's the attitude of Soviet Russia. Murder is a wrong way to behave; such manners call for reproof and correction. But a wrong idea is something else again; the cure for that is shooting. A very novel view of crime

YOU may say what you please about Soviet Russia, but it's always interesting. It's not always comfortable nor entirely safe—especially for Russians nowadays—but it's always interesting. Things happen there that are different and unexpected, which is what interests me most. Like the case of the man they called Kostia-Graf, or Count Kostia, whom I met this year in Moscow. All the circumstances were peculiar and the remarkable thing was that they occurred in the middle of the Trotskyist treason trials and the campaign against spies and wreckers and other "enemies of the people." Kostia-Graf was a robber who had confessed his sins and wanted to lead an honest life. Russians seem to have a fondness for confessions, although they don't all live long after making them, but Kostia-Graf confessed before he was caught, which made all the difference.

This story really begins one cold morning some years ago when a prominent foreign diplomat stood shivering in the office of the station commandant at Omsk, clad only in silk pajamas and a red blanket from the sleeping car. Five days earlier he had boarded the Trans-Siberian train at Moscow, carrying a diplomatic passport, as befits a counselor of embassy, and a special courier pass for his official documents. His suitcases were of shiny pigskin, his dispatch box was red morocco with gilt initials, and he wore a fine fur coat with hat and mittens of rich warm sealskin. In his gold-edged wallet were first-class train and sleeping-car tickets all the way to Peking and a thousand dollars in foreign currency. Now everything had vanished like smoke, all save the silk pajamas, and he hardly spoke a word of Russian.

A Sporting Chance for Thieves

The foreign colony in Moscow thought it was terribly funny, but the diplomat didn't get to Peking for a couple of weeks and it nearly ruined his career. His embassy made a prodigious fuss with no effect save that some of the documents were discovered in a ditch beside the railroad track and sent back to Moscow. Naturally the Soviet Foreign Office was full of apologies, but the thief was never found. Other foreigners were robbed in a similar way, and there was an important representative of a Soviet trust who nearly got shot because he lost a hundred thousand rubles of government money last year on a train going to Tiflis, and they thought he'd embezzled it and faked the robbery to hide his own theft. That's been done before and the Russians are a suspicious lot anyway, but he was telling the truth all right and managed to prove it. He lost his job as well as the money, and again they did not catch the thief nor find track nor trace of him, until one day

this year when he walked into the prosecutor's office as bold as brass and gave himself up, and a few days later I talked to him and he told me all about it. I still think it is one of the strangest things I ever came across in Russia.

One day last spring Izvestia, the second greatest newspaper in the U.S.S.R., received a letter which ran as follows:

"I am a criminal, but I don't much like it; in fact, I'm tired of it. I want to be honest; I want to be like other men and have a home and an honest name and children and a happy life. I'm tired of 'easy money' and the imminent shadow of danger. At first I thought it was exciting, but now I'm tired of it and want to live like other men. If I come to you and confess my sins, will you give me a chance?"

It was signed "Young Thief."

The Izvestia people published the letter rather doubtfully. They thought it might be a fake, or crazy nonsense. They talked to the public prosecutor, Vyshinski, and he said, "Well, why not?" He said, "We think about criminals the way we think about prostitution, that it isn't their own fault; it's the fault of economic conditions. They don't do it because they want to; most of them



EARL OLIVER HURST



"Then one night she'd put something in whatever he was drinking. When he wakes up, we are gone, and so is all he had, his money, everything"

don't; they do it because things are that way and drive them. So publish the boy's letter and let's see what happens."

They published it and things began to happen. Other criminals, what Moscow terms "recidivists," which is taken from a French word and means habitual criminals, read their colleague's letter in the Izvestia and read too what Vyshinski said in answer, that if they came and confessed they would be treated justly, yet with lenience, because the Soviet

state did not think that crime was crime; it thought it was a social error, a fault of society rather than of the criminal. The prosecutor added, "The new Soviet constitution, which Stalin wrote for us, grants and guarantees to every man the right of honest work. That, we must understand, is the basis of our Soviet Russia, so let us give these criminals a chance. If they come to us of their own free will and say they're

(Continued on page 33)

With Labor Thrown In

By Walter Davenport

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

You'll like Brother Bush's idea. It makes money—for somebody, but not for the high school kids who turn out hosiery in the WPA-built "vocational training school." It's all part of the general fritterin' to keep the great state of Mississippi out of the bread line. Governor White has another idea. In fact, everyone has ideas. Ole Miss is still hungry

GOVERNOR WHITE was not the only man in Mississippi with an idea. His was not the only patriotic brain striving to deliver Ole Miss from economic ruin. There was, for example, the Honorable Millard Perry Bush of Ellisville. And there was the somewhat more nimble, the Honorable Roland B. Wall of Brookhaven. Too, there had been somewhat similar salvation schemes hatched in the magnolia-scented towns of Columbia, Philadelphia and Lumberton. But these died aborning, Columbia, Philadelphia and Lumberton getting no farther than holes in the ground visited every so often by their local sponsors to remind them of the saddest words of tongue or pen—it might have been.

A combine of the most practical—perhaps the best—minds in Vicksburg joined the parade. Some of them wish they hadn't. Tupelo too took to the Glory Road, following a map of her own making, and ran into a couple of riots, the wounds of which are now being bandaged by the Honorable Josh Whitesides.

But to enumerate all the local bids for emancipation from the tyranny of ailing King Cotton would tire you. Mississippi, the most steadfast of all the Southern states in loyalty to the ancient Dixie tradition, was viewing the future with tears in her tired old eyes. What remained of her wealth was in her cotton fields, as it always had been. Now her foreign markets were gone or going. In addition, the federal government, in its persistent efforts to curtail the production of cotton along with other agricultural produce in other states, had convinced Ole Miss that she had better hunt sustenance in other fields.

And thus was born of necessity Mississippi's BAWI—Balance Agriculture With Industry—the idea we have credited here to the Honorable Hugh White, her current governor. Actually the plan predated Mr. White's induction into office, having been born in the offices of the Mississippi Power Company and the Mississippi Power and Light Company, two public utilities whose income sheets had long since warned them that Ole Miss was reeking with every symptom of malnutrition and pernicious anemia. Either she had to sassafras herself back to self-support or suffer the ignominy of becoming one of the federal govern-

ment's permanent public charges. And Ole Miss' pride—a stout, fiercely provincial fabric—rightly regarded the latter as intolerable.

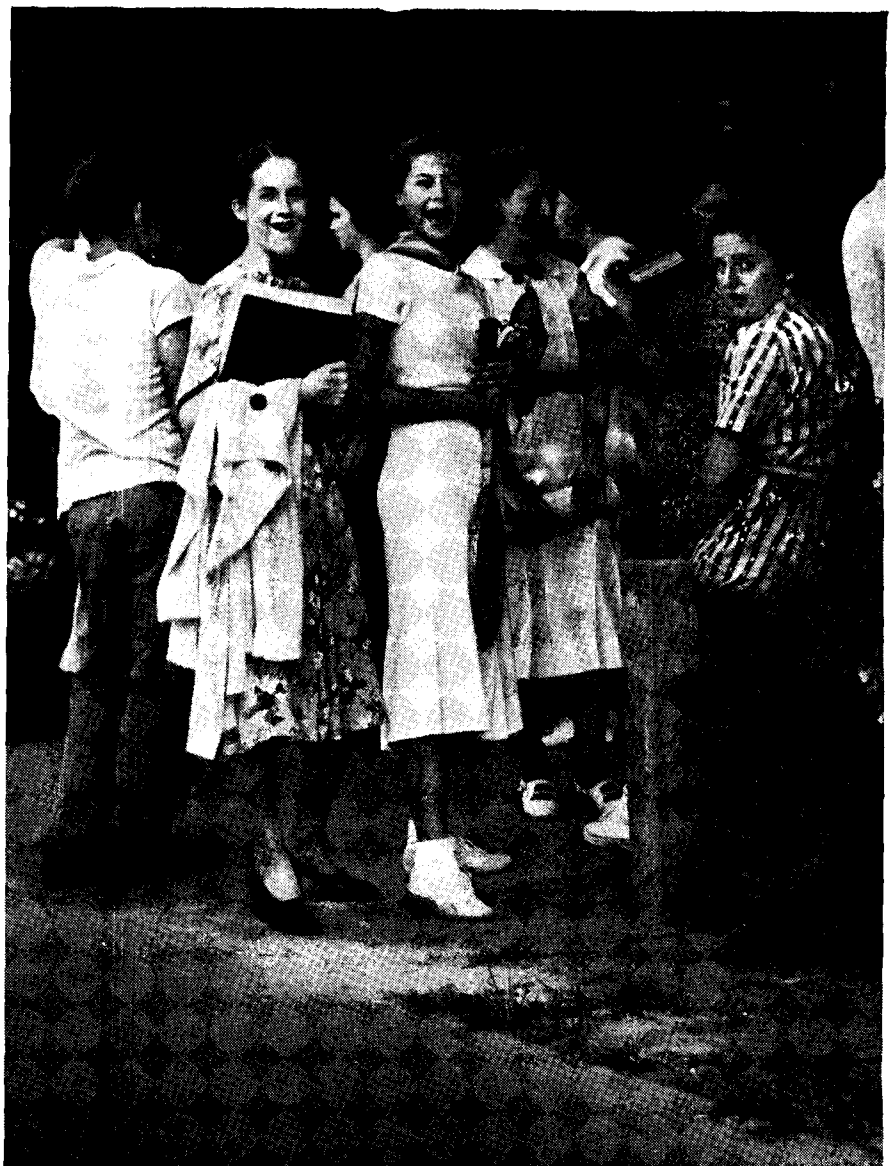
Therefore, urged on by Governor White, she passed a law—a law necessary to the operation of BAWI. It granted to the municipalities the right to mortgage themselves with bonds to build factories. And to each of these factories was to be invited a Yankee industry, the inducements to include free rent and no taxation over a period of years and, in whispers, an abundance of white, native-born labor which had not yet been exposed to the labor union germ.

Fine for All but the Laborer

However, the law itself said nothing about the amenability of Mississippi's labor, the subject of the "traditional disregard for unionism" being left to those officials who boarded north-bound trains to sell Mississippi to the Yankee industrialists. Nevertheless, not even the Luxor Valley nor the Mayan mounds have produced anything more completely dead than the American Federation of Labor in Mississippi. And so forbidding is Mississippi's attitude toward labor organizations (aside from the railroad brotherhoods, which were no doing of Ole Miss, and a few paternalistic company unions) that even the rambunctious Mr. Lewis' C.I.O. has elected to limit its invasion to brief, sporadic raids.

As we write this only one Mississippi town has come into full realization of the BAWI plan, and this so recently that it offers no laboratory facilities for those who would examine BAWI. Whatever comes of BAWI can be laid to administration of the law and to the amount of intelligence contributed by the municipi-

Innovator in education: The Honorable Millard Perry Bush, who added a hosiery mill to a Mississippi high school curriculum at the expense of the federal government. Above, some possible beneficiaries of the Bush plan: Students in the Jones County Agricultural High School and Junior College who may earn \$4 a week



palities importing the attracted industries. Certainly Mississippi needs the jobs and its people can do with additional income. Fundamentally, the theory behind BAWI is as sound as it is old. If Governor White and his industrial commission, the latter created by the BAWI law, display the same tender solicitude for the Mississippi worker as they are lavishing upon the Yankee industrialists they are angling for, they will hear their praises sung. But they are not doing it now.

We asked Mr. Harry O. Hoffman, chairman of the commission, what he was doing to protect the "efficient and reasonable" labor BAWI is offering. Like Governor White, he replied evasively that neither the law nor any ruling

nor precedent gives the commission any power to regulate hours or wages. We asked them whether this lack of power wouldn't sooner or later give rise to a labor situation which they were now anxious to avoid—unions and all the consequences. They replied that it was up to the municipalities and not the state to see to it that labor was fairly treated under BAWI.

The Same Old Headache

While Mr. White and his sponsors were doing their preparatory work, several towns and persons resolved that it would be bootless to wait. Before Mr. White's enabling legislation was adopted it was illegal for a community to bond

itself beyond a certain amount; and as far as we know no community of any substance at all had neglected long since to extend its indebtedness to the bankrupting limit. But it was quite possible to take up a collection on Main Street and with the proceeds build a factory for Northern manufacturers to occupy. And there was in Mississippi that eager federal dispensary known as WPA.

To Main Street went the city of Vicksburg, collecting something like \$75,000 and erecting a factory which met the specifications of M. Fine & Sons of Jeffersonville and New Albany, Indiana, makers of work shirts. The Messrs. Fine were rather eager to move to Mississippi. In Jeffersonville their 700 employees had all but demoralized them with a four-months strike which had been made spectacular by tear gas, police clubs, professional sluggings and a great deal of general bloodshed. In Jeffersonville the women of the Fine factory complained of such unpleasanties as four dollars a week and a stretch-out system which made it somewhat difficult to get more than six dollars. However, that doesn't concern us here.

M. Fine & Sons moved to Vicksburg. At first we were a trifle puzzled about how Vicksburg and other towns got in touch with industrialists seeking new sites. But that turned out to be easy. All one has to do is write to any one of a number of companies whose business it is to locate sites for companies and

companies for sites. In Vicksburg's case, a Chicago factory-locating concern did the liaison work, the Chamber of Commerce of Vicksburg learning the locater's name from Mr. White, then governor-elect.

At any rate the Fines moved south. In a remarkably short time and without a bit of urging by Mr. Lewis or any of his cloven hoofs, the Mississippi girls were demonstrating that there are just as many headaches in paying five, six and seven dollars a week (forty-five hours) in Vicksburg as there had been in Jeffersonville.

The Messrs. Fine adopted a wage scale of thirty cents an hour. In order to earn that a girl had to sew thirty dozen collars in an hour or thirty dozen cuffs or shirttails, flaps or what not. Moreover, the sewing had to conform to a standard and meet certain Fine requirements. Otherwise, as is common in this unit system, you didn't get thirty cents even if you did turn out your thirty dozen units of work.

Pay Rolls Without Prosperity

Anyway the girls struck. They adopted a variety of methods to make known their displeasure. One bevy—about a hundred of them—invaded the Chamber of Commerce with loud cries, paying no attention whatever to the Chamber's stern reminders that they were acting like a lot of damyankees and ought to be ashamed of themselves.

Yet they won a number of supporters, even from among those merchants who had subscribed to the Chamber of Commerce's call for funds with which to build the Messrs. Fine a factory. The merchants had subscribed to the building fund, thinking thereby materially to increase the spending or buying power of those who would occupy the newly created jobs. But when they discovered that there wasn't much buying power in Fine wages—anyway, not as much as they had hoped for—they joined the ladies.

All this was quite naturally disconcerting to Governor White, who feared that it might give his people a false impression of what might be expected under BAWI. Under BAWI, he pointed out, the municipality hosts to Northern industry would have to see to it in their own interests that wages did not descend to the sweatshop level. There was no minimum-wage clause in the bill; there is no minimum-wage law in all Mississippi. There was no workers' compensation provision in BAWI, as there is no workers' compensation law in the state.

Under BAWI, said Governor White, municipalities could insist that imported industries maintain a stipulated total pay roll. This pay roll would, of course, find its way into the town's shops and banks, via the worker. Therefore, it was reasonable to suppose that under BAWI no municipality would permit a firm enjoying free occupancy of the public's factory and exemption from taxation for five years or so to become hoggish. The city governments, having as their first consideration the happiness and well-being of the wage-earning citizenry and, second, the tills of their merchants, would compel the damyankee industry to share its wealth. Clear?

Naturally there are residents of Mississippi who doubt that this desirable state of affairs will come to pass. There are others who, in addition, have (or

(Continued on page 79)



Miss Ida Sledge, C.I.O. organizer, was escorted out of Tupelo, Mississippi, by 200 angry citizens. She returned unassisted. With her here is Jimmy Cox, leader of the striking mill workers of Tupelo



Education at a profit. These Ellisville, Mississippi, schoolgirls get the former and the mill operators get the latter—it's all a part of the Bush plan for a fuller life



"Goldie," pleaded Papa. "Be sensible, Goldie. He's a nice boy, young, good-looking, a finished dentist"

The Land of the Free

Something new in the game of teaching young dogs old tricks. Goldie Zaler's papa making up a young man's mind for him, with Goldie making him like it

By Betty Wallace

GOLDIE ZALER was a perfect size eighteen. Frequently, in the slack season, she left her desk to model a number or two for a stray buyer. She had short, thick, dark hair and large brown eyes. Her skin was a smooth olive with a faint rose tone underneath. Practically anyone, seeing her in the subway, would have conceded that she was a very pretty girl.

Papa Zaler thought she was beautiful. "Smott, too," he would add proudly. "Could Epstein & Bloom even get along without her? No!" For them, he was apt to remark thoughtfully, it was very lucky that at twenty-three Goldie was still single. "But for Goldie—better she should get married! If she played on the piano, all right. If she played, maybe, the violin. If she was a buyer of dresses! I'd say, Goldie makes a nice living, what does she need a husband for? But this way—" He spread his hands eloquently. He shrugged. "Nowadays, girls are so particular! You take Goldie. You think she liked that diamond setter I brought up once? A greenhorn she said he was!"

It was acute agony for Goldie to listen to Papa.

She knew that most of Brooklyn thought it very considerate of him to take such thought for her future. Twenty-three going on twenty-four was no chicken.

Last night he had pulled yet another of his match-making stunts. He had invited Mr. Buxbaum's nephew, Willie, to supper. When Goldie came home, tired and unsuspecting, there was Willie. His ears were red and he kept elaborately to the pretense of having come to see Papa on some business for Mr. Buxbaum. But Goldie knew the truth, and he knew that she knew.

Papa had once worked partners in a ten-seventy-five dress house with Mr. Buxbaum. "An inside, it was," Papa recalled. "That manufacturer always had work—no slack season—ach, we made money there! And easy styles, too."

Mr. Buxbaum's nephew had recently graduated from a dental college. He was short and sandy-haired; vaguely uneasy at the old-fashioned flavor of this pre-arranged evening. But he was willing.

Goldie had been barely polite to him. As soon as she decently could, she had cornered Papa in the

ILLUSTRATED BY
ROBERT O. REID

kitchen. "When are you going to stop this monkey business, Pa? Didn't I tell you last time, when you brought that bowlegged Berger—"

"Goldie," pleaded Papa. "Be sensible, Goldie. He's a nice boy, young, good-looking, a finished dentist. Buxbaum says—"

"I don't care what his uncle says, and I don't care what you say," she had retorted furiously. "Don't bring me any more *bocherim* to the house. I'm not a cripple, thank goodness, and I can meet enough fellows without help from you."

She had stamped out. Papa called after her. "Sure, that's just the trouble. Fellows you got plenty. But tell me—what kind? Poker players, taxi drivers. One altogether an Irishman! Such boys I don't call boys, Goldie!"

This morning, getting off the subway at the Thirty-fourth Street Station, she was remembering that. Caught in a surge of other people leaving the West End Express at this station, she felt bewildered and alone. People hemmed her in. A man's shoulder on this side; a woman's elbow on that. A bearded patriarch in front of her, a dark-browed laborer behind. She scarcely saw them. Crowds of anonymous people had always surrounded her.

So Papa thought she'd never get a husband without his help! She wanted to laugh, but she wanted to cry, too.

The nine-o'clock sunshine of Thirty-fourth Street perked her up a bit. She saw that there was a new set of living-room furniture in a side-street window. Dawdling along, she looked at the books and the handkerchiefs; at the bargain cotton dresses and the candlewick spreads. Papa and Mama were too wrapped up in her, anyway. Too much concerned with her affairs. Other girls' people didn't worry so much!

Willie Buxbaum. Fury shook her. Papa was so pathetically willing to take the pitiful little nest egg out of the bank and turn it over to some young smarty who had a diploma—any damn' doctor or dentist or lawyer who'd be willing to marry a girl in order to acquire office furniture. She bit her lip. Tonight, if Willie dared to show up again. . . .

TIDES of people were eddying back and forth on Seventh Avenue. The sidewalks were jammed. Salesmen with sample cases; dress manufacturers with cigars between their teeth; girls who worked at sewing machines; girls who worked at typewriters. Models with flamboyant hair; middle-aged women who washed dishes in cafeterias. In the gutter, boys pushed heavily laden hand trucks in and out among the automobiles and the ten-ton motor trucks.

Goldie did not hurry. She made it a point never to get into the office before nine-thirty. Why should she? Even if she came in at dawn, she knew, she'd still be there until after six o'clock. That was the dress business for you.

At Thirty-sixth Street, she entered the imposing bronze portal of the Ladies' Dress Center. Her high heels clicked on the black marble floor. As she stepped into an express elevator, she said, "Twenty-nine, please." The elevator boy hit a button on the panel in front of him.

There were several men in the car, but none of them doffed their hats. She turned her back to them, grasping her handbag more firmly. The express elevator had a habit of shooting up to the twenty-fifth floor so swiftly that always, just before it stopped, Goldie experienced a funny little flop inside of her.

The starter gave the signal. The car started up. "Goldie!" said a voice. Someone tapped her on the shoulder.

It was young Jack Cohen, whose father's firm was on the same floor as Epstein & Bloom. He was wearing an Oxford gray suit this morning, she noted swiftly, and his shoulders bulked broad and strong above the flabby frames of the other men in this car.

The elevator came to a sickening halt suddenly. Goldie swayed a little. Jack had edged up behind her. "It always does that to me, too," he said.

At the twenty-ninth floor they left the elevator together.

"How's business?" he asked.

"So-so."

He looked at her new fall suit. "You bought that downstairs, by Hyman Brothers?"

"Yes. Do you like it?" She pirouetted a little.



She grumbled as she passed them: "Such a shame young people should carry on like this on the stairs. Have you no home?"

"It looks fine." His brown eyes moved from the black enamel watch pinned to her lapel down to her neat new pumps. His glance swept upward again, but he stopped at the watch. He did not meet her eyes.

"Well, goodbye," said Goldie.

"Goodbye." He walked down the hall to his own showroom. But before he pushed the door in, he turned. Goldie, too, had looked back. There was a shamed moment as she felt the blood warming her face. Then she turned the corner and entered the swinging doors which were marked in frosted glass letters, EPSTEIN & BLOOM, MISSY DRESSES.

HER office was a cubbyhole off the showroom. The morning mail was piled on her scratched oak desk. The white plaster wall above the desk was thoroughly decorated with penciled notations: "Levy, WA 3145. Bank, SU 8729." There were curlicues which had been executed by Mr. Bloom while he shouted into the telephone. And pictures of mustachioed young beauties—the profiles by the salesman, Mr. Schwartz; the mustachios an afterthought by Davie, the shipping clerk.

She looked through the mail swiftly. Expertly, she picked out the envelopes which contained checks.

In the showroom, Mr. Epstein was sorting dresses. He was a rotund little man with a mild face which wore a continual expression of astonishment. He was pulling at the tickets of the dresses. He was muttering to himself.

"Mr. E," Goldie called. "The Bon Ton sent a check."

His only answer was a grunt.

"Did you tell Meyer he could have it less six even two months later, Mr. E?"

"I didn't tell him nothing," growled Mr. E, unexpectedly. "Do me a favor, Goldie. Today dun't bother me."

She knew then that it was going to be a difficult morning. She sighed. Mama and Papa were coming in at noon. She had meant to ask Mr. E if he'd take them downstairs to Pollak & Levy, who made women's dresses in Mama's size.

Her cousin Sally was being married Sunday. Mama simply had to have a dress. Goldie bit the end of her pencil. When Epstein was like this, there was no reasoning with him.

Ordinarily he was the meekest of men. But occasionally some explosion at home resulted in repercussions here. Goldie knew his daughters, two thin young ladies who had graduated from Barnard and were apologetic about the dress business. His wife was a "charity worker." Mr. Epstein was proud of her orphans and her old ladies—he even gave them donations. Yet now and then they got under his skin.

Goldie sympathized with him. But she asked herself moodily, "Why should I suffer because *his* family is crazy?"

Mama had to have a dress, and Goldie would see to it that she got one wholesale. Maybe Mr. Epstein would cool down by twelve o'clock. But at twelve there was a rousing argument in progress. Mr. Bloom was tearing his hair and beating his breast, and Mr. Epstein had clapped his hat on.

"You do business your way, Bloom, and let me do business my way! Miss Zaler, figure out his interest and he should leave me alone!"

MR. EPSTEIN sprinted through the swinging door like a pint-size cyclone. Bloom shouted, "Epstein, from the bottom of my heart, I'm telling you. You belong in the pants business!"

But Epstein was already out of earshot and Bloom's anger collapsed immediately. He turned to Goldie. He was smiling. "Nu, what can you do?" He shrugged. He went into the shop.

Goldie knew better than to reach for the ledgers and figure out Bloom's interest. Regularly, every time Mr. Epstein had a bad day, he severed partnership with Mr. Bloom. Just as every time Mr. Schwartz had a tough customer he said, "Dresses I should sell you? Take a knife better. Here, cut my throat and be done with it! Am I in business to lose money? Do me a favor. Go buy dresses from Levy and Chasnoff!"

Her mother and father came into the showroom. Goldie said, "Hello, Papa. Hello, Ma." She called Mr. Schwartz. "Do you know (Continued on page 36)"

Smart Girl

By George F. Worts

The Story Thus Far:

GUY VAN ARDEN, a government agent, "sells out" to a labor racketeer, Stefan Zorane, whom he is supposed to deport from New York City. Working with Van Arden, acting as his spy, is a girl: Sally Porter, a clever newspaper columnist.

Sally is engaged to Barney Teel, a young reporter. Van Arden has informed her that, unless she co-operates with him, he will give the newspapers certain facts which will ruin Teel. Effectively blackmailed, she is taking Van Arden's orders.

A senatorial committee, headed by Senator Larsen, is investigating the Zorane case, in which Sally is the "mystery woman." Meeting the girl by chance, Eric Larsen, the senator's son, learns that she is somehow deeply involved in the machinations of Zorane and Van Arden. But he does not report her—he falls in love with her; after which he does everything in his power to alienate her and Teel.

Van Arden, suspecting that an alligator briefcase which Senator Larsen has brought to New York from Washington may contain evidence against both Zorane and himself, orders Sally to steal it. Sally makes the attempt, but is caught—and protected—by Eric.

Realizing that they may be indicted at any moment, Van Arden and Zorane plan a bold stroke. The senator, they feel sure, will be willing to give Zorane a check for five thousand dollars if Zorane promises to hand over evidence against Van Arden. Once in possession of that check, the conspirators can ruin the senator by making it appear that he has bribed Zorane to start strikes in various business concerns competing with one in which the senator is interested.

Zorane calls on the senator. When he leaves he has no five-thousand-dollar check—he has, instead, the senator's promise to pay him one hundred thousand dollars, if he will deliver enough evidence to send Van Arden to prison!

Meanwhile, Sally has told Barney Teel the whole story of her relations with Eric. She has given him her promise that she will never see Eric Larsen again. Unfortunately, she cannot keep that promise; intimidated by Eric, she agrees to meet him once more—at the Pelican, around five o'clock.

No sooner has the date been made than Eric sends a message to Barney. The message informs the young reporter that if he will drop into the Pelican about 5:30, he will find something of great interest!

V

ERIC LARSEN gazed across the intimate little table at Sally Porter's face, languidly folded his long arms, hunched his shoulders and let the weight rest on his elbows.

It was an unusual face. With its hair the color of sunset on ripe wheat, its large dark blue eyes, its clear complexion lighted by the pale vivid color of her lip rouge, it was a lovely face and indignation made it radiant.

"May I tell you why I wanted you to have cocktails with me this afternoon?"

"Did there have to be a reason?"

He grinned. "Well, there's usually a reason for everything, including why dogs bark at automobiles. Yes, there's a very sound reason for it. I wanted to see if I'd approve of you. I'm so eccentric in some ways. I may like and approve of a person in the morning, and by cocktail time I may have an entirely different idea. So I asked you to have cocktails. Wasn't that bright of me?"

She had the look of a girl trying to compose herself in patience.

"And lo," Eric said, "I do approve of you! Doesn't that do things for your morale?"

"It's making a better woman of me every instant."

He looked at her critically.

"Yes, I think I really do. In fact, I'm

sure I do. Let's begin with your hair. It's the most beautiful color in the world. Not red. Not golden. Not exactly a mixture. It's beautiful. Now, let's consider your face, feature by feature."

"You know," Sally said, "what you're doing to me must be terribly amusing, but does it occur to you that it isn't the least bit amusing to me? I presume you're a very nice person underneath all this."

"And I'm mad about you," Eric said.

SALLY struck a match and lit a cigarette. "You're playing a pretty cruel practical joke on a person who hasn't done you the slightest harm."

"How about those parsnips?"

Sally smiled faintly. "A practical joker is a person who resents having a practical joke played on him."

"That," he said, "makes us both practical jokers. But I'm not playing a practical joke. It never was a joke." He glanced at the diamond ring on her engagement finger.

"If you are a nice person," she said, "I can't see why you're so downright sadistic with me."

"I'll promise," he said, "to explain it fully on the first night of our honeymoon."

Her eyes began to blaze. She was trying so hard not to lose her temper. She

was trying to remember all the things Van Arden had said. She wanted to be nice. The trouble was, this young man had a perfect talent for infuriating her.

"I suppose it's useless to say that it's horribly upsetting, or that I think you were pretty low to play a trick like that on your father. And I think the way you're taking advantage of me is just rotten. I'm a businesswoman. I have my work to do. You're interfering with my private life and my business life."

His eyes were glowing. "Yes," he said, "but love is always selfish. You see, I can't stand having you out of my sight."

Sally seemed to sag a little. "I suppose you intend to keep it up indefinitely."

He shook his head. "Not at all, my love. There's a point where I stop. We haven't reached it yet. And this is, in a way, a business conference. It's the business of trying to fork Sally out of hot water. I've been checking up on you. I now find you've been sending messages in your column to Van Arden's agitators."

"Agitators?"

"The guys who cause strikes. Cute idea."

She gazed at him through smoke from her cigarette. "Isn't it?"

Eric hunched himself forward. "Now

we're making some progress. At least, you've stopped saying you don't know what I'm talking about."

Sally laughed. "But I don't."

"Oh, my sainted aunt! The big back-track is beginning again."

"Sometimes, without making the slightest effort, you're the funniest man I ever knew."

"We were talking about how Van Arden uses your column to instruct his field agents."

"Oh, yes."

A WAITER was passing. Eric said, "Two more Deacon Fusers." And to Sally, watching her with his kindly eyes: "I spent the morning in the newspaper room at the public library, checking important strike developments here and there with items in Let's Be Smart. Every time you ran an item about your ideal restaurant, something blew up somewhere. Generally, Zorane was at the bottom of it. Did it ever occur to you that you can be arrested on a serious federal charge?"

She seemed amused. "Do you suppose," she said, "it could be proved in court?"

He stared at her, with his lower lip squared. "I don't like you, Sally, when you're hard."

"You're always hard," she said swiftly.

ELMORE BROWN



Eric forced her into a chair. "Sally, stop thinking with your fists," he said. "If I leave here the way things are, there's only one thing I can do"



Throughout the floor show, the senator had been glancing slyly at Sally. Eric wondered what was in his mind

"How do you suppose I enjoy that? You're either mocking me, or you're prying into things that are none of your business. Why don't you let me alone?"

"I'm not being hard, Sally. All I want is to get you out of this mess."

"But I'm not in a mess, Mr. Larsen." He stared at her with his eyebrows flat. "Running errands for a Department of Labor agent who will be indicted on a bribery charge at any moment? Letting Let's Be Smart be used as a clearing-house for incendiary communications to alien racketeers? Breaking into a man's room and trying to steal evidence?"

She closed her eyes a moment, opened them and looked at his hands. Her eyelashes were almost touching her cheeks.

"It might be hard to hang it on you before a federal jury, but you'd be on a spot before the cross-examination was over, especially if you were being tried with Van Arden."

Sally looked up quickly. Her eyes had a blurred look.

"Would you testify against me, Mr. Larsen?"

"I won't answer that question. Why not be smart and come over to the nice side before it's too late?"

"It would be lots of fun being nice, and you make me feel wistful, but I prefer it where I am. You're wasting your time, Mr. Larsen. In every possible respect you're wasting your time."

"Won't you talk?"

She shrugged one shoulder. "There's nothing to talk about, really."

"How about the alligator briefcase?"

Her eyes glowed a little. "I'm awfully grateful about that."

"Is that all?" he snapped.

"Oh," Sally murmured. "Do you expect something more?"

He looked at her a moment, with his lips tight together. "Honestly," he said, "I could wring your neck. I've a damned

good notion to lose my respect for American womanhood."

The waiter brought their cocktails. When he moved away, Eric saw Barney Teel in the doorway.

"There's Barney Teel," he said.

Sally looked around. She went white. She slumped, as if all the fight, all the courage, all the gameness had gone out of her.

The reporter came over, smiling. Sally's exhibition of self-control would have been magnificent if she hadn't been so white and if her elbows against the table edge hadn't been trembling.

"Why, Barney!" she said huskily. "Hullo!"

"How cozy!" Barney said, laughing.

"How swell!" Eric said, getting up. "We were just talking about you. Pull up a chair and wet your nose."

THERE was nothing strained about Barney's amiability. He seemed surprised but pleased to find them together. His smile was easy, his eyes were sparkling and his pleasure seemed genuine.

"I just popped in for a moment, Eric. I'm looking for a fellow."

"Anything new on Zorane?"

"I think things are getting ready to break."

Sally was looking at Barney, not trying to keep the misery out of her eyes. She looked as if she would burst into tears at another word.

She said in a small voice, "Barney, I've been trying to get hold of you all afternoon. Mr. Larsen, would you mind awfully—"

"Not at all." Eric went to the bar.

"Look, Barney."

He sat down across from her. He was keeping himself remarkably under control. His eyes were clear and amiable and his color was normal.

"Why not skip it?"

Sally had the air of a girl summoning all her forces. "Darling, please listen.

After you left this morning, he came up and insisted that I have cocktails with him."

"What's wrong with that?" he said pleasantly.

She looked at him a moment, and groaned. "Oh, Barney, won't you please trust me? He threatened me just as he did yesterday. I had to do it."

"Of course," Barney said. "And the Larsens are good contacts, and they're both rich men."

"Barney, I'm in trouble. I'm desperate."

His eyes were a little darker, and his face was slightly pale. "Yes?" he said, clipping it. "If you weren't a damned fool, if you weren't so busy telling lies and double-crossing people, you wouldn't be in trouble."

"Barney," she said miserably, "how can you love me and say such things?"

He looked at her for several seconds before he answered. His eyes cleared a little and his color improved. "If I didn't love you, I wouldn't be so upset because you're in such a jam."

She smiled gratefully. "Darling, look. I can't explain now, but sometime soon I'll clear up everything. Just keep on loving me. You've got to keep on trusting and loving me. Honestly, darling, you're all there is. Stop being jealous. This man doesn't mean anything to me. I'm not lying. Look at me. You know I'm not lying. I loathe him."

Barney looked better. She watched him anxiously. He wasn't himself, but he was better.

"It's about Pop Kresco," she said. "You said last night he might do something. Well, he insisted I have lunch with him. At the Riviera. Did you know he owns the Riviera?"

Barney's eyes were shuttling in quick jerks from her mouth to her eyes. He was still on edge, still mistrusting her.

"Yes."

"He said he would tell the police about

yesterday if I didn't devote my entire column to a rave about the Riviera."

Barney's lips twitched a little at the corners, as if he thought it fugitively funny.

"What did you say?"

"I left. I've been trying to get in touch with you ever since."

"Why?"

"Why?" Sally faltered. "But, darling, he means it!"

"Of course he means it. Pop is a businessman."

"But what am I going to do, Barney?"

He shrugged. "That's a tough one."

"He can force me to do it, and if I do it, it will absolutely ruin me."

"It wouldn't do you much good," Barney agreed.

"You know him," Sally said. "Couldn't you talk to him?"

"What could I say to him?"

"You could use pressure! He knows the Globe will print what you write. You've been awfully decent to him. You were, in your last night's story. You could make things pretty uncomfortable for him if you wanted to."

"Look, Sal. You're a smart girl. You've got yourself into this spot. You're smart enough to get off it without dragging me in."

SHE looked at him steadily, expecting him to smile quickly, withdrawing it or denying it, intimating that he hadn't meant it. Her heart gave a perceptible little thump, and it began to hurt. He meant it. He wasn't going to retract it.

She was so disappointed in him she could have cried. Even if he was still furious, suspicious and jealous, he shouldn't be letting her down.

She said, "You mean, you won't help me, even if it means my reputation?"

"It's your mess, Sally. Why didn't you come to me in the first place?"

"Barney," she said huskily, "you

(Continued on page 61)



I WAS waiting for him to see what she had been waiting to see. Like a marionette, she pressed her face against the lattice of her window, high up beneath the eaves of the Treasury.

This window she chose because it overlooked the Green Mount. On the Green Mount grew every kind of tree. For Kublai Khan liked to have trees around him. Wherever he saw one he fancied, he ordered it taken up and brought to his palace.

Whatever Kublai Khan wished to do, that he did. For he was Lord of the Earth, ruling the world from the steppes of Russia to the island of Zipangu, and from the frozen tundras of the north to Ceylon, where the great ruby was. Kublai's wish was the law of the girl Alai.

She was registered in the books of the Treasury as Precious Pearl, aged sixteen years, a Tartar by birth. Her eyes gray, her long hair dark. The books did not say how slender was her throat, or how her lips curved with elfin laughter. Only that she was a candidate concubine of the third rank—one of the six chosen for their beauty from a Tartar tribe. Which meant that she must serve in the sleeping chamber of the great Khan with six other maids until the fortunate ones he favored were made imperial concubines.

These six girl candidates could not step beyond the gates of the Treasury, where the imperial women and riches were kept. So Alai watched daily from her lattice, observing all that went on in the palace grounds beneath.

Now, at midafternoon, before the beginning of the first night of the year of the Fire-Tiger, she saw the messenger ride into the inner gate. The Tartar guards bent their heads and took the reins of his horse because he was the messenger of the Khan returning from Ceylon, whither he had been sent to buy the most precious thing in the world.

Other eyes than Alai's watched, as he paced across the courtyard of the silver water clock. Other minds wondered if he had succeeded in bringing that matchless ruby back with him to Cambalu.

ALAI wanted to find out, for herself. She sighed when he passed the door of the Treasury and dismounted at the entrance of his own quarters across the courtyard. She thought he had a wide mouth and his eyes were hard for a man so young. Hard and clear as crystal. He rode with his stirrups long, for he was a man of the West, a far-wandering soul, Marco Polo by name. And he had a way of bringing back what he set out to get.

"Faith," his laugh echoed across the courtyard, "my bones are weary."

Feeling inside one of his saddlebags, he drew out a knotted linen cloth, as a man with a shaven skull pushed through the guards around him and bowed low.

"Long life!" cried the shaven one. "Does the Lord Po-lo bring with him what Kublai, the Khan, desires?"

Holding the cloth by the knotted middle, Marco Polo beat the dust from his legs with the loose ends. "I brought a monkey from Ceylon," he responded, "and it is bald as thou art."

Still swinging the cloth, he turned into his door. The eyes of the shaven one peered after him. For Messer Marco had gone alone to far Ceylon, and no one but he in Cambalu could say if he had the giant ruby.

He leaped through the curtain after her. Now his mind was clear, and he caught her roughly. "Where," he whispered, "is the precious red stone?" She struggled against his hands. "Where you left it," she cried, "there on the table"

Alai slipped away from the lattice. Sitting before a bronze mirror, she pulled the gold and enamel flowers from her hair, and rubbed the pink powder from her cheeks. Over her embroidered tunic she drew a slave's gray coat.

She wanted something to carry in her hands, so she took up a tray with bowls of ginger and sugar paste, and cherries. To please the Lord Po-lo, she added a bowl of fresh rice wine.

AFTER listening a moment at the entrance screen of her room, she slipped out when the corridor was empty. Lowering her head, and moving with the quick, short pace of a slave, she reached the gate of the Treasury where armed Tartars stood guard.

There she hesitated, her heart pounding under the loose robe. Beyond this gate no one would recognize her face. Beyond this gate the candidate concubines were forbidden to go. But Alai

the cloth back from

did so, flame le-

fingers. The lat-

struck into the gi-

A moment Mar-

in the hyacinth sl-

shi—this red prec-

on the balance tha-

own collection of

With all the weight

the ruby, the balanc-

"It is about a palm

man's wrist in thick-

is quite free from flau-

great that a price for it in money could

hardly be named. The ambassador of

the great Khan offered the King of the

island first the ransom of a city for it,

but—"

The sound was no more than the slip-

ping of garments over tiles. Marco

Polo glanced over his shoulder, through

the open paper window, to the balcony.

Nothing was there. But he thrust the

the cloth back from

did so, flame le-

fingers. The lat-

struck into the gi-

A moment Mar-

in the hyacinth sl-

shi—this red prec-

on the balance tha-

own collection of

With all the weight

the ruby, the balanc-

"It is about a palm

man's wrist in thick-

is quite free from flau-

great that a price for it in money could

hardly be named. The ambassador of

the great Khan offered the King of the

island first the ransom of a city for it,

but—"

The sound was no more than the slip-

ping of garments over tiles. Marco

Polo glanced over his shoulder, through

the open paper window, to the balcony.

Nothing was there. But he thrust the

the cloth back from

did so, flame le-

fingers. The lat-

struck into the gi-

A moment Mar-

in the hyacinth sl-

shi—this red prec-

on the balance tha-

own collection of

With all the weight

the ruby, the balanc-

"It is about a palm

man's wrist in thick-

is quite free from flau-

great that a price for it in money could

hardly be named. The ambassador of

the great Khan offered the King of the

island first the ransom of a city for it,

but—"

The sound was no more than the slip-

ping of garments over tiles. Marco

Polo glanced over his shoulder, through

the open paper window, to the balcony.

Nothing was there. But he thrust the

the cloth back from

did so, flame le-

fingers. The lat-

struck into the gi-

A moment Mar-

in the hyacinth sl-

shi—this red prec-

on the balance tha-

own collection of

With all the weight

the ruby, the balanc-

"It is about a palm

man's wrist in thick-

is quite free from flau-

great that a price for it in money could

hardly be named. The ambassador of

the great Khan offered the King of the

island first the ransom of a city for it,

but—"

The sound was no more than the slip-

ping of garments over tiles. Marco

Polo glanced over his shoulder, through

the open paper window, to the balcony.

Nothing was there. But he thrust the

the cloth back from

did so, flame le-

fingers. The lat-

struck into the gi-

A moment Mar-

in the hyacinth sl-

shi—this red prec-

on the balance tha-

own collection of

With all the weight

the ruby, the balanc-

"It is about a palm

man's wrist in thick-

is quite free from flau-

great that a price for it in money could

hardly be named. The ambassador of

the great Khan offered the King of the

island first the ransom of a city for it,

but—"

The sound was no more than the slip-

ping of garments over tiles. Marco

Polo glanced over his shoulder, through

the open paper window, to the balcony.

Nothing was there. But he thrust the

Sleeping Lion

By Harold Lamb

In which the distinguished author of Genghis Khan recounts a colorful tale of old Cathay, where Messer Marco Polo, the Venetian, went to win immortality in the service of the great Kublai Khan

was determined to speak with the Lord Po-lo, and she went.

Messer Marco Polo sat in his counting room, his legs stretched under the carved table, looking at the knotted cloth between his hands.

For the months of a year he had traveled back from Ceylon by sailing junk, and river barge and horse post, always with that worn linen cloth under his hand or head. He had reached Cathay. He had succeeded.

And success—unlike the grotesque gods of Cathay—was Marco's god. From Venice he had crossed half the world—leaving the softness of his youth in the salt deserts and the snowbound roof of the world; he had come through the singing sands of the Gobi, where the magicians of Prester John raised storms, over the long road of Tartary. To wrest a fortune from the palace of Cathay, where the riches of the world were gathered.

Long had he labored to do this, that no man of the West had been able to do before him. Four languages had he learned, to be able to transact business for the great Khan. He had studied the old man's moods; taken notes on his journeys, so that he could please Kublai by relating all that his eyes had seen. So had he won Kublai's favor and trust.

Now with a hairbrush he was writing upon silk paper the tidings of his success in Ceylon: "I will tell you of the most precious thing in the world, that the King of the island had, the finest known to men."

He undid one of the knots, and slipped

ruby under a fold of the cloth and waited, listening.

In front of him the brocade curtain was drawn back timidly, and a girl entered. A girl who came toward him and knelt, to offer him a tray.

"Please," she whispered, "will my lord taste?"

Marco barely glanced at the sweetmeats and rice wine. "Look at me," he ordered. He had no woman among his servants. When she raised her head a pulse beat in her bare throat like a captive bird's.

"Why," he asked, considering her, "do you bring me all this?"

He knew the beauty of these Eastern girls. They could play upon a man's senses.

"Taste the wine, and you will know." She smiled pleadingly, and light glinted on the rice wine, as her hands trembled.

MESSER MARCO did not care to drink anything that his own body servants had not prepared—not in Cambalu, with the ruby of Ceylon under his hand. He wondered fleetingly where his servants had got to. And he leaned toward the girl, taking his hand from the cloth. "I am thinking," he said, "it is for no love of me that you are here. Who sent you?"

"This worthless slave saw the Lord Po-lo ride in at the Yen gate. Does he wish now to go to the presence of the great Khan?"

"Tonight," Marco answered idly. Tonight would be the beginning of the new year, of the Fire-Tiger year, and at such

she struggled against his hands, her eyes startled. "Where you left it," she cried, "there on the table—"

"Nay, pretty harlot." His hands

passed over her slim body, and pulled

open the gray over-robe, although she

strained away from him. "I wondered

who had sent you—for what!"

Then he saw the dragon embroidered

on the breast of her floss-silk tunic. The

mark of a candidate concubine, who

might not leave the inner palace of the

great Khan. And he saw the fear in her

eyes.

"Now let me go, Lord Po-lo," she

pleaded. "Ai—I wanted to tell you the

great Khan is far away, and now you

have no friends in Cambalu. I brought

the tray so that no one would take

heed—"

The blood came and went in her

throat, and her gray eyes were heavy

with dread. Surely, he thought, she felt

a fear for him. And, after all, she had

not been within reach of the table. Cer-

tainly no one had come through the

window behind him, lighted by the sun-

set glare, to take the ruby of Ceylon.

It must be where he had placed it. He

had been drowsy—a strange fancy had

come to him, a fancy bred of the many

moons he had watched over the price-

less stone. He sighed, and relaxed his

grasp. Instantly the girl slipped away

from him, drawing the gray robe about

her. Marco wondered what her name

might be, and why she had dared to

enter his quarters.

He went back through the curtain, in-

tending to wrap the great ruby in its

cloth again. And then he stared. On the

cloth as he had left it lay the Balas ruby,

the travesty of the most precious thing

in the world.

"The devil," Marco Polo muttered,

"has been at work."

Striding to the balcony beyond the

window, he looked out into the sunset

glow. No one was on the balcony or in

the courtyard beneath him. Without

moving, he waited to see if the girl

would cross the courtyard, and he

waited in vain. The sun dropped behind

the trees of the Green Mount, and twi-

light leaped up at him.

(Continued on page 52)

C. G. BEALL



Brand saw those two great people standing together

GEORGE HOWE

Sundown Jim

By Ernest Haycox

The Story Thus Far:

ON THE trail of five bandits, believed to be at large in the Silver Lode Range region, Jim Majors, a young deputy United States marshal, rides into the town of Reservation, takes a hotel room. Everyone he encounters is hostile; no one will answer any questions.

He soon learns that two hostile factions—old Pedee Barr's crowd, and the Ketchum-Oldroyd-Sultan group—are on the verge of clashing. Neither cares to have any deputy marshals "muddling" in its affairs.

He remains, although Ben Maffitt, Pedee Barr's most powerful supporter, does everything within his power to force him to leave Reservation. Impressed by his courage, three girls—an orphan known as "Tony," Pedee Barr's daughter, Katherine (with whom he is presently in love), and Buff Sultan's sister, Edith—befriend him. The men of the region, however, continue to be hostile.

Realizing that a bloody, futile war is inevitable, Majors tries to weaken or disrupt the opposing forces, so that they cannot fight, by playing the leaders against one another.

When Rint Barr, one of Pedee Barr's sons, and old man Oldroyd are killed, Majors goes to work. He succeeds in weakening both factions; then, due to his machinations, Maffitt deserts Pedee Barr, and Dobe Hyde, a rascally self-seeker, takes command of the anti-Barr forces. He succeeds, furthermore, in inveigling Buff Sultan into promising not to fight against the Barrs, who are greatly weakened when Ben Maffitt kills old Pedee.

He realizes, however, that he cannot prevent a conflict; he realizes that he, a deputy marshal, must remain neutral when that conflict begins; it is easy to see that the Barr forces are no match for Dobe Hyde's ruffians. So, in love with Katherine Barr and unwilling to stand by idly and see her family killed, he resigns his deputy-marshalship—to fight for the Barr crowd. Then he organizes a small force and leads it to the Barr ranch-house. Near the house he pauses. "I'm going around to the other side," he whispers, "and see how it looks. Wait!"

Conclusion

MAJORS rose from his haunches and walked rapidly over the yard to the corner of the porch. Here he ducked down, skirting the porch edge until he reached the steps. The beam of light flowing through the front door made a yellow hurdle before which he paused; and from this position he caught a partial view of the house hallway, and saw nothing. A few voices lifted from the depths of the house but by the tone he judged Dobe's men to be in the back part. And so he took his risk, stood upright, and crossed the beam of light without haste. A moment later he reached the far corner of the porch. A window on this side of the house showed light; he put himself against the wall and crawled to the window's edge, and pulled off his hat and tried a quick look, ducking immediately back.

All the Barrs were in the room, and a man he hadn't seen before stood by the hall door, holding a gun on them.

He cut under the window, traveling faster. At the rear of the house he stopped and made himself a flat shape in the shadows. There was a good deal of commotion back here. Dobe's men had pulled up a flat-bed wagon and were hitching a team to it. Dobe stood on the porch, calling out. "The girl wants to take a trunk. She can take it. Go up to her room and lug it down, Jett."

Majors teetered on the edge of a break, and changed his mind when he thought of the man standing guard over the Barrs. But it gave him an idea. He cut back along the house and ran inside

the porch. At the lane of yellow door light he paused long enough to take a look into the hallway again and, seeing it clear, walked through the light. A moment later he reached the spot where he had left his men.

They were gone.

He faced the black rock wall of the canyon. He said in a gentle murmur, "Matt," and got no answer. To right and left the shadows were black enough to cut and he could see nothing. Dobe's shrill voice traveled clearly from the back yard, "Bring down the trunk," and the sense of a narrowing opportunity began to push at Majors. He walked along the canyon wall a few feet, following it toward the rear yard and expecting at any moment to bump into his party. He was almost abreast of the back of the house when he stopped and realized he had wasted too much time. He turned, growing a little careless, and reached the foot of the trail again, once more calling: "Matt."

SOMEBODY in the rear yard sang out: "Who's in the barn now?"

Dobe's shrill voice said: "What?"

"In the barn."

Dobe's voice lifted a full tone in pitch: "Godry, you over there?"

Sweat began to sting Majors' face like nettles. Time ran short and trouble was about to break loose while the rest of his men were thrashing around the darkness on a fool's errand. His temper lifted, turning him careless as he trotted along the porch and came to the beam of light again.

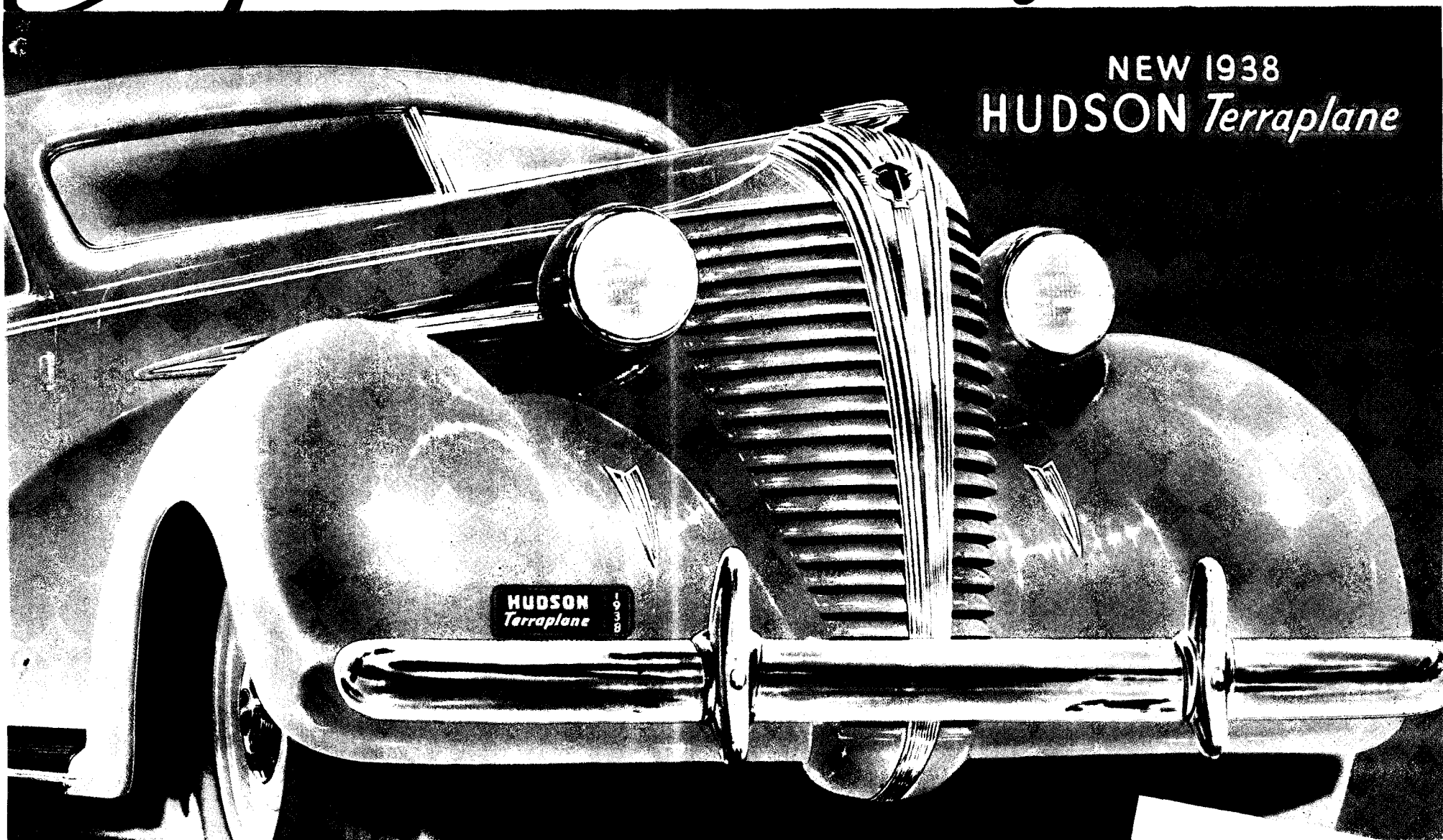
Without pausing, he walked up the steps toward the doorway. Dobe Hyde's little shape was at the moment disappearing at the far end, into the yard. Dobe was repeating a name rapidly: "Godry—Godry!" Rooms opened into this long hall and a light came out of the doorway of that room where the Barrs stood and where Hyde's man was. Hyde's man, he thought, would be facing the Barrs, his back to the doorway. This was the chance he gambled on as he lifted his gun and stepped into the hall. He went toward the doorway at three long strides, and saw the back of Dobe's man just inside the room.

At the same moment the Barrs saw him appear and something in their faces warned Dobe's guard, who started to turn. Majors said, "Hold it," and hit the man soundly over the head with the barrel of his gun. Suddenly, outside, Dobe Hyde let go with a wild, high howl: "Oldroyd!" The guard buckled at the knees and fell forward on his face, whereupon Dan Barr made a long jump from the corner of the room to catch up the man's gun. The back yard was all at once full of firing and a man's steps beat across the upper floor of the house. Majors came out of the room and saw Jett's face hook over the second-floor landing; he ducked back as Jett threw a bullet at him. Dan Barr seized the guard's gun and threw himself around. He wrenched up the side window and dove through; the other Barr men were breaking toward Majors.

Jett had fired again, smashing the hall

(Continued on page 73)

Style! Brilliantly New!



NEW 1938
HUDSON *Terraplane*

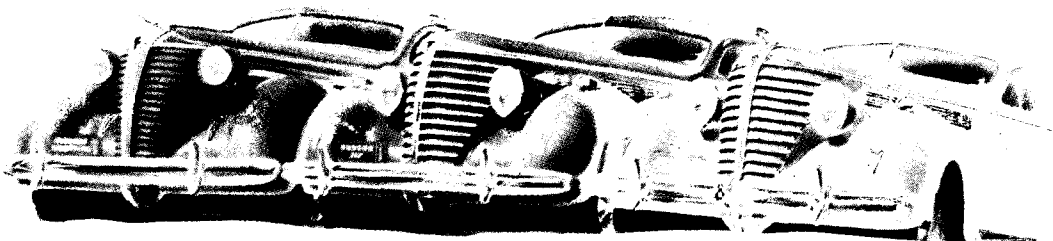
Built to Excel . . . in Style, Performance, Long Life

THIS magnificently styled new 1938 Hudson Terraplane . . . ☞ Which rides and drives with the smooth brilliance you can enjoy only in a recognized performance champion . . . ☞ And which stands up so amazingly well as shown by official figures on resale values, which any Hudson dealer can show you . . . ☞ Is still priced down close to the lowest! Surprising . . . but true. ☞ The new Hudson Terraplane is one of three greater new Hudsons . . . Hudson Terraplane, Hudson Six and Hudson Eight . . . that *cost* you less for what you *get* than any other cars in the world. *Meet* Hudson . . . then *drive* a Hudson. Discover America's No. 1 value cars.

**PRICES START
DOWN CLOSE
TO THE LOWEST**

with new low-cost Hudson C.I.T. Time
Payment Plan, terms to suit your income

**IT'S "BARGAIN YEAR" IN
HUDSON SHOWROOMS**



Drive with

1938's GREATEST DRIVING FEATURE
**HUDSON'S SELECTIVE
AUTOMATIC SHIFT TRANSMISSION**
IN ITS 4th YEAR . . . GREATER THAN EVER

MEET HUDSON FOR 1938
HUDSON *Terraplane* • HUDSON *Six* • HUDSON *Eight*

117-INCH WHEELBASE . . . 96 AND 101 HORSEPOWER

122-IN. W. B. . . 101 AND 107 H. P. WITH SIX STAR MOTOR

122 AND 129-INCH WHEELBASE . . . 122 HORSEPOWER

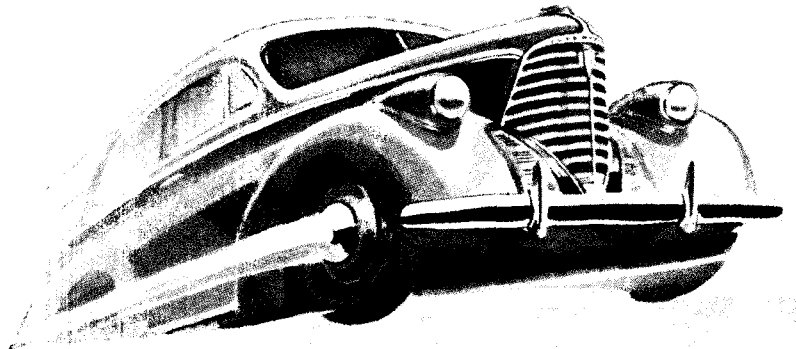
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Setting the Style for

AGAIN...OLDSMOBILE STEPS OUT AHEAD...WITH DASHING NEW
STYLE-LEADER STYLING.....AGAIN, OLDSMOBILE SETS THE
PERFORMANCE PACE...WITH ITS ASTONISHING NEW AUTOMATIC
SAFETY TRANSMISSION, THE DRIVING THRILL OF THE YEAR !



Oldsmobile's Auto-
matic Safety Trans-
mission makes driving
simpler, easier, safer...
cuts fuel costs 18% to
20% ... steps up per-
formance to thrilling
new highs! Optional on
all models at extra cost.



NEW STYLE LEADER EIGHT



Cars to Follow!

NEW STYLE DASH SIX



To appreciate how much more Oldsmobile gives you for your money, write for free booklet, "Fifty Fine Car Features for 1938." Address Oldsmobile, Dept. C, Lansing, Mich.



NO WHERE ELSE CAN YOU ONLY BE

Style-Leader Styling • Safety Dash with Safety Instrument Unit • Safety Interiors • 95-Horsepower Six • 110-Horsepower Eight • Knee-Action Wheels • Super-Hydraulic Brakes • Center-Control Steering • Unisteel Body Construction • Turret Top • Under-Hood Battery • No Draft Ventilation • Safety Glass • Unobstructed Floors • Weather Sealed Doors • Dual Ride Stabilizers • Electro-Hardened Aluminum Pistons • Scientific Sound Proofing

Step Ahead and
Be Money Ahead
DRIVE AN

Oldsmobile

If mysteries stir you...

AN ambassador is shot. Destroyers sail with sealed orders. A slim Oriental woman explains that 500 deaths were all a mistake.

And it isn't fiction. It actually happened in the news—part of a bigger story that may yet involve millions of puzzled, suffering men.

Nor does any man know how this baffling mystery will end. For the war in China is only one part of the story of the world in which we live.



Follow that big story

The stirring story of our times is so big, so complex that it is virtually impossible to get hold of it without help. Between you and the true story stand gigantic distances, the often-opinionated reporting of a thousand newspapers, in a hundred languages. The breathless pace of two million words in one week comes at you over the main trunk wires of the Associated Press and the United Press alone.

To cut through this welter, to straighten confusion into clear patterns—for this imperative need *TIME*, The Weekly Newsmagazine, was invented.

Not started—invented. For *TIME* was, and is, a new way of organizing and writing the week's news so that it walks off *TIME*'s pages into an intelligent head and sticks there.

To *TIME* the news comes by train, plane, wire, radio, cable. *TIME* examines those thousand newspapers for you, sees those two million weekly words from A.P. and U.P., gets special uncensored reports from hundreds of its own *TIME*-trained correspondents.

The Editors of *TIME* select everything that is important from this rush of news and condense it into a complete, orderly story you can read in an evening at home. They write it so that every part of it will come to life in your mind, so your evening with *TIME* will be engrossing as well as informative.



And then, because no story that cheats its reader is worth reading, every word is checked and rechecked for accuracy.

Start reading it now

To read even one copy of *TIME* is to begin to understand why 700,000 of the best informed men and women in the land reach for *TIME* every week and read it from cover to cover, like a book.

Buy *TIME* at your newsstand today. Or be *TIME*'s guest for three weeks—write today and receive the next three issues, free. Address *TIME*, Dept. C-7, 330 East 22nd Street, Chicago, Ill.



To the Strong

Continued from page 11

Breakfasting, about eleven-thirty, she asked the clerk if there had been any calls for her. "Yes, Miss Folsom," he said. "Three calls, all from Mr. A. W. Hutchins."

"Thank you," said Dolly.

She didn't want to use the ticket Al had sent her; she wanted to have that one to show him, in case of necessity. She bought a general-admission ticket, and just before the kickoff she stole into the east end of the covered stands. "Why, hello, Dolly!" somebody said. Joe Gerard was right behind her.

"Hello, Joe!" said Dolly.

"Best seats you could get? Come on, I'll get you better. I'll kick one of the freshmen out."

"No. Please, no, Joe. You see, I practically told Al I wouldn't come. I don't want him to know I'm here."

"Sure. Sure thing," he said. "Here, I got a newspaper. Come on, sit down."

"This is going to keep the town crowd away," said Dolly, seating herself on a damp bench. "Look, the stands are only half filled."

"Tough break," said Joe, and grinned at her, and Dolly looked at him, suddenly, and sharply, and touched his wrist with her gloved finger. "It is tough, isn't it?" she said.

"Look. You—you want a drink? I only got half a pint, but it's all right."

"I—No, Joe. I—I promised Al. I haven't had a drink since—since we've been engaged."

"I see," said Joe.

"You go ahead. You have one."

"I don't drink by myself. Bad habit, so they say. You never drank much, did you, Dolly?"

"No, I never did. You see, the Judge, I mean my father . . ."

"I know who the Judge is, Dolly."

"Why, why, of course you do. Funny. I always called him the Judge, ever since I was little. I—well, I had my first drink in my father's house and he told me—well, he told me a few things about drinking. You see, the Judge had to bring me up. I loved my mother, Joe, but I'm glad I was brought up by a man."

"Well. Well, it's like this, Dolly, the way I figure. There isn't an awful lot of difference between a good woman and a good man. A good man is like a woman, in lots of ways. A good woman is like a man. And—and I hope your mother can see you, just the way you are. She'd be stuck on herself, Dorothea."

"Oh!" She stared at him. "Imagine you remembering that! But you remember everything, don't you, Joe?"

"The Gerards remind the elephants," he said, and grinned.

"I HAVEN'T been called Dorothea for ages. I've been Dolly, and Dot, and—and Legs. The Judge heard a boy calling me Legs, once, and he roared laughing. I wonder what Al would—I was telling the Judge about seeing you, Joe. He said to give you and your family his regards."

"Thanks," said Joe. "He's a great old—Hi! Hi! Here they come!"

They got to their feet. "Hi! Hi!" they yelled, and Joe swung his rain-sodden hat. The organized cheers from midfield came echoing to them.

Dolly's fingers were like slim steel bands on his tightening arm.

"Going to get a nice beating, today," said Joe. "Got any money on it, Dolly?"

"Uh-huh. Fifty. Three to one."

"I got twenty-five. Five to two."

"Can't beat this West Coast outfit," said Dolly. "But I don't see how you

can watch a race unless you have a bet down. Do you?"

"Oh. Well, yes. Yes, I can. It gives you a little more fun, though. It's not exactly the money. I guess it's—it's just that some people like to gamble, some don't."

"Tell me something, Joe. Does—does all this kind of thing make much difference to you?"

HE LOOKED at her. "Sure. Certainly it does. I'd give my left leg to be out there. I never was big enough. Never was awfully good at games, except—except card games and things like that. Then, you see, after a while, I was too stuck on myself to try."

"You wouldn't kid me, would you, Mister?" said Dolly.

"No. I'm telling you the truth."

"I never saw anybody less stuck on himself," she said. "We going to kick to them? That's crazy."

"No, it's not," said Joe. "It's good sense. We smear that running attack, we have a chance. Hi! Hi! It's a swell kick; look at it roll; look at it roll. Come on! Come on, team! . . . They're going to kick. . . Hi! That's a bum kick. Boy, Dolly, we got a chance! We got a chance!"

"Sure, we got a chance," said Dolly, and slipped her hand under his arm.

There they sat, two young people, tense, their eyes like the eyes of an Eastern sage meditating upon Nirvana. They'd seen plenty of football; the girl knew the game almost as well as the man did. Below them, twenty-two men

were whirling and slipping in the mist, in the mud; there was no longer a number to be seen, and the colors on the jerseys had turned to gray. "Signals! Signals!" Another welter, another impact, a man in a shirt once white jumping in, making his decision, waving to the side lines for a measurement. "Hold them! Hold them!" said Joe. "Two minutes. Two minutes to the half. No score, this half."

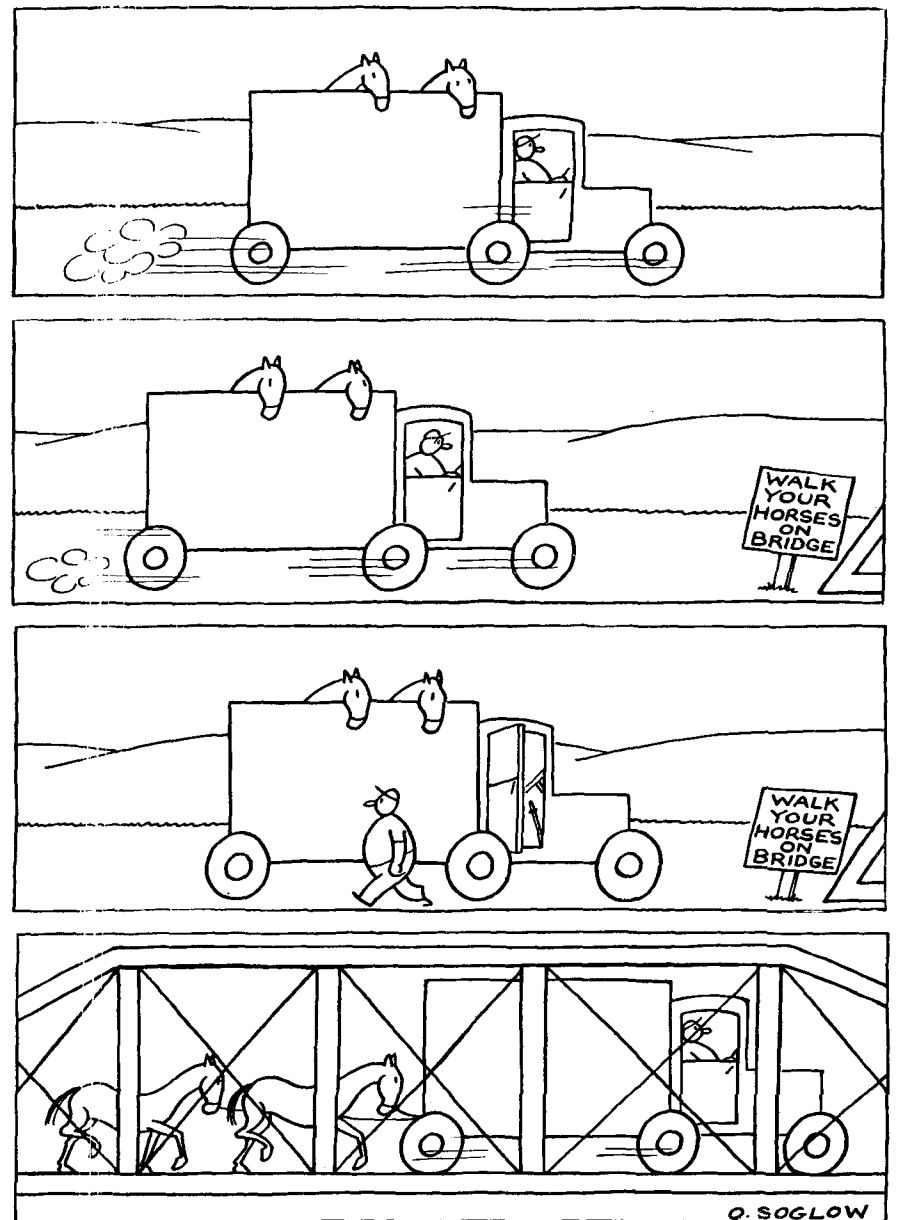
There wasn't.

They relaxed; they looked at each other. "Do you want a hot dog, or something?"

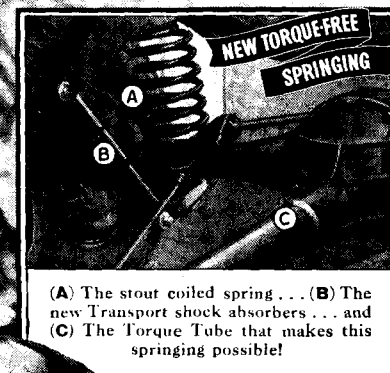
"Yes, please. You get me one. And take a drink, Joe. Go ahead. Don't mind me."

"Here. Mind this liquor," he said. "You want—maybe I can get you a little coffee."

DOLLY hid the little bottle under her coat. "Boy!" she said to herself. "He'd love a drink, too. Maybe I wouldn't! And he won't touch it, because he knows I can't. He leaves the bottle with me. Why? Maybe he wants to give me a chance to sneak one, when he's not here. No! No, he knows I wouldn't, when I've promised. Maybe he's making a fine gesture, to show me he won't drink, when I'm thirsty. Maybe he's afraid; he's afraid he'd grab a drink back in the washroom, after saying he wouldn't, without me. I don't care what it is. Oh, I'm so thankful, so thankful to heaven that I never knew a cad in my life! The Judge taught me to hate them, and they hate me, they pass me by— Oh, hello,



IT COVERS ROUGH GOING WITH THE CUSHIONED PROWL OF THE PANTHER



BUYER'S DIGEST OF THE 1938 BUICK

- ★ NEW DYNAFLASH VALVE-IN-HEAD STRAIGHT-EIGHT ENGINE
 - ★ NEW TORQUE-FREE SPRINGING
 - ★ TORQUE-TUBE DRIVE
 - ★ NEW QUIET ZONE BODY MOUNTING
 - ★ ANOLITE PISTONS
 - ★ AEROBAT CARBURETOR
 - ★ NEW BULL'S-EYE STEERING
 - ★ TIPTOE HYDRAULIC BRAKES
 - ★ KNEE-ACTION FRONT SPRINGING
 - ★ UNISTEEL BODY BY FISHER
 - ★ BUILT-IN DEFROSTER CONNECTIONS
 - ★ AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSION OPTIONAL ON SERIES 40
- NO OTHER CAR IN THE WORLD HAS ALL THESE FEATURES**

One ride will show you why *TORQUE-FREE SPRINGING*, and the new *DYNAFLASH ENGINE*, make the 1938 Buick the most modern chassis in the world

THE seat fits you, that's the first thing. It's broad and deep, and it's pitched right, and there's a high comfortable roll back of your shoulders and behind your head.

You look out past the driver in front of you, out over that long graceful bonnet—there is no neck-strain; looking any way, to front or to side, you can *see*.

Then there's the feel of sound and secure construction all around you, steel fused on steel, strength knit to silence, the whole borne on a chassis that's taut and firm and finished as a cup defender.

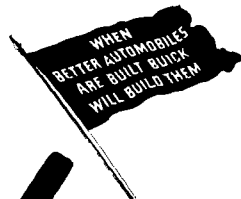
But it's when you hit the rough going, the rutted road, the railway crossings, the cobbled paving, the "wash-board" gravel, that this wondrous new 1938

Buick shows you what science can do with a *ride*!

Under you now is something fresh and tireless and new in automotive design, not the old-type leaf spring of yore, but the great soft coils of shock-smothering *TORQUE-FREE SPRINGING*. As the beautifully poised car streams onward under the spur of the amazing *DYNAFLASH* engine, the wheels may dip and curtsy but the body rides true and level as a flung lance.

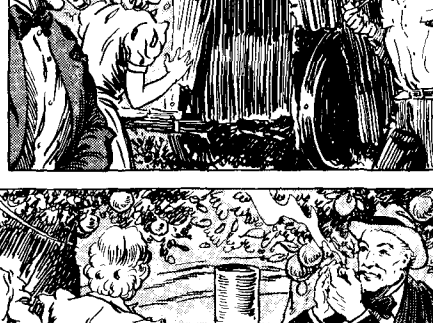
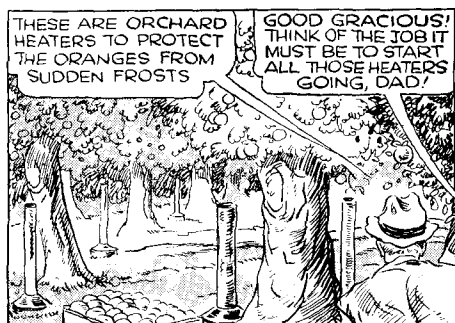
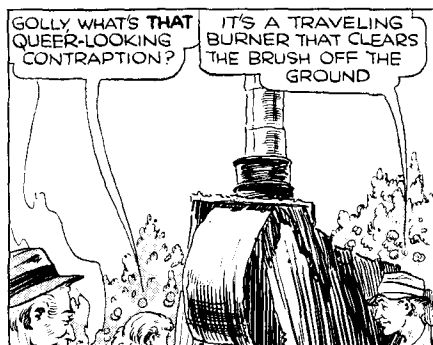
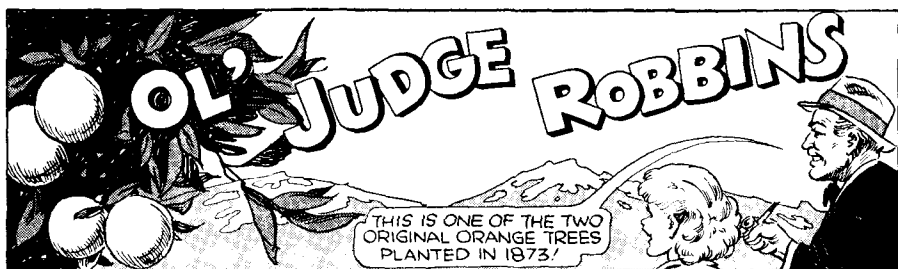
You sit *in* the cushions, relaxed and rested. You're safer—skid risks are blessedly reduced. You save money—rear tires last measurably longer. And the whole eager car handles with a sureness, a "directability" never before attained.

Please don't stop with admiring the new Buick. Know what *DYNAFLASH* power and the lullaby ride of *TORQUE-FREE SPRINGING* mean, by sampling them first-hand on the highway.



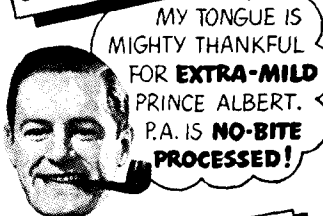
"Better buy Buick!"

A GENERAL  MOTORS VALUE



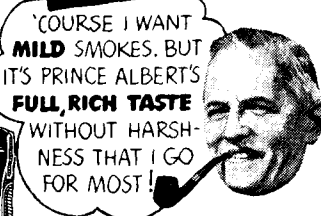
"MADE TO ORDER FOR US"
 SAY EACH OF THE 3 LEADING GROUPS OF
 PIPE-SMOKERS ABOUT

JUST STARTING—

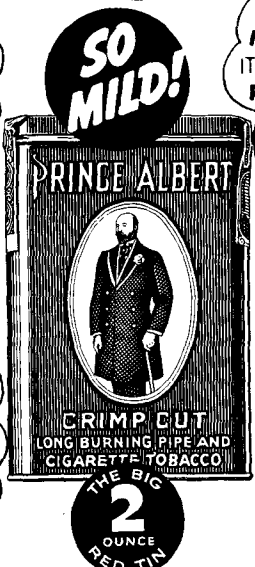
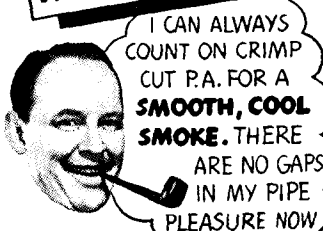


P.A.

REGULARS—



NOW AND THEN—



DON'T PAY IF NOT DELIGHTED

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Joe! Ooh! Coffee! And hot dogs! Gimme! Gimme! Here! Here's your bottle."

"Stick it down under the seat. There was some mob back there."

"See any of the boys?"

"Yes. I saw a couple. Look, Dolly. Just before the end, we'll get over to the doors, huh? Then I'll drive you back to your hotel, and you can change, and grab a cab back to the house. Nobody will know you're here."

"I'm going to stay till the whistle blows. And I'm going to tell him I was here. Look."

SHE took the ticket Al had given her, out of her bag, and showed it to him, and quickly tore it up, and its fragments went fluttering to the wet cement.

He looked at her. "That's right, I guess," he said. "Of course, people like us, Dolly, have a hard time. We have to lie, sometimes, even to the ones we love. Then maybe they find out, and we give them a lot of grief. I'd tell Al, I guess— Look at that drum major, Dolly. Look at the size of him. Did you ever figure those fellows out? I never did."

"You wouldn't— Joe, I never in my life ever ate anything like this dog."

"Check," he said. "By the way: I just bet a hundred, even money."

"Give me half. I'll take half."

"No— Yes. Yes, half. Okay. That's fifty you owe me."

"Shake! I owe you fifty. No, I don't. You're going to owe me fifty. For heaven's sake, don't tell Al, Joe."

"Don't worry." He grinned at her, and she patted his arm. "Look! Nice dry uniforms! Hi! Hi, team!"

A microphone was telling the play-by-play story of this game: that is to say, it was telling it, more or less. Up in the press stand, typewriters were clacking, and echoing back in the newspaper offices. It was a hard game to follow, what with the mud and the rain.

Now, suppose the official microphone be disregarded, and the running stories of the keen observers in the press box. Let us imagine that each of the three parties here concerned was talking into his own mike, a mike to which he stood too close— so that it came out only as a blur, a whirl of insensate sound. The re-

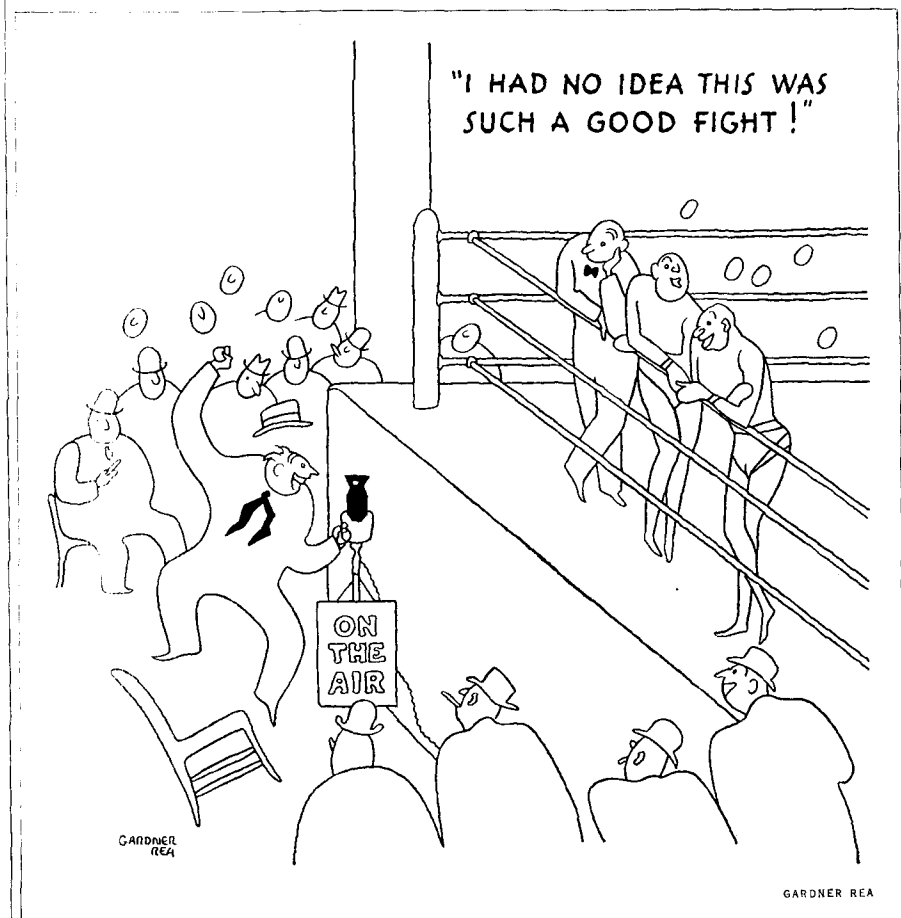
sult would be, wouldn't it, that each one would have himself or herself for an audience? Himself, herself, and no one else. Nobody else could hear. That's correct, isn't it? Stand too close to the mike, and you'll see. All right. Let's suppose that. Let's imagine that.

Here, then, is Albert William Hutchins, down on the field: "This rain will fix them. They're slowed up. They're gone. They expected a pushover, and then they found out their backs couldn't get away in this mud. They tried the line, and what the line didn't stop had to run into our secondary defense. Our secondary defense is me, ladies and gents. Get in there! Get in there! Every man get a man. That's all you have to do. Every man get a man. Watch that tackle! Watch that— Nice going, Chubby! Ladies and gentlemen, that was Chubby Bartell made that tackle. He doesn't know it, but Chub is going to get a job from my father, in the factory out at Chi.

"Ugh! You're not so fast, Wildcats. That's what they call you, isn't it? The Wildcats. Yah! You spend your season traveling on Pullman trains. Most of you are ringers. You get paid for playing ball. You train on rye whisky. Nobody on this team does. That's smearing him, Dooley. Slooey, I know you're playing this game with your ribs strapped. You don't quit. I fought to have you in this game, Slooey Dunham. I told the coach, 'I want him, I have to have him.' First down, it's not first down! Measure it! Measure it! I won't give them an inch, not an inch. All right, first down! Never mind, boys! We'll give it to them and make them like it, before this ball game is over."

THEN Mr. Joseph Anthony Gerard, formerly of this university, now a statistician in a bond house, takes the mike:

"Boy, that's holding them! That's doing it! Hutchins! Hutchins! Al, are you playing ball, today! I'm glad, I'm glad I put you in the house. I'm proud I did it. You've got everything. If I happened to be six feet two, maybe I'd have given you a run for—for a few things. If I'd been lucky, I wouldn't be telling a girl like—like yours what to do, telling her not to drink, being jealous of anybody who looked at her. Well, I





Change to **WINTER MOBILGAS**...step in
...turn the switch...on the coldest days for

QUICK STARTS!

*"Better One
Week Early-
than One
Day Late!"*

WINTER-PROOF TODAY AT THE MOBILOIL SIGN

START QUICK with Mobiloil Arctic—favorite winter oil.

SHIFT EASY on coldest days with Mobiloil Gear Oil.

RIDE QUIET: Special Winter Mobilgreases end squeaks.

PREVENT FREEZE-UPS with Mobil Freezone—great, new radiator anti-freeze.



TIME IT! 5 seconds after you touch the starter, your motor's humming! Winter Mobilgas can do that—because it's specially made at our refineries for cold-weather driving!

It fires fast. Gets you off like a flash! You use the choke less. Get less crankcase dilution. Save on oil!

Yes, you'll find it's fun to drive a peppy car in the winter—and save money, too! Join the millions of motorists who have made Mobilgas America's largest-selling winter gasoline.

MOBILGAS AND MOBILOIL
SOCONY VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC.



"I can't afford a nicked, stubbly face!"

—says the 1 man in 7
who must shave
EVERY DAY!



New FILM-FORMING Shave Cream gives daily shavers relief from razor scrape

CONTACTS in social and business life these days demand that a man keep his face smooth, clean shaven, perfectly groomed every day.

Daily shaving with a sharp blade often irritates your tender outer skin, causing sore spots.

GLIDER, made by The J. B. Williams Company, who have been making fine shaving preparations for nearly 100 years, is an entirely new-type shave cream. Spread it on with your fingers — never a brush. GLIDER forms a thin

protective FILM on your face. This film between your razor's edge and skin allows blade to shave swiftly and easily through the most stubborn whiskers without scraping or pulling.

Try GLIDER today. Never greasy or sticky — won't clog razor. You'll get a new thrill in shaving. In a few days sore spots clear up. GLIDER is on sale at all toilet-goods counters.



Glider

"No-Brush" Cream

FREE OFFER

Good only in U.S.A.

Generous introductory tube of Glider

The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. C-11-27, Glastonbury, Conn., U.S.A. Please send me a free tube of Glider—Williams new "No-Brush" Shave Cream.

Name _____

Street & No. _____

City & State _____

don't want to be jealous, either. I hate it! I despise it! I'd give my girl the best in the world. I'm glad she's getting such a good fellow. I'd give her anything. You're the one she wants; all right, then. Watch that crisscross; watch that—Hi! Al! Boy, did you see that Hutchins, on that one. . . ."

Miss Dorothea Folsom, will you step to the microphone, please? Miss Folsom:

"This is a great game, folks. My fiancé, Albert William Hutchins, is three quarters of it. He's playing a clean, savage game, and he has his team keyed up, and I tell you they won't be beaten.

"THE score is still nothing to nothing, folks. It's wet, and cold, and I'd love a drink, but I promised that fullback down there I wouldn't drink; I wouldn't say bad words; I wouldn't listen to bad stories. He's trying to make a lady out of me, Dorothea, that is to say, Dorothea Anne Folsom. Sometimes I wonder what he thought I used to be, before I met him?"

Put the mike on the field again, now. Here's Al Hutchins, who has played every minute of this whole frolicking football game, and who is mud to his midriff. Mr. Hutchins:

"Come on, you tramps! Five more yards! Get that five yards. Put it through that yellow guard. He's yellow! They're all yellow. Show it to them! Show it to them now! Ladies and gentlemen, I wish my best girl were up in the stands. She'd be there, only I forbade it. I was afraid she'd catch cold. I don't want to take any chances on her, ladies and gentlemen. She's a good girl, a fine girl, only she's been traveling with the wrong outfit. We're going to get married, and go out to Chicago. She'll steady down; a few kids will steady her down. Then—first down! Hi, first down! Ten yards, boys! Ten yards more, boys!"

And you, Joe Gerard?

"Get them now. Get them, they're gone! They're gone! You get them, Al Hutchins! Get them the same way you got everything: the captaincy, Phi Beta, the best damned girl in the world, the best sport, the finest, the most simple, the most beautiful ever—Hi! Hi! He's over! He's over! He made it! What do you think of that? Al doesn't even take the ball over; he runs interference and lets Slooey take the ball over."

"He would. Joe, will you let go of me?"

"Oh! Oh, I'm sorry, Dolly."

"I'm not. And the name is Dorothea, to you. How long now, Joe? How long?"

"Two minutes. Want to get started?"

This is on ice. Baby, let's see what we win. Fifty even, and—"

"No, we'll stay. We'll stay till it's over."

Miss Dorothea Anne Folsom steps to the microphone:

"Folks, my ex-fiancé, Albert W. Hutchins, has just won a football game. My ex-fiancé, I said. He didn't make the touchdown, but he won this game. I learned a whole lot, watching it.

"He won it by being brave and hard and tough, and determined, and persistent, and relentless. That's his style. He thinks he can get everything in the world that way. Well, he can't. I'm one.

"There are a few women who don't enjoy being beaten, believe it or not. You can run over a whole football team, but you can't run over me. I'm not less than the dust beneath anybody's chariot wheels.

"As for this fellow alongside of me, this Joe Gerard, he never was head of his house, folks, but he can be head of my house, if he likes, and I'll give him every chance. He's just as brave as anybody, and he's companionable into the bargain. I'll never have to lie to him, because he doesn't ask any questions.

"And then—and then I'll do everything he wants, if I can find out what that is, because he'll never tell me to do anything—the whistle! The whistle! The whistle, folks, and the score, seven to nothing! And we beat a team that couldn't be beaten. . . ."

HER right hand reached for her engagement ring. Joe looked at her. "What's the big idea? What you trying to do, Dolly?" he said.

"Well, I tell you," said Dolly. "It wouldn't be very nice if I took this and threw it out there in the mud, would it? And it wouldn't be very nice if I just sent it to him, either. I'll have to give it back to him, myself."

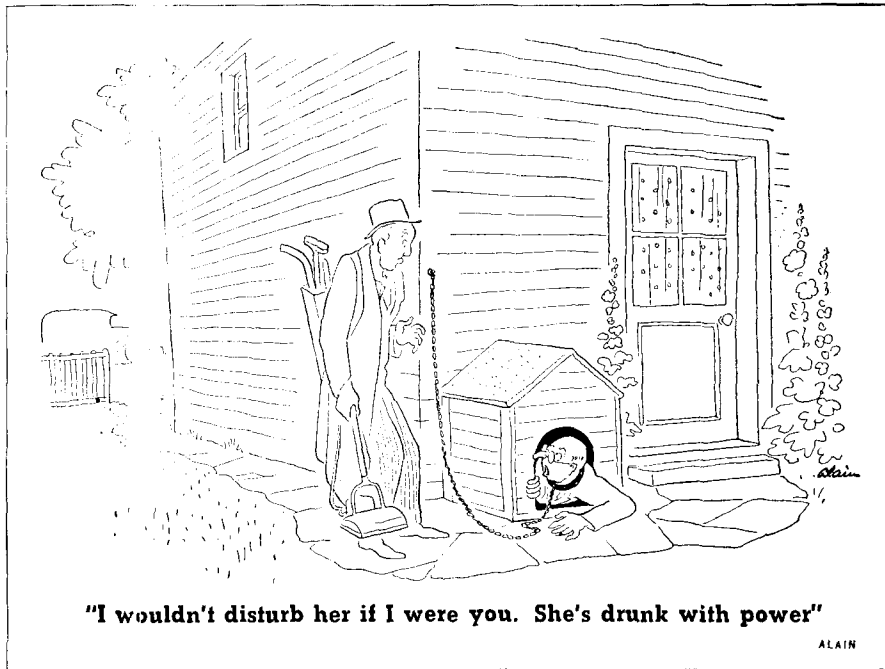
"You—you're splitting with Al, Dolly?"

"Yes. Yes, I'm splitting with him. Joe. And I'm—I'm a little scared. I don't mean that he'd hurt me, or anything like that. But I don't want to let him get hold of me again. He's a tyrant, Joe. A good, decent, fine, respectable tyrant. I don't want to live that way, that's all."

"Dolly, why don't you give me that ring? I'll take it back to Al, for you."

"You would, too, wouldn't you? No. I'll have to do it myself. And I hate it and I'm scared."

"Don't you be scared. Don't you be scared, ever." His fingers found hers, and they walked hand in hand for blocks and blocks in the pelting rain.



Murder is Naughty

Continued from page 15

sorry and want to be good citizens, it is our duty to help them because they are not villains but victims."

In less than a month there came five hundred "recidivists" to Moscow. I talked with Sheinin, Vyshinski's chief assistant, a little thickset man with clever eyes, who showed me telegrams from Sverdlovsk in the distant Urals and from Central Asia and all parts of sprawling Russia. "Do you believe them," I asked him, "and will you give them jobs?" He grinned at me and said frankly, "To believe or disbelieve, how can I tell, but we'll give them work, all and any of them except the ones who have run away from prison. Among the hundreds who have come here there are twenty who had run away from prison camps or prisons. We told them, 'The law is the law and you've got to remember it. We want to help you and we've said so and mean it, but if you have a term to serve you must go back to prison and finish it. We won't send you back; we won't set policemen after you and follow you hither and yon, because you came of your own free will. But if you want a new clean record, you must first serve out your sentence and pay for what you've done.'"

Playing the Trains

Of the twenty, nineteen accepted these conditions and went back to prison. The twentieth said he'd like to think it over and thought for three full days, then he came back and said, "Oh, well, I guess I'll take it; I have only two years to serve."

I asked Sheinin what sort of people these were, young or old, men or women, and what crimes most of them had committed.

"Oh," he said, "there are all sorts and all ages, but most of them are men, although one man sent his wife from Samara to see me because he wasn't sure that the whole thing wasn't a catch. There was a boy of eighteen who had committed two murders, and professional burglars—in fact, all types of the habitual criminal. . . .

"I'll tell you about the first group that came—there were twelve of them. They talked with me, then asked if they could consult among themselves. I said yes, so they all went out into the courtyard and talked there in a huddle. Then two of them came back and said they were delegates for the others. One was a pickpocket they called Beetle, young and rather stupid, who didn't say much, but the other man was evidently an important figure amongst them. They called him Kostia-Graf (Count Kostia), and I noticed they all treated him with great respect. He was quite an unusual person, that one, well-dressed, educated and clean, a train robber."

"Oh, was he?" I replied. "That's interesting, some of my friends have been robbed on trains. I'd like very much to meet him."

"It's quite easy; you can meet any of them. We have nothing to hide in this matter."

"But don't you think it's extraordinary?" I persisted.

Sheinin smiled. "You must judge that for yourself. Come tomorrow at half past three and I'll have Kostia-Graf here to talk to you."

Kostia-Graf was slim and rather tall, with greenish-blue eyes, more blue than green, like sapphires; good and intelligent head, and his hands were shapely and well-kept. He was an unusual person, proud of his past but ashamed of it; wanting to break with it, yet proud of

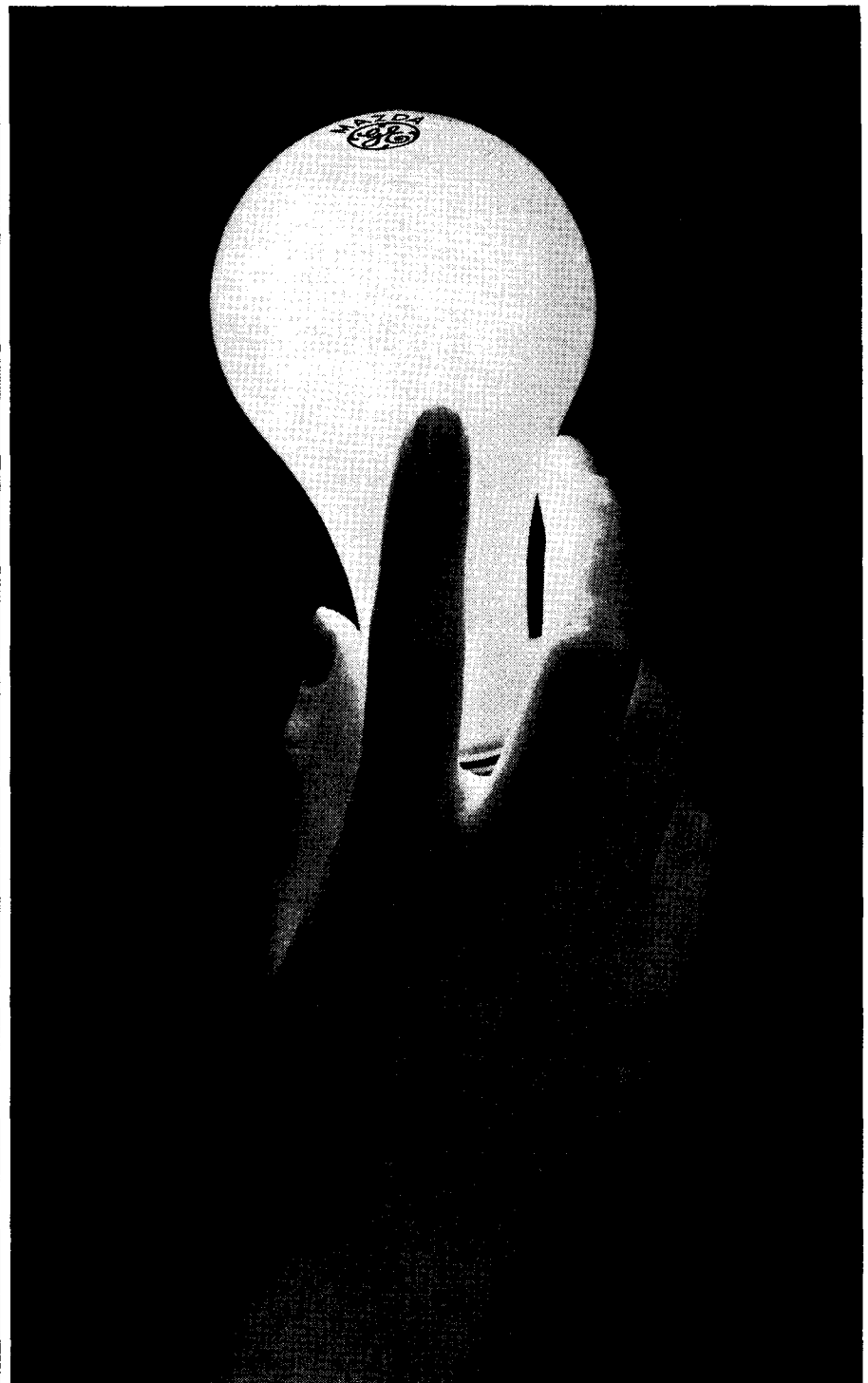
it. He "played the trains," he told me, with a girl named Wanda. "It was easy," he said, "the train game, and they never caught us. I've served two prison sentences, a year and then two years, but they never caught me on the trains. And big money in it too, sometimes. We got two hundred thousand rubles once and often twenty or thirty thousand. It was easy and they never caught us. You see—" he bent forward confidentially—"it's knowing how that matters—in everything—and Wanda and I knew how. We took foreigners mostly on the Trans-Siberian route, because they carried money with them in currency, dollars or francs or pounds. Of course we traveled first-class in the sleeping car, with separate compartments. And Wanda or I would meet one of them, some foreigner who looked rich, and begin to talk to him. It's a long trip through Siberia, ten days or so, and a man gets bored with traveling. And she was pretty—she is pretty, and she knows how to dress. I'd give an attendant in the dining car some money to keep a table for us, and Wanda or I, whichever had first met the foreigner, would ask him to have dinner and I would join her or she would join me as the case might be.

"Then we played cards, sometimes with two or three other people whom we'd met on the train, and get friendly and have drinks together, and be friendly . . . until we knew the fish was hooked. Of course Wanda and I just posed as casual acquaintances—we didn't appear to have known each other before we met on the train. Then one night, in the middle of Siberia, she'd ask him to her compartment, or perhaps she'd go to his and put something in whatever he was drinking. With people who drink hard liquor it's easiest—they pay no attention—but even with the ones who take only tea or coffee it is not difficult when you get them interested in politics or business, or Wanda looks at them with her big brown eyes. She's so pretty, you see, they fall for her like tenpins, and then she puts this stuff in whatever they're drinking and they go straight to sleep. It lasts five or six hours, this stuff of mine, they sleep soundly, it doesn't hurt them, but when they wake up we are gone, Wanda and I, and so is all they had, their money, their baggage, their clothes and everything. We'd leave the train at the next big station with all their money and baggage and no one would ask us questions. That's how we did it.

To Get Out of a Rut

"Often, I 'worked' in uniform because, you know, there are lots of soldiers traveling between here and Siberia, and they are less likely to ask soldiers questions. You see, they respect the army in this country and they're right. I found that very useful."

"Were you ever in the army?" I asked curiously. Kostia-Graf nodded. "Just missed the War—I'm barely 38—but I served in the civil war, on our side, of course, the Red side. After that I was sick for a time and lived with my parents in the country, so I missed the Polish war. Then I got married and was quiet for some years, although I often felt restless. After my wife died—that was several years ago—I left home and tried different jobs, but couldn't settle anywhere and one day I 'found' a valise in the railway station. I got into trouble for that later and I had another piece of trouble—three years in all—but I served both sentences out and de-



TRY SOME NEW G-E BULBS

...they're brighter than ever this year

● Today's new Edison MAZDA lamps give you considerably more light than the lamps of a year ago... without using any additional current! And these new lamps *stay brighter longer* than ever before.

This "lighting bonus" is the result of several new technical developments made in MAZDA lamp research laboratories... among them the new high-efficiency tungsten filament. The 60-watt size, for example, now gives 10 per cent more light than the same size lamp of a year ago, yet it costs no more to buy or burn. Why not get a fresh supply of "spares" today?

Remember to include some of the larger sight-saving sizes... 75, 100 and 150-watts. General Electric Co., Dept. 166, Nela Park, Cleveland, O.

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL ELECTRIC

They stay brighter longer



DU PONT PAINTS for EVERY PURPOSE in Home and Industry

MY REFRIGERATOR'S
EASIER TO KEEP CLEAN
THAN YOU ARE, BOBBY!



SURE... IT'S A DULUX FINISH

More than 3,000,000 housewives agree that the DULUX finish on their refrigerators is just about the easiest thing on earth to keep clean.

Food stains, dirt, and household greases vanish like magic at the touch of soap and water.

In addition, DULUX is highly resistant to chipping and cracking. This smooth, hard, brilliantly white finish is made to withstand hard use.

DULUX resists turning dingy and yellow with age. It keeps its original lustre an amazingly long time.

No wonder so many housewives prefer this famous finish on the refrigerators they buy!



Paints..Varnishes
Enamels..Lacquers
DUGO-DULUX

cided that plain stealing was a mug's game. But in the years I played the railroads I've never been caught at all."

He spoke with naïve pride and his eyes were shining. "If it was all so easy," I said, "why do you come here now and say you want to lead an honest life? If this is true, why didn't you learn a trade when you were in prison?"

He stared a moment, puzzled, then said brightly, "You don't understand. You see, there are three points involved. First of all, what I mean is that in a prison camp I talk with others like myself, in the same sort of atmosphere, and there's no change in my mind. I feel that I'm in a rut and can't get out of it, and that weakens any idea I might have of wanting to get out of it. No, the only chance for me and for men like me is to get away somewhere on our own, where no one knows us or knows that we're ex-criminals, where we have honest papers, and what's more, are able to do the kind of work we want—not the work they want us to do." He paused and added, "There's a second point, which you may doubt, but which I swear to God is true. It's this new constitution. They say it gives everyone, no matter what his social origin and so forth, the right to work. Now that impressed me and I began to think, well now, what I would like to do would be to go on one of these exploring expeditions they send everywhere nowadays, that's what I'd like. I'm good at making maps and charting places and I thought that if I went on an expedition I'd be away from all the old gang and I'd be doing something for myself and for the country too. That's the third point."

His eyes were straight and steady and I believed him. But my curiosity was still unsatisfied. "Do you remember . . . er . . . plucking a foreign diplomat several years ago near Omsk?"

Kostia-Graf grinned. "Of course I remember. That was a splendid haul, but I'm not going to tell you about it . . . don't want a diplomatic incident just when I'm beginning life afresh."

The authorities have taken him at his word and before these lines are printed he will have left Moscow with one of the expeditions to the northeast coast of Siberia, where the Soviet is building a new empire in the Arctic ice.

A Crime Distinction

By now there must be five thousand of these black sheep, or perhaps ten thousand, who have come pleading to be whitewashed. I do not know how many professional criminals there are in Russia, but the number is surely large because it is such a vast country and so new and undeveloped, and people everywhere are moving, building great steel towns in the empty steppes and gigantic factories, irrigation projects, or power dams among the mountains, swamps and rivers. It is impossible to keep tabs on all these nomads of industrialization, and there are fat pickings for the bold bandit and the nimble thief, while the structure of Soviet society is still so porous and unset that there are countless crannies where such parasites can hide. In capitalist countries habitual criminals are regarded as the worst enemies of society, but Russians think a term like parasites, or the maladjusted, more accurate and suitable.

Almost everything in the U.S.S.R. is strange and confusing to foreigners, but one of the greatest puzzles is the Soviet attitude toward crime. Why is it, for instance, that if a Russian should write about Stalin or Voroshiloff the way Dorothy Thompson has written about the President or Mr. Farley—he wouldn't get the chance, but just suppose—he would probably be shot? Or that a girl who kills her mother with a hatchet receives a maximum penalty of

eight years at a penal colony where she is allowed to marry and have children; whereas a man who steals a hatchet from a collective farm is liable to death, and men have been shot for petty thefts like that? In point of fact, the answer is simple and not without its logic; the Bolsheviks make a sharp distinction between crime against the State and crime against the individual. The former is antisocial and damnable; the latter a naughtiness to be corrected.

Menace or Victim

The key to the puzzle of Soviet criminal jurisprudence, which has recently proved so baffling to Western opinion, is the fact that the State has been virtually deified and that individuals have no importance except insofar as they are cogs in the State machine. Thus any form of opposition to the State is not merely treason but blasphemy, which must ruthlessly be eradicated. I would go farther and say that even doubt of the State's policies has become a major sin, because doubt leads to dissent, dissent to opposition, opposition to conspiracy, conspiracy to treason, and treason to the firing squad. This may sound fantastic to Western ears but it is true in the U.S.S.R. because the logical consequence of the stifling of all opposition is that any opposition movement ipso facto becomes illegal and has to operate in an underground and conspirative manner. This, by the way, explains the somewhat bewildering fashion in which Trotskyists and spies and wreckers and those who intrigue with foreign powers have all been lumped together as public enemies. They may be opposing State policies for entirely different reasons, some of which are no more than personal grievance or ideo-

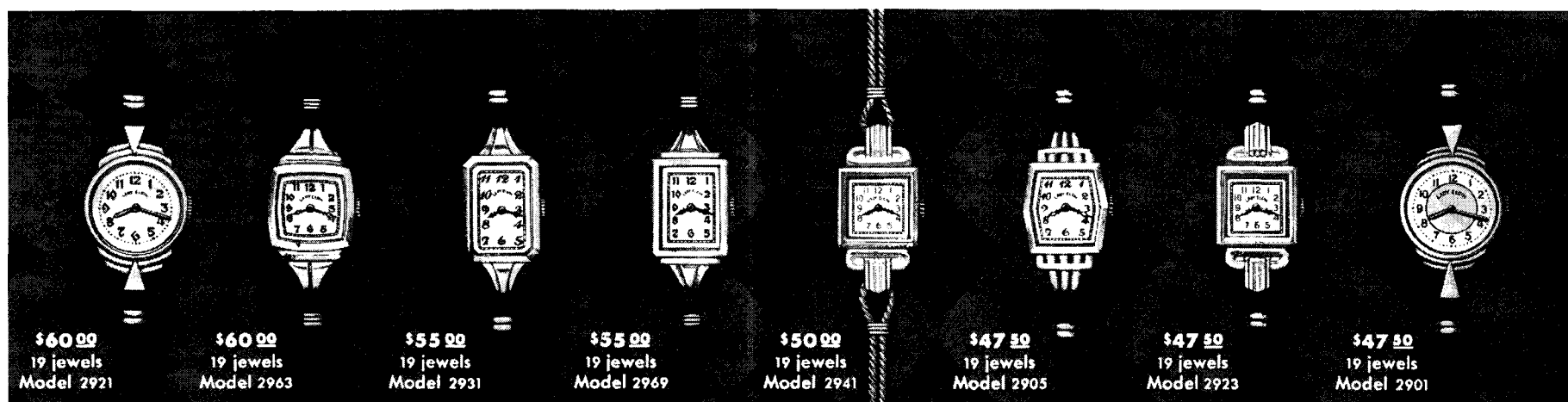
logical disagreement, but the conspirative nature of their activities puts them all in the same box as far as the State is concerned. There is a second category of antisocial crimes—active or even passive resistance to State policies such as collectivization of farms. One must also include attacks upon Communist and State officials for political reasons and attempts to cause sedition or riot by speech or pamphlets, and last but not least, the theft or damage of State property, which in 1932 was extended to cover the property of collective farms and was made a capital offense. Toward such sinners the Bolsheviks are as ruthless as they are lenient toward common-law criminals, because the latter have only committed a crime against individuals, whereas the former are guilty of the unforgivable sin of crime against the State. True, common-law criminals may be regarded as antisocial if they go too far; there is little mercy for gangs or single robbers who make a practice of murder. As in the case of political opposition and of the theft or damage of socialized property they are held to have committed a crime against society, from which society must be protected.

To sum the whole question up as briefly as possible, the Bolsheviks do not hold with the idea of punishment or retaliation for crime. The criminal is either a public menace to be removed for the protection of society, or a victim of social and economic conditions to be reformed and given an opportunity to lead an honest and useful life. Here, in a nutshell, is the explanation of the startling contrast between the helping hand extended to Kostia-Graf and his fellow "recidivists" and the merciless "liquidation by firing squad" of the whole crew of "political" offenders.



"It isn't much to go by, but it's the only picture we could get!"

JAY IRVING



Heralding a new era in timekeeping

★ Lord Elgin ★ ★ ★ Lady Elgin ★

Be among the first to view America's newest, most distinguished timepieces. Visit your quality jeweler's special showing today.

Expect great things from these unusual timepieces. You will not be disappointed.

For 400 years of watchmaking reach a climax in the new Lord Elgins and Lady Elgins. These accurate watches have been created solely for those who would give or own the finest. They offer a combination of advantages to be enjoyed in no other make of timepiece.

The handsome, masculine-looking Lord Elgins are

all 21-jeweled. They are fitted with a special main-spring that requires winding only once in 45 hours. Movement parts are interchangeable and have been designed for superior strength.

The Lady Elgins are the only series of 19-jeweled watches for women created in America. Stunning,

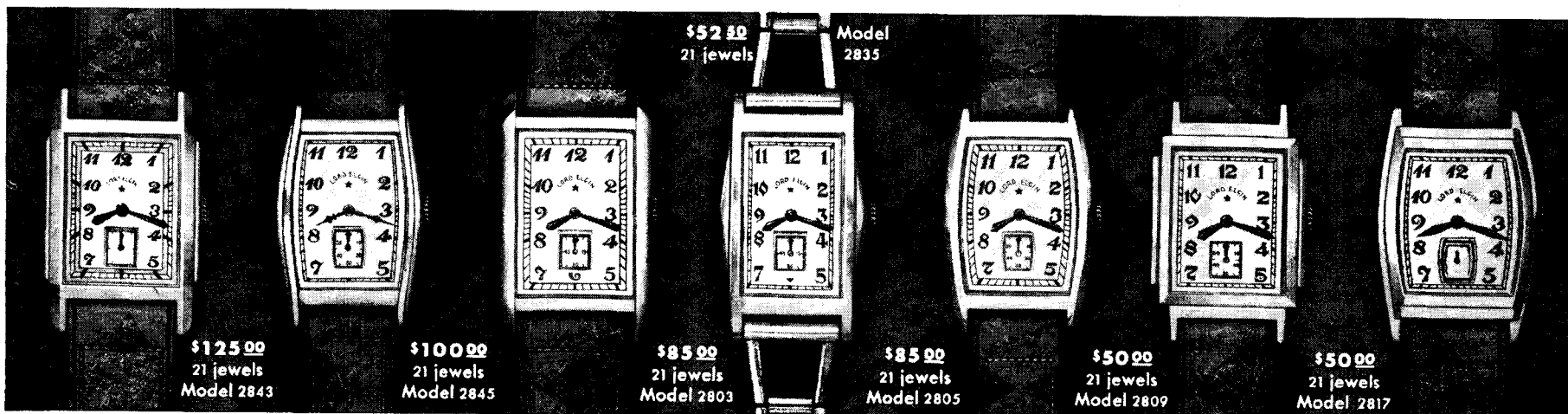
smart, flattering in their loveliness. The genius of leading designers shows in every faultless line. Cases are solid gold or 14 karat gold filled.

It had to be ELGIN that gave the world these brilliant new timepieces. For only ELGIN can produce watches through the perfect partnership of expert craftsmen and scientists . . . and time them *directly* to the absolute standard of the stars.

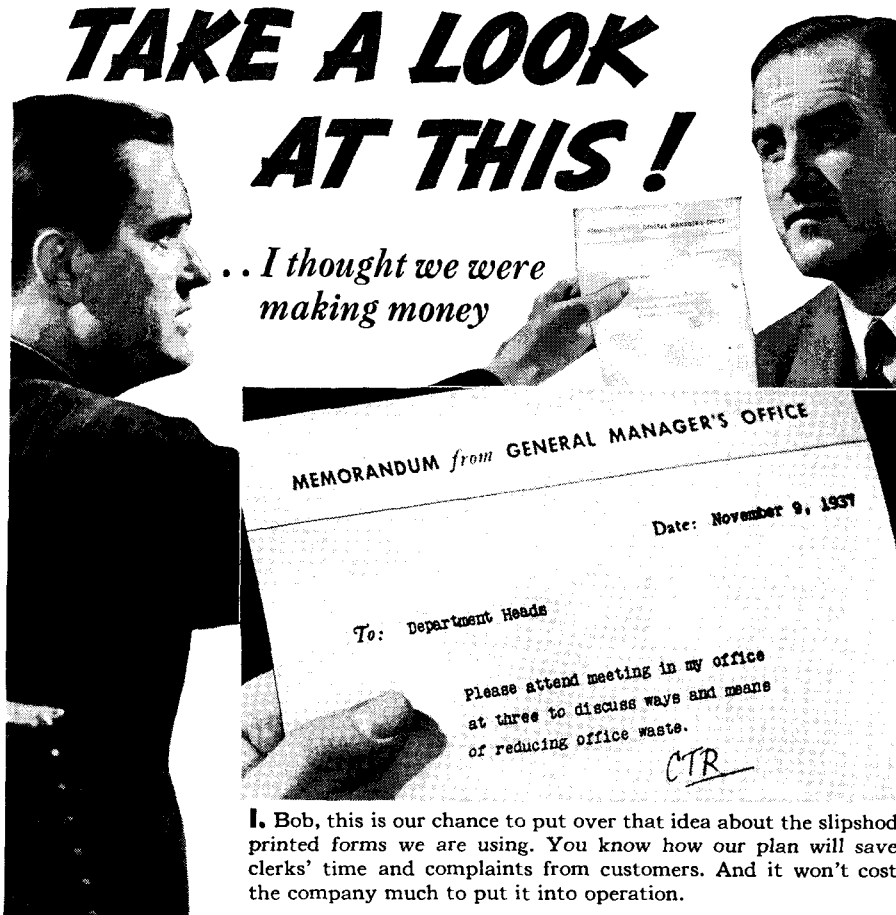
Let your quality jeweler show you the new Lord Elgins and Lady Elgins now. Lord Elgins are reasonably priced from \$50; Lady Elgins, from \$47.50. Other attractive ELGIN models in a wide range of prices.

★ ELGIN ★

MARK OF AMERICAN LEADERSHIP SINCE 1865



TAKE A LOOK AT THIS!



...I thought we were making money

MEMORANDUM from GENERAL MANAGER'S OFFICE

Date: November 9, 1937

To: Department Heads

Please attend meeting in my office at three to discuss ways and means of reducing office waste.

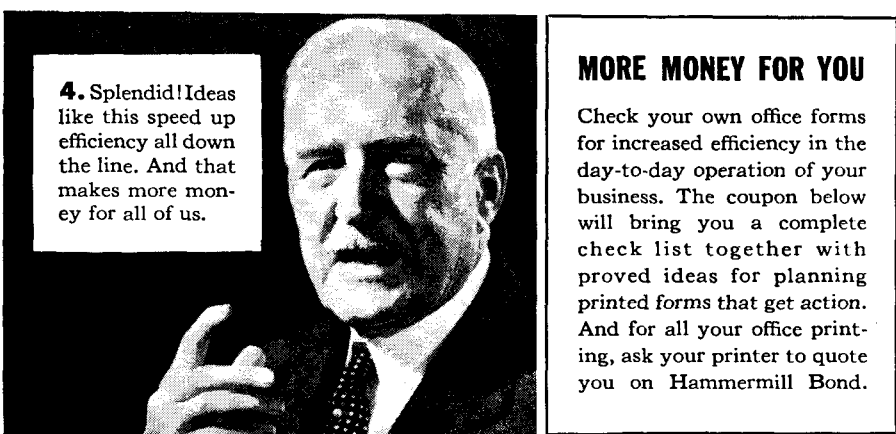
CTR

1. Bob, this is our chance to put over that idea about the slipshod printed forms we are using. You know how our plan will save clerks' time and complaints from customers. And it won't cost the company much to put it into operation.



2. We worked this out in detail. These new forms will speed up work, make things run smoother. Now look at this real quality paper, Hammermill Bond.

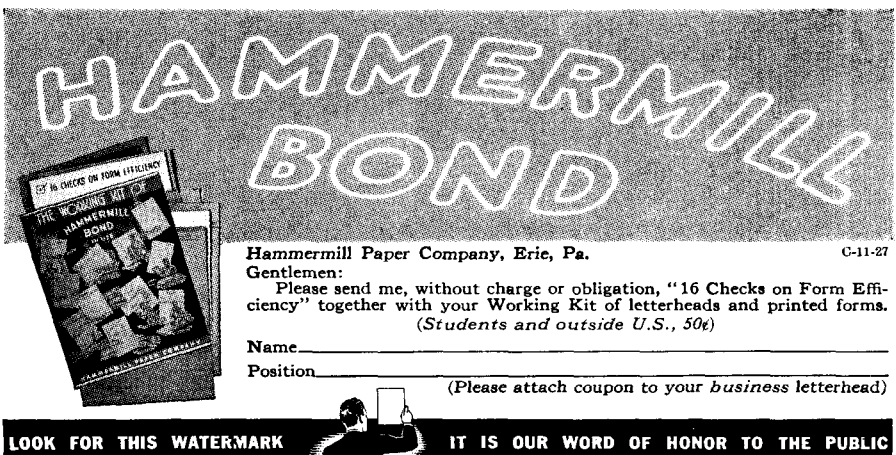
3. Sure, we can afford Hammermill Bond! Their ads say for every 25 forms on Hammermill Bond we'll pay only 1¢ more than for cheap paper. That's for the 8½x11 size; and smaller forms would cost us even less. We can check all this through our printer.



4. Splendid! Ideas like this speed up efficiency all down the line. And that makes more money for all of us.

MORE MONEY FOR YOU

Check your own office forms for increased efficiency in the day-to-day operation of your business. The coupon below will bring you a complete check list together with proved ideas for planning printed forms that get action. And for all your office printing, ask your printer to quote you on Hammermill Bond.



HAMMERMILL BOND

Hammermill Paper Company, Erie, Pa. C-11-27

Gentlemen:

Please send me, without charge or obligation, "16 Checks on Form Efficiency" together with your Working Kit of letterheads and printed forms. (Students and outside U.S., 50¢)

Name _____

Position _____

(Please attach coupon to your business letterhead)

LOOK FOR THIS WATERMARK IT IS OUR WORD OF HONOR TO THE PUBLIC

The Land of the Free

Continued from page 19

where I can get a dress for Mama? A good black stylish stout."

Mama said, "My niece Sadie is getting married. To a doctor."

"A doctor? Congratulations!" said Mr. Schwartz. He eyed Goldie maliciously. "And when do we hear such a blessing about Goldie?"

"Ach, my daughter—she's fancy. This one don't walk straight, and that one don't talk straight." Mama was enjoying herself hugely. "Maybe you got a feller for Goldie?"

Goldie cried, "Mama, please!"

Schwartz said, "What's the matter with me? Nothing to stop me except my wife and four children." He slapped his fat thighs.

"How about the dress, Schwartz?" Goldie reminded him.

He shrugged, "Me, I can't recommend you no place. You know how it is. Trying on—breaking up a lot—not even my own sister would I—" His black eyes gleamed. "Cohen and Son have nice women's dresses. Why don't you ask your friend Jack?"

Goldie tossed her head. "He's not my friend."

"Maybe not. With strangers you eat dinner every day?"

MAMA looked interested at once. Goldie felt her face growing hot. "He's engaged to a girl in the Bronx." She wanted to kill Schwartz.

"Yes, his father was telling me," Schwartz observed. "A girl with twenty thousand dollars. A smart girl."

"They're always smart when they're not good-looking!" snapped Goldie. "Come, Mama."

The sound of Schwartz's laughter followed them out into the dark hall. Mama and Papa were silent, but from behind his glasses Papa was peering at her oddly. And Mama's lips were pursed with thought. But they had to go somewhere—Mama simply must have a dress. Reluctantly, she led them to the door of Cohen & Son.

They looked over the Cohen showroom carefully. Mama took in the carpets and the modernistic chairs. She even felt the quality of the curtains at one of the windows. "Classy. A big firm, Goldie?"

"Bigger than ours. Wait, I'll see if there's anyone in the office."

Jack Cohen was bending over a file drawer. His crisp black hair was disordered. He wore no jacket. In shirt sleeves, his back seemed broader than ever.

"Mr. Cohen—"

He looked up. "Oh, Goldie!" He seemed very glad to see her. "Do you—that is—anything I can do for you?"

"Yes, Mama needs a dress for—uh—my cousin's wedding, Sunday. I—uh—I thought Mr. Epstein would send her to his brother-in-law, but he—Mr. E. I mean—he wasn't in such a good mood today and I—"

"We've got a nice little number that would be dandy for your mother. It has steel beads. Wait, I'll show you."

"Mama and Papa are both outside right now," said Goldie miserably. He would think that the whole family trailed along every time Mama bought a dress.

She didn't want to feel miserable. But Jack Cohen's family were such wealthy people—his father was the powerful Mr. Morton Cohen to whom even the elevator boys were deferential.

There was no use in pretending that Jack's sister would ever have worked in a place like Epstein & Bloom. No use making believe that she, Goldie, looked

or talked like West End Avenue. She was poor, and Jack must know it.

She introduced her people blindly. If only Papa wouldn't say, "Pleeztameet-cha." If only Mama wouldn't say, "Likewise." But they said it.

Jack shook hands heartily. "So you're Goldie's Mama!" he smiled. "She looks like you, Mrs. Zaler."

Mama dimpled. She was outrageously pleased. She returned the compliment by remarking, "And you're so big, Mr. Cohen! In America, the boys grow like trees!"

Goldie squirmed. Mama said such plain, European things. But Jack only laughed. He went into the stockroom to get the dress. Mama folded her arms across her bosom. "A wonderful-looking boy, Goldie! You know him long?"

Goldie straightened her jacket. She looked out the window. "Oh, Mama! I only see him on business!"

Papa gazed at the ceiling innocently. "So much money to paint angels on a ceiling. A dollar don't mean a thing to some people." He went on, guilelessly, "What Schwartz said is true? He's engaged to a girl?"

"Oh, Papa! Do you want him to hear you?"

"What's the matter if he hears me?"

"Papa, please!" She walked rapidly across the carpet and back. "Do I have to be ashamed every time I go anywhere with you, Papa? Can't you—can't you act decent?"

Papa said aggrievedly, "My daughter talks like this to me. A nice how-do-you-do! I only ask is the fellow engaged to a girl?"

Mama said, dangerously "Sam!" Papa subsided. But his brown eyes were misted with thought, and when Jack came back with the dress, Papa studied his young face intently.

"I always liked beads," Mama said, examining the dress. "Remember, Sam, once I had a dress with beads like this? Before Goldie was born—when we lived on Avenue A—"

"Go in here and try it on, Mrs. Zaler. I'm sure it'll look well on you," Jack said.

THE dress was a distinct success, except that it was too long. "I'll ask our sample maker to shorten it for you, Mrs. Zaler." Goldie gasped. When you buy a dress wholesale, no services go with it. In fact, you are seldom permitted even to try it on. Yet here was Jack actually offering to get his sample maker to alter the dress.

Goldie said, "Thank you, Mr. Cohen. I—I certainly appreciate it."

"For you, Goldie, any time," said Jack. His eyes met hers. She looked quickly away. "Sixteen-seventy-five, Papa."

Jack smiled. "Some bookkeeper you must be, Goldie. Aren't you going to demand a discount for cash?"

Mr. Schwartz came into the showroom, yelling for her. "Epstein says what is it, a picnic today? He wants you to type him a bill. Fifteen minutes already he's waiting."

She left Mama and Papa. The shortening of the dress would only take a few minutes, and they would wait for it. She felt uneasy about going away and leaving them to pour indiscretions into Jack's ears, but she couldn't help it. Mr. E was on the warpath. Did she fancy it, or was Papa plainly relieved at her departure?

All the afternoon she thought about how sweet Jack had been. She was glad Mama got such a nice dress. Jack had been as polite to her as if she'd been one

of his mother's elegant friends, swinging silver foxes and flashing diamond solitaires.

She knew that it was dumb of her to be thinking of Jack. Rich boys did not fall in love with poor bookkeepers. Anyway, it was perfectly true that he was engaged. He had even shown her his fiancée's picture. She had a long nose.

Besides, Mr. Morton Cohen would never allow his son to marry a penniless girl. Mr. Cohen believed in business. Everyone knew that after Jack had collected his bride's dowry, his father planned to expand still further.

She typed stoically. She was a fool to waste her time thinking about Jack Cohen. Sure, he was polite to her. He had manners, that's all. He liked eating lunch with her, and he took off his hat in the elevator because he was nice. But to him she was only the girl who worked for Epstein & Bloom. And if one of his father's operators had brought his wife for a dress, Jack would have been just as nice to her as he'd been to Mama.

AT SIX-FIFTEEN she put on her hat. Mr. Epstein had not stopped shouting the whole afternoon. Mr. Schwartz was wrangling with a buyer from Kansas City. One of the blond models had quit because Mr. Bloom hollered at her. Their best customer had returned fourteen dresses, and Davie, the shipping clerk, had been caught expounding Marxism again to his young colored assistant.

"This place is a lunatic asylum," said Goldie wearily. "Good night, Mr. E."

"Do me a favor; be here on time tomorrow!" answered Mr. Epstein.

She picked up her handbag and gloves and walked out. "I wish I had that model's nerve. I wish I could quit on the spot!" she thought.

She felt very tired, and suddenly sick to death of Epstein & Bloom and Missy dresses. As she jabbed the elevator button, she remembered that next month it would be six years since she'd first come here to work. Six years. Maybe Papa was right. Maybe twenty-three going on twenty-four was old—maybe she'd

never get married and escape unless she swallowed her pride and actually considered one of Papa's hopeful swains.

There was the sound of footsteps coming down the corridor. The elevator bell clanged faintly, and the operator slid open the door. She was about to step in when she heard Jack's voice.

"Goldie, wait a minute!" He was running down the hall. The elevator boy slammed the gate in disgust.

Jack's hat was on crooked. "I wanted to catch you before you left. Listen, Goldie, let's stop in and have a bite somewhere. I want to talk to you."

Another elevator stopped. They descended to the lobby in silence. They walked, close together, jammed in on every side by homeward-hurrying workers. He said, "How about this place?" She followed him in.

Across the little table, she stared at him. He looked so pale! He moistened his lips and said, twirling the salt shaker, "Goldie, your father asked me to talk to you. I told him I would."

"My father? What did he—"

"Goldie, I'm a good friend of yours. I think a lot of you. Your father explained to me—he said—" He put down the salt shaker. He picked up a lump of sugar. He peeled the paper from it slowly.

A waitress came up. Jack waved her away.

Goldie clutched her handbag. There was a curious tightness in her throat. She could not make a sound, she could frame no question.

"Goldie, why don't you want to marry Willie Buxbaum? Your father told me you're so against it. It's—it's a coincidence—but I know Willie. He's a nice fellow. We—we went to school together. Your father asked me to speak a few words for him. He thinks—"

Again Jack moistened his lips. Again he picked up the salt shaker and twirled it.

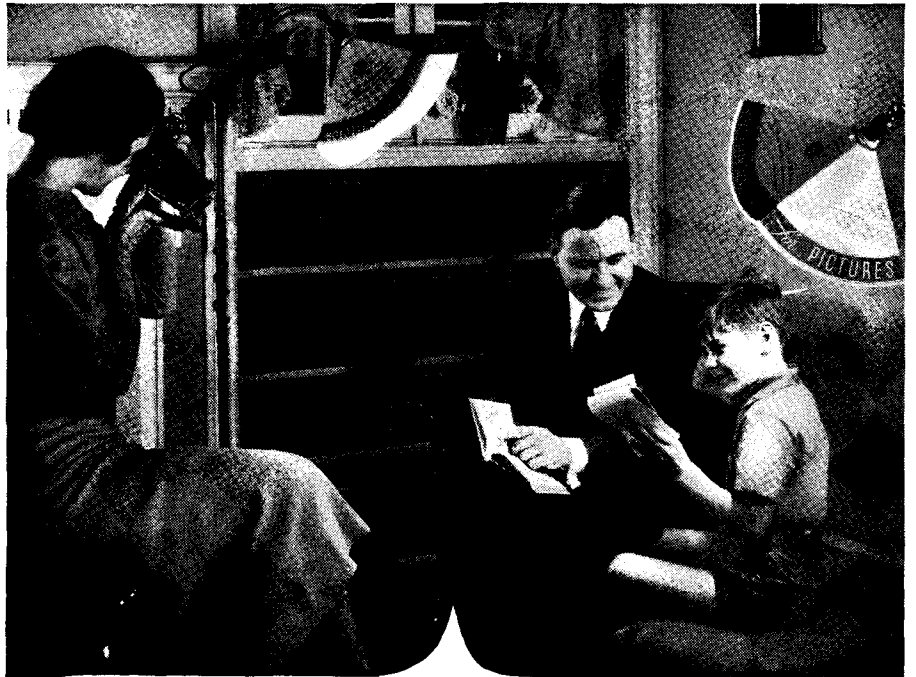
"Look, Goldie, why are you stubborn? Your father tells me you don't want to encourage anybody. He tells me there have been other men and you—you always—"

Goldie found her voice: "You think I

America's fastest growing hobby

SNAPSHOTS

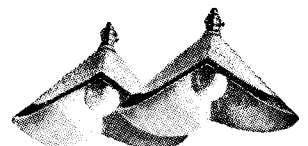
at NIGHT



Just do this

1. Load your camera with Kodak "SS" Film

2. Use two or three Photoflood lamps in Kodak Handy Reflectors



TONIGHT thousands of families will breeze through dinner. Snapshots are on the program. Fun for everybody, for Mother and Dad, and all the family—pictures they've always wanted . . . the little ones at bedtime, older youngsters at their lessons, friends in for cards . . .

It's no wonder snapshots at night are all the rage; they're so much fun, so little fuss. You don't need an ex-

pensive camera—not any more. Any camera that can be loaded with Kodak "SS" Film will do the trick—even the simplest Brownie.

With "SS" Film, use two or three of the new No. 2 Mazda Photoflood lamps, which last for hours, in the inexpensive Kodak Handy Reflectors. If your camera has an *f*.6.3 or faster lens, No. 1 Photoflood lamps are powerful enough.



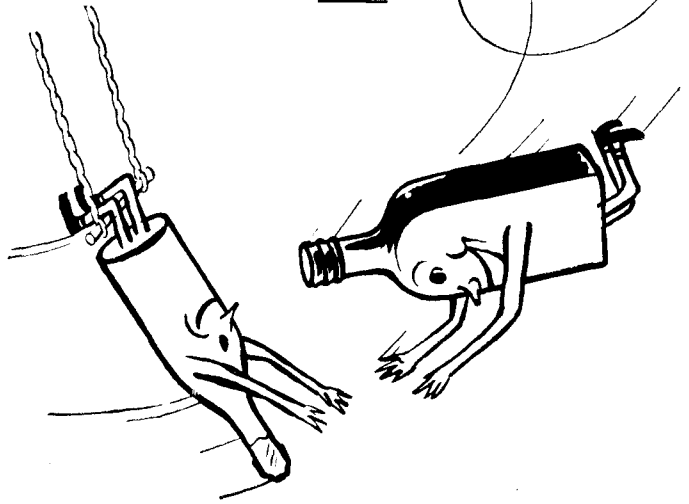
"Boy! That gets 'em when they won't dim!"

D. HUFFINE



FREE BOOKLET . . . Suggests a variety of picture opportunities, shows you how to arrange your lights, how to place your subject, tells you everything you need to know about two ways to make night pictures—snapshots with Photoflood lamps, *fast exposures* with Photoflash lamps. (You can use Photoflash lamps, each good for one picture, if your particular camera can be set for "time.") Get a copy at your dealer's today . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Put "swing" in your Martini cocktails...
Blend your Vermouth with a mixing gin



Does it *mix*?

It is a **mixing** gin, we think,
when you neither **smell** nor
taste it in the finished drink

AS SMOOTHLY as though on the flying trapeze, gin and Vermouth blend into a Martini cocktail with the greatest of ease—but only when the gin is a mixer, never weighing down the drink with a heavy gin smell or taste.

Mixed drinks are an American idea. To meet the American taste for smooth mixed drinks, Fleischmann's Gin is distilled especially for *mixing*—from American grain.

Fleischmann's is the original American gin, established 1870. Our secret formula makes it the real American Mixer. Buy a bottle. And when you order a Martini, say: "Make it with Fleischmann's." (Copr., 1937, by The Fleischmann Distilling Corporation, Peekskill, N.Y.)

Also Fleischmann's Sloe Gin, 65 Proof

**THE REAL
AMERICAN
MIXER
90 PROOF**

4/5 Quart



ought to marry Willie Buxbaum? You told my father you'd help him talk me into it?"

"No, no, you don't understand. I just—I mean—I'm interested, and your papa said—"

She was shaking all over. "Who talked you into getting engaged to that fat girl with the long nose, Jack? Was it her twenty thousand dollars? I'm not like that. I don't want it to be for business. I want to marry for love." Suddenly she was laughing. There were tears stinging her eyes, but she was laughing. She said, "I'm not uptown. I'm not fancy. I just want to be crazy about someone—and—" She stopped. She gripped the table edge. "I don't want dentists. I don't want anybody. Please mind your own business."

She rose. Jack came around the table and touched her shoulder.

"Don't get excited, Goldie. I only wanted to talk to you as a friend. I tell you, it matters to me what you do. And your father begged me. He—he seemed to think you'd listen to me. You've got to be sensible, Goldie. You're not a baby."

She jerked away from him. "Go on. I'm twenty-three going on twenty-four. Next year they'll put me in an old ladies' home."

"Goldie! I don't mean it that way! Look, I'm thirty, and I—I—you know, they were after me the same way. My father said it was about time he had a few grandchildren." His voice died away.

They stared at each other. Her eyes, brimmed with tears, saw that in his eyes there were tears too.

She sat down again. She said, "I'm almost crazy, the way Papa keeps after me. Every week, every week he brings up a new fellow! Every week he gets a different lunatic scheme."

"You ought to see the girls they dragged up for me to look over, Goldie," Jack said. "Fat ones, skinny ones. Dumb ones, college graduates."

She cried rebelliously, "I'm ashamed already to go into the lobby of our apartment house. All the neighbors

know about Papa's matchmaking. They're all laughing at me. But Papa can't understand. He means well. He—"

"I was surprised when he spoke to me, Goldie. But I—I—"

There was a silence. She began to plead the tablecloth. He leaned close to her, pleadingly. "Don't you think I have a nerve, to interfere in something that's none of my business, Goldie. But you're such a nice girl—I think such a lot of you—and your father said—"

"It's all right. You—I excuse you, Jack."

ANOTHER silence. At last he asked heavily, "Is Willie Buxbaum going to be out to your house tonight?"

"Of course. Leave it to Papa!"

He said, "Would you think I was too fresh if I go home with you? We could talk things over on the subway. It's a long ride."

Goldie said, "Thanks, don't bother. Your mother's expecting you for dinner, isn't she?"

"I can call up."

"How about—about your intended wife?" She was hotly conscious, suddenly, that only Brooklyn said it that way. She amended, "Your fiancée, I mean." Had she pronounced it correctly? She was suddenly more keenly miserable than she'd ever been before. She wanted to run away from him, she wanted to be alone. Toward Papa's suitors she had always felt superior and self-confident. But Jack...

His hand touched her arm. "I—I'll call her up, too. I want to go with you, Goldie. Please let me." The shine of his brown eyes was warm. She shivered. The place on her arm where his fingers had rested burned a little.

"Don't bother about me, Jack. The whole thing's so—so funny. Papa's old-fashioned and he meant well, maybe, but he's made me feel like a fool."

Jack said urgently, "No, you mustn't feel that way, Goldie. I care about what happens to you. I want to help."

"You mean you want to help Willie Buxbaum?"

He moved uncomfortably. "Nobody



"Louie! You was a bad boy today, hah?"

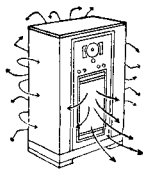
LEONARD DOVE

Stromberg-Carlson's LABYRINTH

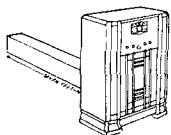
"IT'S THE GREATEST FEATURE OF THEM ALL!"...

... SAY THOSE WHO HAVE HEARD THE NEW STROMBERG-CARLSONS

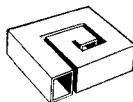
How the Labyrinth IMPROVES TONE



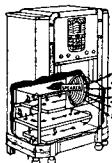
THE TROUBLE — Empty cabinet space in back of the speaker causes "boom," and distorts the pure tone from front of speaker.



THE THEORY — A long tube of sound absorbent material would absorb unwanted sounds and reinforce bass tones.



THE THEORY MADE PRACTICAL — Such a tube is out of the question. So Stromberg-Carlson folded it into a Labyrinth.



THE PATENTED LABYRINTH — The Labyrinth in one of the new Stromberg-Carlsons. It is the necessary battle wrapped up, folded over and placed within the troublesome space in the cabinet. Patented in the United States and Canada.

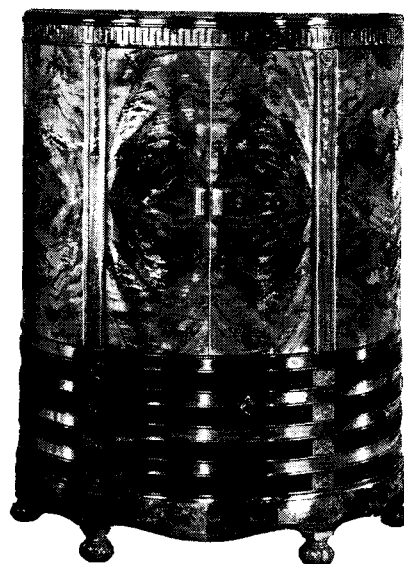
The season reveals no radio advance comparable to the Acoustical Labyrinth. With it those ordinary "earmarks" of radio—the "booming" vibrations from the rear of the loud speaker—are *eliminated*, not merely minimized. The deep fundamental tones which produce true bass response are heard in full value at every volume.

So revolutionary is this exclusive and patented development of Stromberg-Carlson that it makes *obsolete* any radio in a cabinet large enough to contain a Labyrinth and not having one.

And Stromberg-Carlsons have a style and elegance of cabinetry that makes them a distinct addition to the furnishings of the planned home.

Prices of Stromberg-Carlsons range from \$57.50 to \$1050; Antenna Kit \$7 (Slightly higher South-eastern States and West of Mississippi). New edition of booklet, "How to Choose a Radio," free at Stromberg-Carlson dealers listed in classified telephone directory, or by mailing coupon.

Radios which are Decorators' Pieces



No. 240-R Half-Round Console, (above). Triple Range. Finest walnut veneers and solids. Available in mahogany. Price \$215

No. 231-F Coffee Table, (at left). Triple Range. Unusual and striking form. Genuine walnut veneers and solids. Price \$155

A LABYRINTH RADIO
only \$15.00 down
Other Stromberg-Carlsons as low as
\$5.00 down

There Is Nothing Finer than a
Stromberg-Carlson

Stromberg-Carlson Telephone Mfg. Co.
173 Carlson Road, Rochester, N. Y.
Send illustrated booklet "How to Choose a Radio."
Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____



Elegance
WITHOUT EXTRAVAGANCE
SERVE

VIRGINIA DARE
LIGHT WINE

AND OTHER FINE AMERICAN WINES

BY **GARRETT**

Count only your pleasure—the cost is little. Enjoy a bottle of Garrett's world-esteemed Virginia Dare light Wine. Please your guests with varied selections from Garrett's 27 distinctive American Wines—proudly served by hosts in finest homes. With fish or chicken, drink Garrett's American Sauternes or Chablis. With steak or a roast, enjoy Garrett's American Claret or Burgundy. For every occasion—serve a fine Garrett Wine... made and bottled at modern Garrett wineries. Buy your favorite Garrett Wine in round bottles or flasks at leading wine dealers. Garrett & Company, Inc. . . Brooklyn, New York.

A FEW OF THE POPULAR 27 GARRETT AMERICAN WINES

Virginia Dare light Wine . . . Old North State brand Blackberry . . . American Sauternes . . . Claret, Chablis . . . American Port, Sherry, Tokay (alcohol 19-21% by volume). Paul Garrett American Champagne and Sparkling Burgundy.

AMERICA'S LEADING HOTELS SERVE GARRETT WINES
Blackstone, Ft. Worth • Congress, Chicago
Mayfair, Los Angeles • Palace, San Francisco
Olympic, Seattle • Raleigh, Washington, D.C.
FINEST AMERICAN WINES SINCE 1835

wants you to marry a man if you don't like him. Only, I didn't think you hated him. I didn't think you were so much against the match. He's not handsome, I'll admit. But he's not so bad."

Jack's voice lacked sincerity. She thought of the girl with the twenty thousand dollars and the long nose. Every time he'd talked of her, his tone had held this same indescribable uncertainty. This odd lack of conviction. Goldie said, "All right, let's take the subway."

He paid her fare. He pushed the turnstile for her. They could not talk in the roar of the station. His face was still and pale, and she could only look at him in little side glances, now and again. He was so good-looking. Not like a movie star, of course, but Goldie had never admired their smooth, Anglo-Saxon charms. She liked Jack's full lips better, and his close-shaven chin, slightly blue under the dark skin. She liked his slow smile; and his blunt fingers.

She liked the knowledge that he was a good son, a source of pride and satisfaction to his father. Over one of the cafeteria lunches he'd told her that his mother had wanted him to prepare for a glittering career, something swell like a civil engineer or a lawyer who would graduate into politics.

"But Papa wanted me to go into the dress business, and I knew he was right. I'm no moron, but I'd never make an engineer. And I'm too honest to be a politician."

The train came out of the tunnel, into the softer darkness of Brooklyn's night. Goldie looked at her wrist watch. It was nearly eight o'clock. Mama would be sure to urge Jack to eat something. And Willie would be there, crossing and recrossing his legs nervously. Talking to Papa. Pretending he'd just happened to drop in. . . .

Fiftieth Street. Fifty-fifth Street. Goldie moistened her lips. She wondered what Jack would think of the matched "set" in the Zaler living room to which Mama clung so tenaciously. And there was that old phonograph of Papa's, stuck so prominently between the windows. If you suggested moving it into the bedroom, Papa became belligerent. With very little encouragement he would wind it up and put on the loudest record Caruso had ever made.

"Here's our station, Jack," she said at last.

Goldie prayed that there would be no neighbors congregated on the front steps. But there were, of course. She had known there would be. They stopped their gossiping to stare at Jack. Nothing escaped them—not the cut of his overcoat, not his obviously "good" shoes, not the way he helped Goldie up the stairs by touching her elbow.

IN THE hall she laughed a little, trying hard to be offhand. "We walk up," she said.

Jack said, "Of course."

But halfway up the second flight he paused, as if out of breath. Goldie turned to him in swift alarm. He only smiled down at her. "We didn't talk, after all, did we?"

"No."

He drew her to the window on the landing. "I want to be sure you're not angry with me for butting into something that—"

"Oh, no, Jack!"

Then, in a flood she could not stop, she was saying, "You don't have to come up if you'd rather not, Jack. Mama will make you eat soup. I know she will; she won't let you alone until you eat a big plateful. And Papa is sure to start in about Spain and the dress manufacturers' association. . . . I won't be angry if you don't want to stay. I mean—"

He put his hand under her chin.

Gently, he lifted her face to his. "Don't apologize for your folks, Goldie. Mine are just the same." The expression of his mouth was somehow tender. She said softly, "I'm sorry I said that. I—I didn't mean to—I love them, Jack, but sometimes. . . . Like this business of Willie Buxbaum. Anybody, even an angel, would boil at the things that Papa—"

"My father's like that, too, Goldie."

She said, lowering her eyes, "Papa keeps telling me how love comes after marriage, and how parents know better what kind of man a girl should marry. He says after a girl has lived with her husband for a while she finds out she loves him. He says these American ideas are all wrong—"

"My father said that, too," Jack answered. "He—his father arranged his marriage to my mother. . . ."

"Grandpa arranged Mama's wedding, too, in Poland. It didn't come out so bad. Mama thinks Papa is wonderful. She thinks he's the most intelligent, best-looking, most successful—" She caught her breath. "And he's not. He's just a failure. A poor, darling, sweet failure."

Jack caught her hands. "He can't be a failure with a daughter like you, Goldie. What's money—what's anything—"

She felt the strength of his arms on her shoulders, and suddenly he had caught her close. There was the pound of his heart, the warmth of his lips on hers.

"Goldie, I can't keep it in any longer. Do you think I wanted Sara with her twenty thousand dollars? Oh, she's a nice girl; I have nothing against her. But she doesn't excite me; she doesn't even interest me. I don't care for her."

But you, Goldie! All day I think about you. I upset the whole showroom routine so I can eat lunch the same time you do. When I'm with her, I'm thinking about you."

Tears stung Goldie's eyes. Her lips trembled. "What's the use of saying such things to me? Your father would never allow it. And my father—"

"I don't care what my father says!" roared Jack. "I don't care what your father says! Kiss me, Goldie."

SOMEONE was coming up the stairs. They sprang apart guiltily. It was an old woman with a heavy shopping bag. She grumbled as she passed them. "Such a shame young people should carry on like this on the stairs. Have you no home, children?"

Jack said, "Come on, Goldie. I'll punch Willie's jaw."

But when they burst into the Zaler apartment, there was only Mama, crocheting in the kitchen. And Papa, winding the phonograph.

"Where's Willie?" asked Jack, the light of battle dying in his eyes.

"Willie?" Papa repeated vaguely. "Oh, him? He didn't come." He shrugged. "So you need him? For what do you need him?"

Goldie looked at the sly corners of Papa's lips, and the twinkle behind his glasses. Her eyes darted swiftly to Jack's.

Mama said, "Are you hungry, you two? I have some soup."

"We're starved," Goldie said contentedly. "And Papa—smart aleck—do me a favor, don't play Caruso."

"Caruso?" Papa grinned. "I was only going to play the Stars and Stripes Forever."



"Extra! Extra! Czechoslovakian aide de camp issues pronunciamento to Reichsfuehrer's charge d'affaires!"

ABNER DEAN

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF THE WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY • EAST PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA



There's a "new" kind of transportation on our city streets today

ABOUT thirty years ago, the thrills of streetcar riding were crowded out of youthful favor by the automobile. But they're showing strong signs of a comeback today. It's old stuff to go downtown in the family car — but gosh! wouldn't it be fun to go in that big, shiny, low-slung trolley! It travels along so smooth and nice you can hardly hear it coming — picks up and "goes places" like a sport roadster.

And talk about four wheel brakes . . . !

It is a far cry from the "Toonervilles" of yesterday to the modern streamline electric cars and trolley coaches. This new-day *electric* equipment is evidence of the "public-be-pleased" attitude of modern street-transit management. It combines speed and mobility with the clean, quiet smoothness of electricity itself.

To make such equipment possible,

car builders called upon Westinghouse engineers to solve many technical problems. On a large proportion of the new cars, the motors, control apparatus and braking systems are Westinghouse-built. The street railway industry is thus one of many through which Westinghouse serves the public indirectly, besides its direct services to homes, farms, offices and factories everywhere.

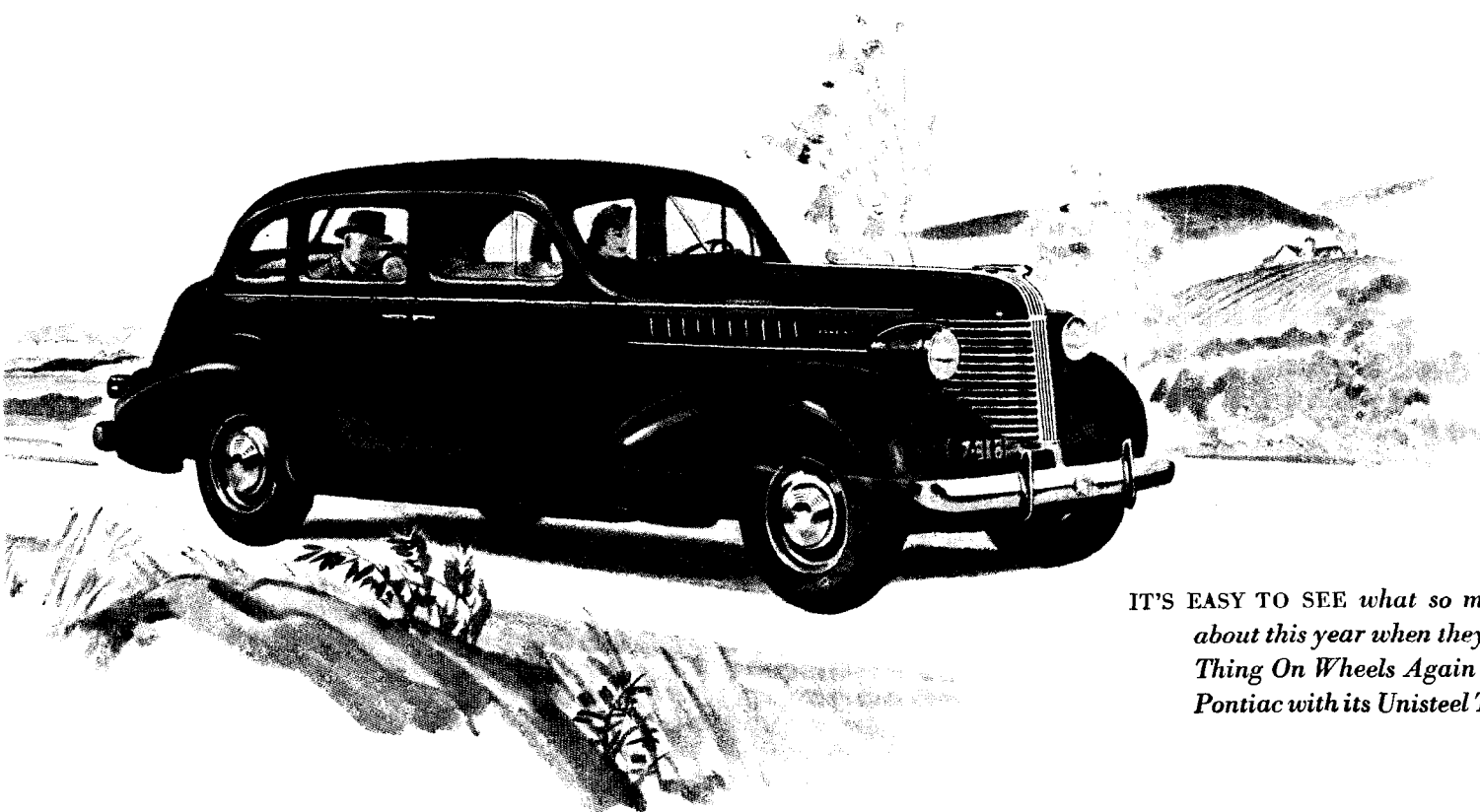
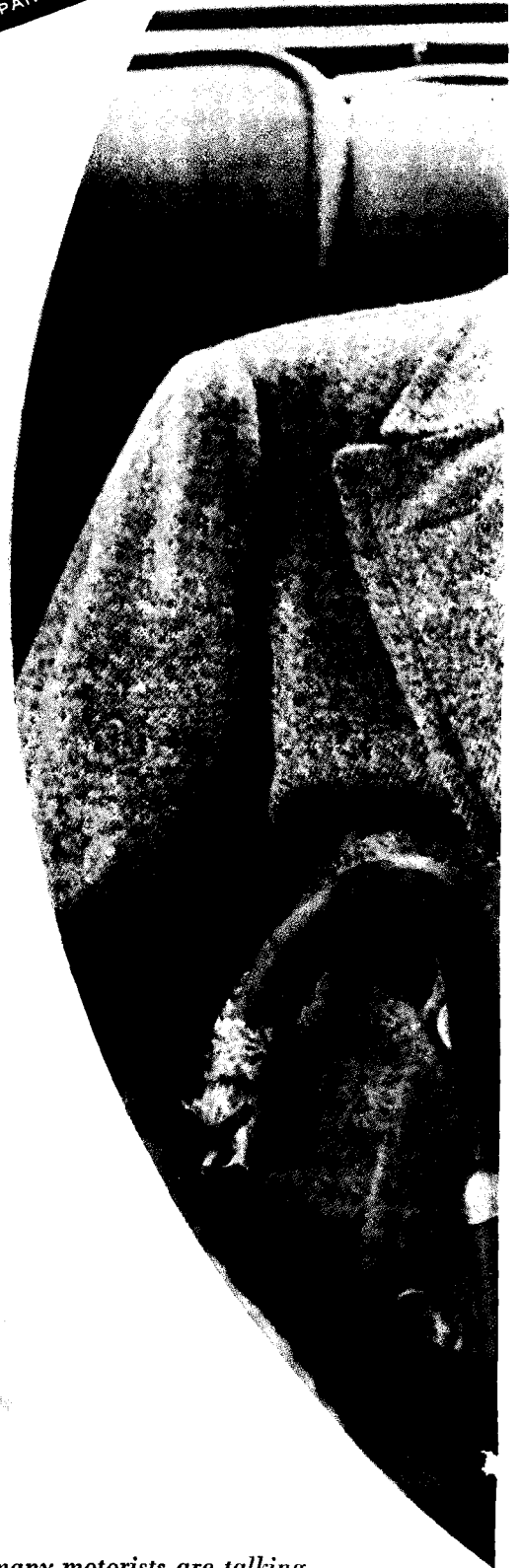


Westinghouse

The name that means everything in electricity



THIS familiar request is always heeded and respected by the engineers who design the Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher. For this glorified steel body is so effectively insulated against noise that even the whispers of travel cannot disturb you . . . Serenely you ride, in restful, luxurious comfort -- comfort that you can measure in the wider seats, the larger doors and windows, the spacious interior of this smartly styled body... You enjoy Fisher No Draft Ventilation the year round—you open ventipanes that bring you all the fresh air you want—as you want it—free of drafts . . . And you ride secure—with steel all around you . . . steel fused to steel for incomparable safety . . . steel flawlessly, gracefully fashioned into one solid weave-proof, shock-proof unit . . . But bear this in mind: Only General Motors cars have the Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher.



IT'S EASY TO SEE what so many motorists are talking about this year when they say, "The Most Beautiful Thing On Wheels Again Outvalues Them All." It's Pontiac with its Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher.



Body by Fisher

ON GENERAL MOTORS CARS ONLY:
CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE
BUICK • LA SALLE • CADILLAC



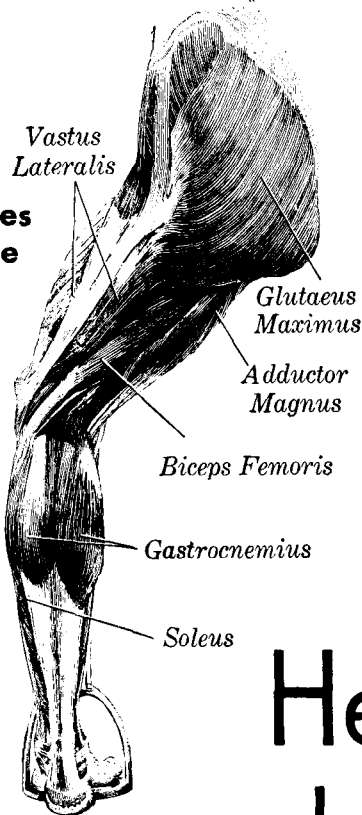
What happens inside your muscles when you exercise

Every muscle is a bundle of fibers interspersed with connecting tissue, and covered by a sheath which cannot expand.

After exercise, lactic acid settles in these muscle fibers. Fluids filter in. The muscle swells, presses against its sheath. This is the cause of the pain and stiffness you feel. Only the blood can carry this lactic acid away.

Absorbine Jr. quickly brings an increased supply of blood to the overworked muscle. This carries off the lactic acid, and brings fresh fuel for renewed energy.

Right after exercise, pour Absorbine Jr. into palm of hand, and rub on the sore muscles. Spread over a wide area around them—the wider, the better. Repeat 2 or 3 times during day.



The horseback rider gets it most in hip and thigh. Day-after soreness is unnecessary.

He Galloped on Saturday —but he Walked on Sunday

THE CAUSE: Toxic Waste Products in Muscle Fibers bring Stiffness, Pain.

THE ANSWER: Absorbine Jr. Acts to Disperse the Waste Products, Relieves Soreness—Keeps you Limber for Tomorrow's Fast Ride in the Saddle

THEY say in any sport, when you come in sore all over—Go out and follow it up with regular practice to keep your muscles limber.

But not many of us can have our sports every day in the week. And muscles overworked after days of rest *will* go sore.

There's a reason for it. And an easy way to avoid it.

Muscular exercise produces toxic waste matter *in the muscles themselves*. Notably,

lactic acid. This lactic acid accumulates *in the muscles*. Fluids filter in. The muscles swell, feel stiff and sore!

Easy to relieve sore muscles

Only the blood can carry off that lactic acid from the muscle fibers. Absorbine Jr. has the ability to bring blood immediately to tired muscles! The blood washes away the lactic acid, also brings renewed energy to the muscles. Use it 2 or 3 times through the day. Relieves painful soreness. Your muscles are ready for next day's enjoyment.

Today, anyone who goes in for popular sports should use Absorbine Jr. Antiseptic. Soothing,

cooling. Not oily—Absorbine Jr. is a pleasure to use!—W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

Bruises, Bumps, Sprains, Wrenches—

Absorbine Jr. relieves congestion in the same way it relieves muscle fatigue—by bringing blood to the injured spot to wash away the toxic matter, and to supply fresh food for repair.

Relieves Muscular Pain—

Absorbine Jr. soothes and comforts injuries to muscles and tissue. It is a dependable antiseptic. Protects against infection. Does not harm the healing tissue.



ABSORBINE Jr.

Jungle Dance

Continued from page 12

territory in Cuba is known as Matanzas. Matanza in Spanish means slaughter.

Then the Spaniards imported black slaves from Africa and in time they became known as Afro-Cubans, though they were never absorbed either physically or spiritually by the Spaniards nor later by the Cubans. They came to Cuba and with them they brought their native customs, superstitions and savage instincts. These survive to this day. They brought *ñañiguismo* with them but they practiced it darkly and in secret places and after each ceremony Spaniards would be found with knives in their backs. The Spaniards forbade these rites and as a concession allowed their slaves one day of public dancing every other year. On this day the slaves dressed up in castoff garments of their masters and danced in the roads and on the trails. They made up their own music and the Spaniards for a long while didn't know that it was closely related to the music used in the *ñañiguismo* ceremonies. These group dances were called *congas* after the drum used.

They Dance for Hours

Finally the *conga* was banned and only recently was it allowed to return by order of Colonel Fulgencio Batista. The night our lovely lady with the pink camellia in her dark hair dismissed the street dancers so contemptuously to hurry and watch two professional rumba dancers marked the return of the *conga* to Havana. Let's allow her to speed toward Sans Souci and let's watch the *conga* for a few minutes.

Our shuffling, whirling dancers have now traversed the Calle Oquendo and they have reached the Malecón. The Malecón is the sea wall guarding Havana from tides and storm. It is one of the most beautiful promenades in the world.

The music, like rumba music, is rhythm without melody. At first it is sheer monotony but after a while the music and the singing and the dancing are one; made the more impressive by

the monotony of each part. This which we are watching is called the *Comparsa de los Marquesses*, the parade of the noble ones.

The musicians chant:

Me despreciaste y quieres venir . . . The last note hangs in the still air for a moment and then the answer comes from the shifting, dancing crowd:

Con los marquesses a divertirte . . . Over and over they chant the words. The first line means, "You didn't appreciate me; you threw me down." Then the second line, joyous, triumphant: "And now you want to join us—us noble ones." One can read all sorts of things in those two lines. Is the first line the plaintive wail of the slave who for centuries has been chained? Does the second line mean that he has cast off his burdensome yoke, become free and great, so great that his former master now wants to join him? Or is it merely a cry from a rejected swain who has later become great and who is now gloating over the one who spurned him? No one knows.

One real piece of music has been written for the *conga*. Eliseo Grenet, who wrote the popular rumba *són Mama Inez*, also wrote *La Comparsa de los Congos*. Cubans are always quick to point out that the *conga* (and the rumba) are Negro dances. As a matter of fact, you seldom see Cubans dance the rumba. They dance the *són*.

The dancers keep it up for hours on the concrete of the Malecón and neither they nor the musicians seem to tire. The voices of the singers grow hoarse; their white collars become wilted and their top hats awry, but their dancing grows more frenzied and as it grows late you notice that khaki-clad soldiers and blue-clad policemen have quietly become part of the onlooking crowd. They are ready in case the dancers revert too far toward their African heritage.

Now let's consider the dark rites of *ñañiguismo*, which fathered the *conga*, which is first cousin to the rumba. *Ñañiguismo*, which in near-by Haiti is known as Voodoo, was born centuries ago and it was part of the religion of an African

LIKE FATHER LIKE SON



"He was always a pretty able old boy, my Dad. And far-sighted too.

"He realized long ago that a man can't help slowing up as he grows old. And he knew how mighty few men are independent when they reach 60. Other people knew that, too, of course—but my father *did* something about it!

"As a young man he took out insurance with New England Mutual. It protected Mother while my brother and I were growing up—while they were raising and educating us. After that they expected us to make our own way, and we have. But I often heard Dad say he didn't

expect his children to support themselves and their parents too.

"So last month he retired—with a cash income for life. He and Mother come and go as they please now, thanks to Dad's foresight.

"I must say I admire the old boy. And I imitate him too! I've got a New England Mutual policy of my own. Like Dad, I intend to be financially secure when I start slowing up. I never want my son to feel that I'm a burden to him.

"No, sir! Do you know how I want that kid to feel about me? Just the way *I* feel about his granddaddy!"

It's actually *easy*, and costs surprisingly little, to avoid a dependent old age. Write Department CB for our interesting new booklet, "Have You Signed Your Declaration of Independence?"



NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF BOSTON

★ ★ ★ GEORGE WILLARD SMITH, PRESIDENT ★ ★ ★
AMERICA'S FIRST CHARTERED MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—AND STILL PIONEERING



GARRETT PRICE

WHERE EAST MEETS WEST and North and South



when in New York!

• They come from everywhere with different customs, different likes and dislikes. And Hotel Pennsylvania, like a good host, strives to please all—no trouble too great, no trifle too small to make you feel "at home." Luxurious comfort in each bedroom, beauty in the public rooms...delicious food in four restaurants...convenience to business, shopping and theatre districts...these are the reasons why East, West, North and South pick Hotel Pennsylvania.



WHAT'S THIS? A Sterilized, sealed drinking glass in your bathroom.

HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA

STATLER OPERATED
ACROSS FROM PENNSYLVANIA STATION, N. Y.
Frank A. McKowne, President • J. H. McCabe, Manager

2200
ROOMS
each with private
bath
Rates begin at
\$3.50

tribe from which many slaves were taken by the Spaniards. When they came to Cuba they practiced ñañiguismo, and dancing was an integral part of the ceremonies. Members of the cult were called ñañigos.

Ñañiguismo flourished and became strong. Groups intoxicated by the power they felt lay within them when they were in the grip of the worship and ceremonial ritual often roamed the countryside, killing apparently for the sheer lust of it. A neophyte, to prove his courage, had to leave the rites and stab the first person he met, whether it was his father, his Spanish master or a brother. Reptilian dances and live snakes had their parts in the ceremonies and in the beginning there were human sacrifices. Later goats and roosters replaced humans.

The years passed and the pure African strain in many cases thinned out and finally mulattoes were admitted to the rites. Eventually an essential part of the ceremonies was a dance between a beautiful mulatto and a negro, an African dwarf. They would dance to rhythm without melody. They would dance to the music of congas and of wooden boxes thumped with the finger tips and of maracas and of string instruments resembling the guitar. If that setup does not sound familiar, glance carefully at the next rumba band you see.

At Los Tres Hermanos

Few white men have seen the ñañiguismo ceremonies. I have talked to Africans in Cuba who were ñañigos and who still practice the secret rites, but only one of these would talk and when she told me of what she felt during the rites she was sincere and honest—though frightened. I offered her money, enough to support her in luxury in the poor province where she lived, to take me to the ceremonies but she only laughed and said she wouldn't live long if she did that. She was a professional rumba dancer in a small place far from Havana and when she told of ñañiguismo her large somber eyes became darker.

"The music plays and we dance," she said. "And we are all masked and perhaps your brother or your sister is there and you do not know it. It is that secret. We hear nothing but the music and we humble ourselves before the gods and make sacrifices. Then sometimes... sometimes the gods appear to us. Chango, who eats fire, comes down to us and then we, too, can eat fire. Yes, we light strips of paper and we can eat the burning paper and I have done this and not been burned. Orum and Ardua, the warrior saints, come to us and then we too feel brave and feel like warriors, and we feel as though we, too, could fight. The music plays and we dance and sing and the women saints come to us. Obatala, the saint of humility, comes to us and so does Yemaya, the saint of the sea. These I have seen."

Beyond that she would not say. She would not talk of sacrifice or of murder. She laughed when I told her that Americans danced the rumba and she asked, "Why do they dance our dance?"

Technically, of course, there are no more slaves in Cuba. They were freed about sixty years ago. It was about that time, too, that the authorities tried to stamp out ñañiguismo on the island. It was like trying to keep back the tides of the sea. They executed many and arrested hundreds and they found them holding ceremonies in their dark dungeons. Africa had been planted in an alien soil but it was a fertile soil and the swamps and the forests nurtured it and made it strong so that it became part of the soil and of the forests. Ñañiguismo flourished in dark places and it still flourishes even under the iron rule of Fulgencio Batista.

Leaving our tourists at Sans Souci, suppose we watch a real rumba dancer, the one whom many Cubans and Afro-Cubans have told me is the best of them all. Her name is Clarita Acosta and her partner is Alberto Torriento and they dance in a small place open to the sidewalk, in a place called Mariano, not very far from Havana. The bar is known simply as Los Tres Hermanos (The Three Brothers). At Los Tres Hermanos you'll find a group of soldiers perhaps, a dozen Afro Cubans, a few poor Cubans who work in the neighborhood and occasionally a few tourists who will not like the place because it is intimate without charm and picturesque without being very clean. Tourists usually like picturesqueness with a caribolic flavor. The walls are bare and ugly and the floor is linoleum-covered. Tables line one wall and you sit on upturned boxes.

The seven Negro lads who play use, with the exception of a three-stringed guitar, primitive instruments, but the boy who plays the double drum (bongo) is a great artist, though he'd be puzzled if you told him so. His name is Silvana Sue and when he raps the taut drumheads something comes out which is more than mere thumping. Occasionally he uses sticks instead of his fingers and then again he'll switch to claves or a stick and an iron ring. There are two types of rumba—the guanguanco type, which is slow, and the Columbia type, which is fast.

Clarita and Alberto appear at the end of the room and the music begins—Alberto, a trim, solemn-faced Negro, seldom smiles. Clarita is large—she weighs 160 pounds—but she is beautifully proportioned. There is steel in Clarita's legs and when she whirls you can see muscles rippling smoothly under the skin of her back and shoulders. Clarita dances the rumba as few women in Cuba dance it. She doesn't merely go through the patterned steps of the dance; she lives the spirit of it.

They dance to the rather slow tempo of Quierame Mucho and then the musicians switch to the fast Para Amigo Me Voy and now Clarita speeds her tempo and the men sitting about at the tables lean forward, forgetting their rum and water. They nod their heads to the music and stamp their feet. Silvana's hands are busy with drumheads, with sticks, with claves. He sings and Clarita flashes a wide smile at him.

With Music in Her Heart

Now Alberto, in order to attract Clarita, dances solo and with Alberto acrobatics are involved. Clarita stands coyly to one side watching this dancing language of love. Then Alberto dances off and Clarita dances alone. The music has increased its pace. Now the soldiers, the Negroes and the few Cubans who sit at the tables are hitting the table tops with their fists, some are singing, many let out yells of encouragement to Clarita. Clarita yells back and laughs lustily and you can hear her even above the music. Silvana is sweating happily. The side of the café open to the sidewalk is lined with people now, some solemn-eyed, some laughing—all intent on the lithe movements of Clarita.

Alberto joins her and they dance off arm in arm to thunderous applause and shrieks of delight. Clarita and Alberto dance from nine until no one is left in the café—sometimes that is eight A. M. Clarita often dances fifty times a night. Night-club performers in America usually dance twice.

The Santo is an interesting dance as done by Clarita and Alberto. They dress in farmers' costumes and they carry albahaca weeds and Clarita carries a glass of water balanced on her head. They dance and finally Alberto falls quivering to the floor. Devils have entered his

STOP THAT COLD!

Curb It Before It Gets Going!

A cold once settled is a hard thing to dislodge. You want to treat it quickly. You want to treat it seriously.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine (LBQ tablets) are what you want to take for a cold.

First, they are no cure-all. They are made expressly for colds and for nothing else.

Secondly, they are internal medication. A cold is an internal infection and should be treated as such.

4 Important Effects!

Grove's Bromo Quinine tablets do four important things in the treatment of a cold.

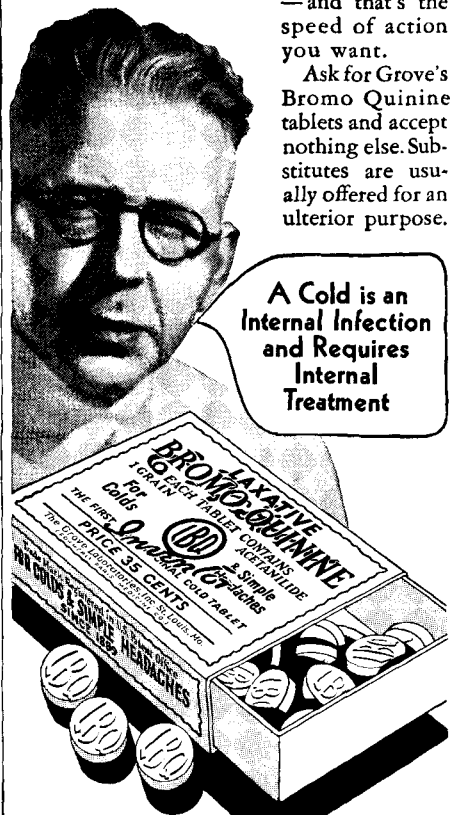
1. They open the bowels.
2. They check the infection in the system.
3. They relieve the headache and fever.
4. They tone the system and help fortify against further attack.

Bromo Quinine tablets now come sugar-coated as well as plain. They are sold by all drug stores, a few cents a box.

Play Safe!

The moment you feel a cold coming on, turn to Bromo Quinine tablets. Taken promptly, they'll usually break up the cold in 24 hours—and that's the speed of action you want.

Ask for Grove's Bromo Quinine tablets and accept nothing else. Substitutes are usually offered for an ulterior purpose.



A Cold is an Internal Infection and Requires Internal Treatment

GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

Listen to Gen. Hugh S. Johnson on Radio!
NBC Blue Network. Mon. & Thurs. 8-8:15 p.m.
EST; Tues. & Wed. 10-10:15 p.m. EST.

body and they must be made to leave. Clarita places the glass of water on his chest. That is to attract good spirits. Then she beats him with the albahaca and gradually he stops quivering; the devils have departed and now the two dance joyously.

Clarita is interesting, for Clarita is sheer peasant whose grandmother was an African slave. She talks the Spanish of her native Cuban province, which is Matanzas, about seventy miles from Havana.

Clarita was born with music in her heart and from the time she could walk she wanted only to sing and to dance. But her parents were strict. When groups gathered to hold congas Clarita was locked up but she could hear the music. One night a conga passed her home. The music called to her and the laughter and singing beckoned to her. She slipped away to join their ranks. Farther and farther from home the comparsa led her and the farther away she went the more insistent was the call of the music, the closer did she come to being the African her grandmother had been.

An Afro-Cuban Concert

"When the conga ended," Clarita says, "we were far in the woods, miles from home, and I suddenly felt afraid and cried. A girl older than I—I was only sixteen—said to me, 'When you cry, cry alone, so none can see you; when you laugh, laugh with people, so that they can see you and be happy too.' So since then I only laugh; I never cry."

Clarita never did go home. She lived with her new-found friend and she worked when she could but she danced always. Finally she came to Havana and now she is the pride of the Los Tres Hermanos, admitted by Cubans and Negroes alike to be perhaps the best rumba dancer in Cuba.

People left and others came in to sit on the hard benches and to drink white rum. Silvana and his musicians never tired nor did Clarita or Alberto tire—not even when a soft dawn tinged with the salt presence of the sea came to drive the night away.

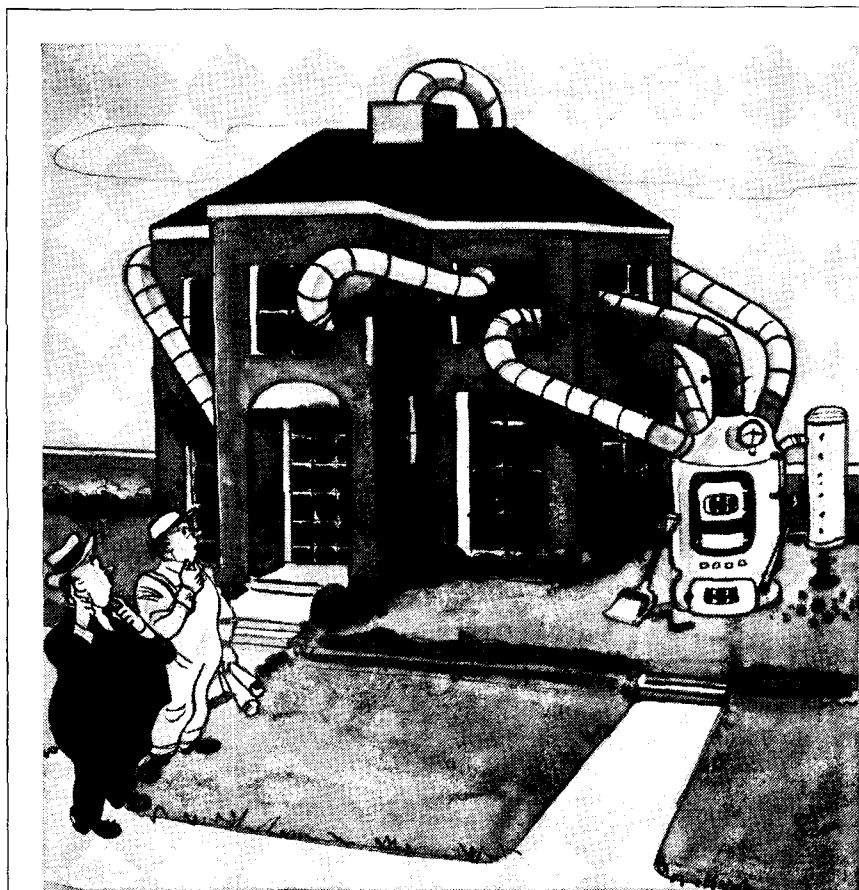
Suddenly you realized that it was seven o'clock and that you'd been watch-

ing this all night. Finally Clarita and Alberto stopped to sink exhausted on the hard benches. The Negroes with cheery "Hasta luego's" paid their checks and left. The dance was over. That something which had been in the room, making it magnificent, making it alive, tinging the air with an unmistakable spirit of mystery, had left too, and now it was a dingy, bare linoleum-covered floor and Clarita was merely a very tired twenty-year-old girl.

"Now," she sighed after one final rum, "I sleep. I sleep until five this afternoon—then tonight I do it all over again."

A few weeks ago a notable musical adventure took place in the stadium in Havana. Gilberto Valdes, brilliant young Cuban composer and conductor, held a concert with twenty voices and an orchestra of seventy. Only Afro-Cuban music was played—all Valdes compositions. He called it Afro-Cuban to distinguish it from a Negro chorus and the words were not Spanish but ñañigo, which to Cubans has become a synonym for African. The final number Valdes called a Rumba Abierta (open rumba) and in it were the elements of every conventional rumba you've ever heard. But by judicious choice of musical instruments and a careful, skillful blending of them, with the strings and the drums always predominating, and with the brasses only occasionally furnishing a counterpoint, he obtained an effect that was pure African.

A jammed audience listened, the Cubans listening with polite and sometimes amused attention; the Negroes occasionally leaping to their feet to applaud wildly. It was the first entire Afro-Cuban concert ever held anywhere and through the numbers ran the reptilian, somber, loathsome spirit of ñañiguismo; to be supplanted by the happy-go-lucky music of the conga, culminating with the quick, feverish theme of the rumba. The kinship of all three was unmistakable. In one composition, which he called Sangre Africana (African Blood), the whole complete story of the African slave and his inability as well as disinclination to be absorbed by any other civilization and his sturdy and ingrown worship of the old gods was told.



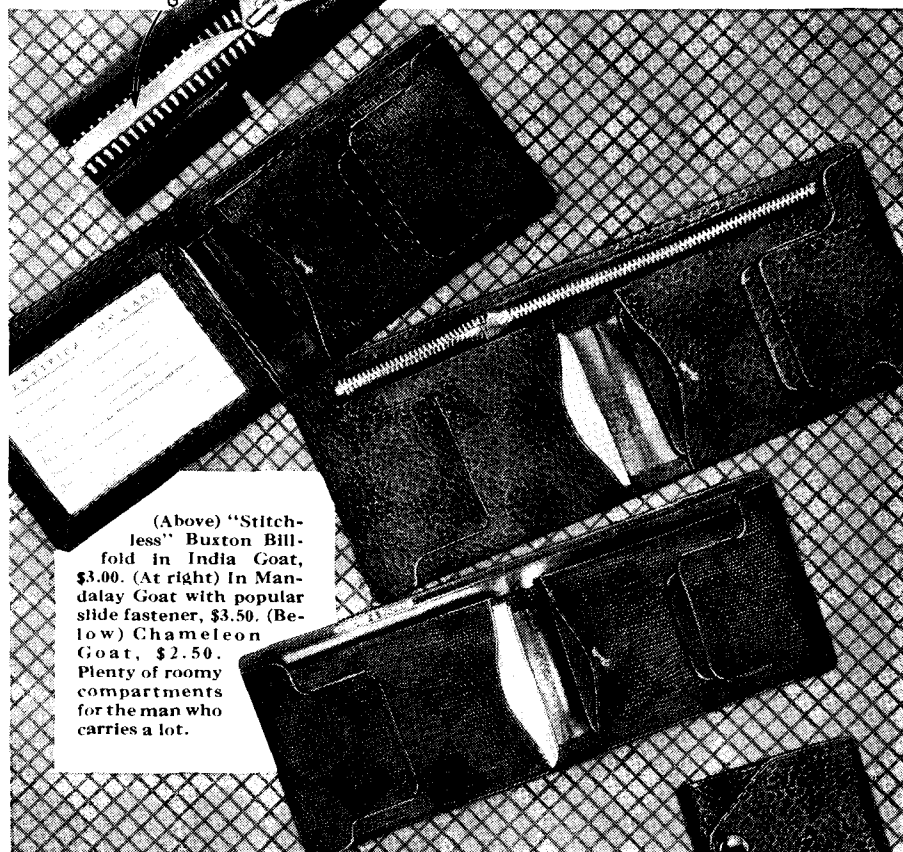
"Maybe we should go over th' plans again!"

ED GRAHAM

Only Buxton makes them "STITCHLESS"

Bills protected
from slide fastener
by PATENTED
BUXTON GOLDEN
GUARD

—guarantees these Billfolds
for the life of their
long-wearing leather



(Above) "Stitchless" Buxton Billfold in India Goat, \$3.00. (At right) In Mandalay Goat with popular slide fastener, \$3.50. (Below) Chameleon Goat, \$2.50. Plenty of roomy compartments for the man who carries a lot.

These good-looking Billfolds have no stitches to rip—no seams to fray. For a Buxton "Stitchless" is made from one piece of leather—self-interlocked. Easily expands to carry the heaviest load.

\$2.00

(Extreme right) Buxton Key-Tainer in Mandalay Goat. 8 patented *Locked Loops* for your keys . . . not outdated hooks that spread and tangle. Others from 75¢ up.

\$2.00

India Goat Key-Tainer with 6 loops. Flick of the thumb opens smart cutaway flap. Others from 50¢ up.

\$2.00

(Open model) Buxton's Auto Zip-Tainer in Chameleon Grain Goat. Designed for every car owner—it keeps keys and driving credentials safely together. Golden Guard prevents contents from jamming slide fastener. *Locked Loops*, of course.

50¢

2-loop Key-Tainer in Smooth Cowhide. All Key-Tainers carry Buxton's famous FREE key-return service.

Just snap loop on key, slip loop in Buxton Key-Tainer and your key is locked—there to stay. Yet press the automatic latch, and *both* loop and key may be detached in one motion.

BUXTON

KEY-TAINERS • BILLFOLDS • POCKET CASES

"Leather for the Layman"—booklet—helpful in the selection of fine leatherware. Write for free copy. Buxton, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

YOUR KEYS
ARE SAFE
BECAUSE THEY'RE
Locked in Loops!



X-Ray of the Perfect Christmas Stocking—
containing a RONSON for every smoker on Your Gift List

FLIP—it's lit!
RELEASE—it's out!

Two of many attractive RONSON Pocket Models

Lady's Combination Vanity-Lighter—Cigarette Case

Twenty-case—holds a full pack!

Touch-Tip—and it's lit!

Streamlined TOUCH-TIP Table Lighter

Pencil-Lighter Writes! Lights!

RONSON
WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

Free—
Illustrated Catalog of "What's New in RONSON"
Write for it, giving dealer's name.

ART METAL WORKS, INC.
11 Aranson Square, Newark, N. J.
Canada: DOMINION ART METAL WORKS, Ltd., Toronto
England: RONSON PRODUCTS Ltd., London, W. C. 2

They'll value your RONSON gift as the best money can buy. Every model a handsome, efficient, personal accessory—fine jewelry, built for enduring service. See them at your jeweler, department store or at any store selling fine smokers' articles.

Priced \$3.75 to \$30

Sunken Treasure

By Frank J. Taylor

Frank Griffin watched Chinese shoveling gravel in a California river bed. They were looking for gold; so was Griffin but he saw a more efficient way to snare it. Today a far-flung fleet of gold boats, including the doodlebugs, are fishing out a hundred million dollars' worth of gold annually

FRANK GRIFFIN of San Francisco sat in a Sydney hotel watching a group of eager Australians drop odd-shaped blocks of wood in the hold of a toy airplane, then fish them out again. It was a curious game for grown-up men to be playing, but the prize was worth it—a pot of gold at the end of a rainbow.

It was a complicated rainbow, with one end of the arc deep in the New Guinea jungle.

The pot of gold they craved to recover lay buried beneath the roots of orchids as big as cauliflowers and surrounded by a jungle infested with savage, native head-hunters with cannibalistic leanings. Torrential rainstorms, bursting regularly on the near-by 13,000-foot mountain range, flooded down the slopes, obliterating the white man's efforts to maintain roads.

Via devious and dangerous jungle trails it was a week's journey from the seacoast to the Bulolo gold fields. By air it was fifty-five miles and a forty-minute trip. So near and yet so far to the richest placer gold deposits yet discovered!

"If we can fly a Yank boat in there," exclaimed one of the gold hunters, "it will be jolly well!"

A Yank boat, if you are unfamiliar with the lingo of the gold dredgers, is one of those squat, square, rumbling monsters whose maws burrow a hundred feet or more into the river bottoms to suck placer gold from the gravels.

A Village Jumps a Mountain

In San Francisco, gold-dredge capital of the world, Mr. Griffin is rated as the dean of the gold-boat men. And with justice, too, considering that he originated the modern Yank boat some three decades ago and has been building them bigger and better ever since.

But in all his forty years in the gold-dredge game, Mr. Griffin had never run into a job as complicated as the one the Australians wanted him to tackle; to wit, design a two-and-a-half-million-pound gold dredge that could be flown over a lofty mountain range into the heart of New Guinea!

"It's a damn' crazy idea," he said, "but it might work."

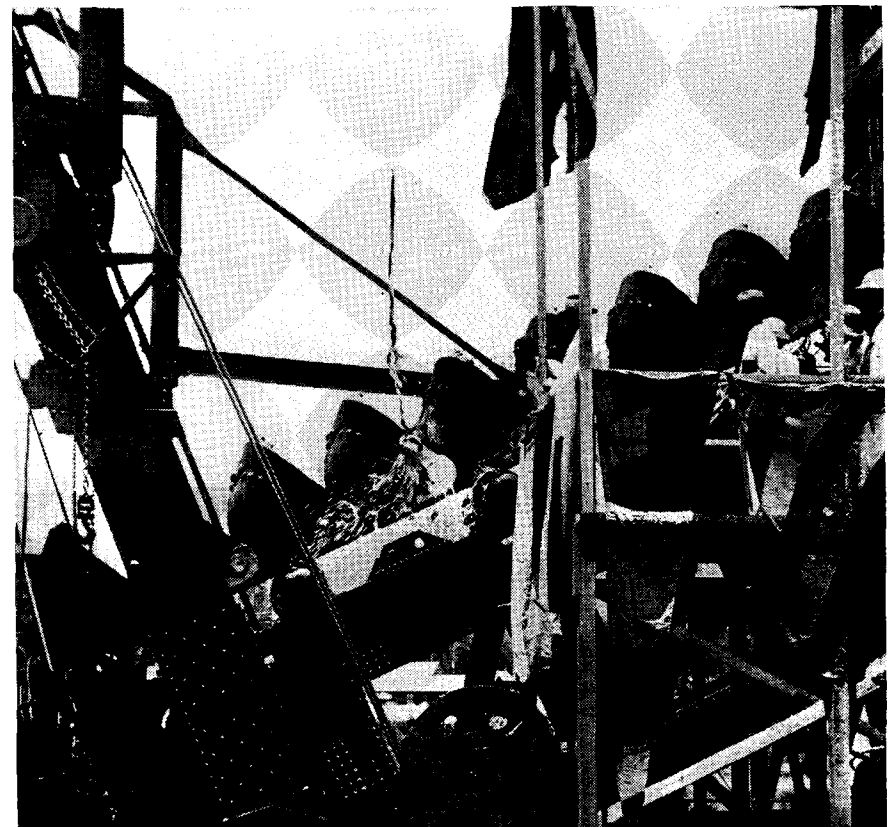
The mining men and the executives of the New Guinea Airways, playing with the blocks on the floor, were giving the crazy idea its final test. The plane model was a faithful replica of the latest Junkers transport, known for its carrying capacity. The wooden blocks were equally faithful models, on the identical scale, of the key parts of a gold dredge redesigned by Mr. Griffin.

"We'll fly anything anywhere, if you'll break it up in small enough pieces," declared the chief pilot.

"How small?"

"Three tons weight. Twenty-three feet maximum length."

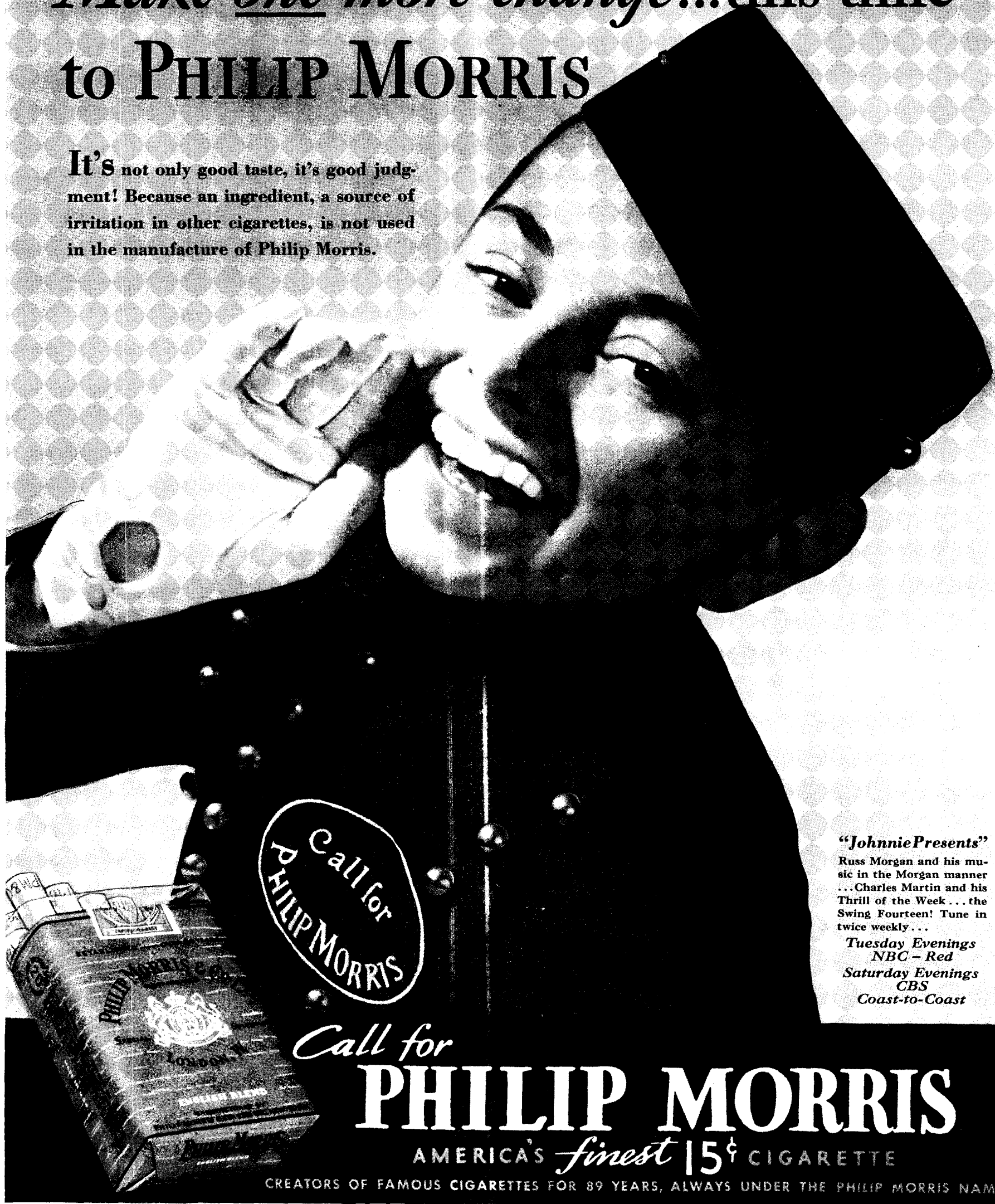
One by one, the models of the dredge



Top, airplane view of the Bulolo gold field in New Guinea, showing the camp and tailings from the dredges. Below, christening one of the "gold boats" at Bulolo. The massive bucket chain lifts the gold-bearing gravel from the river bed. The dredges, as well as the camp itself, were flown in over the mountains

Make one more change... this time to PHILIP MORRIS

It's not only good taste, it's good judgment! Because an ingredient, a source of irritation in other cigarettes, is not used in the manufacture of Philip Morris.



Call for
PHILIP MORRIS

Call for

PHILIP MORRIS

AMERICA'S *finest* 15¢ CIGARETTE

CREATORS OF FAMOUS CIGARETTES FOR 89 YEARS, ALWAYS UNDER THE PHILIP MORRIS NAME

"Johnnie Presents"

Russ Morgan and his music in the Morgan manner ... Charles Martin and his Thrill of the Week ... the Swing Fourteen! Tune in twice weekly ...

*Tuesday Evenings
NBC - Red*

*Saturday Evenings
CBS
Coast-to-Coast*

for low-cost comfort. the SCOUT

FINE FAST SOLID COACH AND TOURIST-SLEEPER TRAIN TO

California



● The Scout's cheerful dining car, for all passengers, serves delicious Fred Harvey meals for only 90c a day. There is also economical a la carte service.



● The courier-nurse, graduate of a leading school of nursing, is ready at all times to assist Scout passengers requiring her free and friendly service.



● The Scout's sleeping cars are air-conditioned, spacious, spotless, and smooth-riding. For the use of their occupants there is also a pleasant club car.



● New stainless steel chair cars, including one solely for women and children, offer deep-cushioned reclining seats, broad windows, and large dressing rooms.

● If economy in travel is an important consideration with you, you'll find the Scout fits ideally into California winter trip planning. For it is the prime purpose of this fine and swift Santa Fe train, daily between Chicago and Los Angeles, to provide the utmost in modern travel comfort and convenience, for the fewest possible dollars.

✓ **NEW LOW FARES TO GRAND CANYON**
The Scout makes convenient connections for Grand Canyon National Park, and Santa Fe now offers this outstanding side trip to its transcontinental patrons at the lowest fares ever — but \$3 for coach passengers, \$5 for tourist-sleeper passengers.

Let our representatives help you plan an economical California trip this winter.

✓ T. B. Gallaher, P.T.M., Santa Fe System Lines
1118 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Ill.
Send ☐ colored picture folder — *The Scout*;
☐ All-expense Winter tours; ☐ Fares

from _____ to _____
Name _____
Address _____

buckets, the sections of the giant bucket ladder, the parts of the revolving separating screen and the gold-washing table, the plates of the steel hull, the shafts, bearings, motors and other essentials of a gold dredge were dropped gingerly into the plane's hold and lifted out again. Every part with the exception of one met the airmen's requirements. That was the upper tumbler shaft, a single casting weighing 6,950 pounds, and the most vital single unit of the dredge. For a time they were stymied. Then the chief pilot spoke up.

"We'll take the job anyway," he said.

"How will you get your ship off the ground with half a ton too much aboard?"

"We'll fly without the reserve gas on that trip," he replied.

Thus was launched one of the most remarkable gold-mining operations in history and probably today's richest gold hunt. Frank Griffin hurried back to San Francisco to assemble the innumerable parts that go into a million-dollar dredge, every item stripped down to a unit of minimum weight.

Feather River Number One

Within eight months he had dumped them on the beach at Lae, on the north coast of the Guinea wilderness, where the aviators had laid out an airport and were waiting with two Junkers transports. Part by part, making six round trips a day, the pair of planes transported not only one 1,200-ton gold dredge but four of them, plus two hydro-electric plants, plus 265 white people, a movie, food, clothing — everything needed in a model mining community in the heart of the jungle, from hairpins for the ladies to cows to give milk for the infants.

Last year the planes brought out 140,000 ounces of jungle gold worth over \$4,800,000.

That explains why Mr. Frank Griffin is assembling right now in San Francisco the stripped-down parts for two more million-dollar gold boats to be dumped on the beach at Lae and flown into the heart of New Guinea.

It is curious how the gold-boat game heads up in San Francisco. In that town you can always buy a gold dredge, or sell one, lease one or swap one. You can always find a man who knows how to run one, and he will pack up his seven things in a hurry to take the next boat to anywhere you have a likely looking placer claim.

Curious, you say? Hasn't San Francisco been a gold-mining mecca since the 'fifties? Right you are. But San Franciscans were hard-rock miners. Plenty of San Francisco fortunes were born in the veins of the Mother Lode.

But suck gold out of the sands? That was a Chin's game. And the Chinks played it until there wasn't a Chinaman's chance left of making a living along the river beds.

It was just about the time the Chinese were giving up the placer-mining game to go into more lucrative laundry or chop-suey businesses that Frank W. Griffin, fresh out of Harvard, arrived to prove his graduation thesis, "The Future of the Gold Dredging Industry."

He watched the Chinese at work in their pits, dug on three levels. One of them shoveled gravel up to another, who in turn hoisted it to a third, who heaved it to the top. These human dredge chains could go down only to water level. The best gold-bearing gravel lay below that. Men had tried for years to devise a machine that could do what the Chinese couldn't.

Then the Diestelhorst brothers built and operated near Marysville a craft with giant spoons that dipped gravel off the river bottom. Later a New Zealander named R. H. Postelthwaite ar-

rived in California with designs for the first successful gold dredge. It was built for W. C. Hammon, an Oroville orchardist, and Captain Thomas Couch. Hammon's money had been made in Pennsylvania oil and Captain Couch's capital came from the Montana mines. No San Franciscan would invest in Feather River Number One.

Young Griffin landed a job on this craft. He worked with D. B. Cameron, a canny Scot shipbuilder who had erected the dredge. Cameron was a natural-born but untrained engineer. He and the young Harvard graduate hit it off from the start. Each had what the other lacked.

Although Feather River Number One lifted gravel successfully from the river bottom, it failed to make the grade on payday.

"The trouble with this dredging business," said Cameron one day, "is that it costs a dollar to get six bits' worth of gold."

"The trouble's in the dredge," replied Griffin. "It doesn't handle gravel fast enough."

The pair undertook to design a gold boat that would handle gravel in pay loads. In place of the link that separated each bucket, they placed another bucket. This continuous chain of buckets doubled the gravel-lifting capacity. So they had to increase the strength of the bucket ladder, use a larger washing table, and provide more power, which they did with variable-speed motors. There were other innovations in this pioneer California-type dredge, the first "Yank boat."

Indiana Number One, as the craft was known, handled gravel profitably from the day it first stuck its nose into the river bottom until it was lost in a flood several years later. The improved dredge started a new industry on its spectacular way, an industry that grew until today gold dredges are recovering over \$100,000,000 a year from the placer beds of the earth.

Plenty of Pitfalls

Year by year the gold boats grew in size and strength. Eventually they were building a monstrous craft weighing almost two thousand tons, costing a million dollars and having an all-over length of five hundred feet from snout to tailing stacker. These giants digested over a million yards of earth a year. Each of the 126 buckets of a gold boat weighed a ton and scooped a yard of gravel at a time. The buckets clipped over the top of the ladder thirty to the minute. And every time the bucket dumped its load the owner of the craft was twenty cents richer. From the hopper, the gravel passed into a huge revolving cylindrical screen which separated fine gold-bearing sand from the rocks and boulders. The tailings rolled out on a belt which moved up the stacker elevator, piling debris 132 feet behind the boat.

As it ate its way across the washes and the meadows, the gold boat made its own pond and left behind the unsightly stacks of rock which in California the highway builders have crushed for use in road construction. Upon the riffles of the washing table the gold dust collected in black sand or amalgam, which was gathered together with the aid of quicksilver. When this was burned in a retort, you had at last what it was all about—shiny little bricks of gold bullion now worth \$35 an ounce at any mint or assay office.

It all sounds quite simple, but there were plenty of pitfalls unless a dredger were wary. The first job was to be sure of the gravel.

"When a man claims he has fifty-cent ground, we think he is crazy," a dredge-man told me, "and if he claims it is

RIGHT UNDER YOUR NOSE!



Do you hunt far and wide for the nearest dealer of an advertised product? Find him the easy way, right under your nose—in your Classified Telephone Directory. Save time and trouble. Use this handy guide when you buy.



FOR EXAMPLE

CLASSIFIED TELEPHONE DIRECTORY

Batteries-Retail-(Cont'd)

USL BATTERIES

USL Dealers are pledged to help you get the most from your present battery regardless of make. Call nearest dealer for prompt, dependable service.



"WHERE TO BUY THEM"

DISTRIBUTOR
Reinhard Bros Co 11 S 9th St. AT lndie-4188
DEALERS
Broadway Auto Elect Co 1217 W. Broadway, NY lnd-1100
Lahr Motor Service 26 S 10th St. BR lnd-3161
New Downtown Garage The 110 N 3rd St. BR lnd-3161
Dakes & Moser Garage 842 Lower 4th St. BR lnd-3161
Stevens Garage 814 W 4th St. BR lnd-3161

worth a dollar a yard, we know he's crazy."

Nevertheless, fifty-cent gravel has been found, notably in Alaska and New Guinea. In most placer fields twenty- to thirty-cent gravel is considered fancy indeed. Even twelve-cent gravel can be handled profitably.

Before he starts work on his dredge, the gold-boat engineer drills holes to bedrock every few hundred feet across the prospective placer area. He saves the contents of the holes, measures it, then washes it for gold. When the gravels show no gold content, he knows that he is out of bounds. By taking an average yield of all of the test holes a dredger can calculate how much gold there is awaiting recovery in the area covered by his claim.

Dredgemen think their game is still in its infancy. There are still seven billion cubic yards of unwashed gold-bearing gravels at the base of the Mother Lode in California alone. These are the state mineralogists' figures and they don't include the placer areas at the northern and southern tips of the state. At the new gold prices, these gravels yield around twenty cents a yard, which is another way of saying that there is still a billion and a half dollars' worth of gold lying there at the base of Sierra Nevada waiting for someone to come and get it.

Montana's gravels are almost as plentiful and rich as California's; Alaska's are richer per yard and just as extensive. Idaho has a nice big bed of gold-bearing gravel and so have Colorado and Nevada. Some of the dredging experts look for a revival of mining throughout the South, notably in Georgia and the Virginias, where gold mining first started in this country a century ago.

When the depression folded up a good many Western road-building concerns five years back, some of the contractors turned to gold mining as a means of keeping their steam shovels, draglines, tractors and trucks busy. Dredging was a natural for the construction men with their earth-moving machinery.

Many and ingenious were the home-made outfits that sprang up almost overnight along the gold-bearing streams of the West.

Gold Locked in Ice

Veteran gold-boat men laughed at these contraptions and called them "doodlebugs." But the smiles slipped off their faces when the doodlebug owners were seen carrying their bullion regularly to the assay offices. The old-timers in the business were accustomed to working in millions of cubic yards and had overlooked the fact that some of the richest gravels were those in the pockets tucked away in the bends of canyons where a standard gold boat could never maneuver.

Some of the richest of Alaska's placer beds lie in the upper Yukon Valley, well inside the Arctic Circle. They are covered with frozen moss and tundra and the gravels themselves are frozen solid. To root into the solid ice is about as soft a job as burrowing into concrete. No dredge bucket yet devised is able to stand the gaff.

Yet, there was the gold locked up in the ice. A lot of it was fifty-cent gravel, too, justifying extra expense in recovering the gold. So the dredgemen drilled holes in the icy tundra, pushed down pipes and shot steam into the frozen gravel.

It was a costly operation. The steam condensed and froze before the gravel thawed. So they went to the other extreme of draining cold water through the gravel. The cold-thaw system was much slower but more effective. It takes two years of pumping cold water

into the frozen gravel before it is loose enough for the dredge buckets to start scooping.

But that's the score in the gold-boat game in the Yukon. The dredging season is six months. Sometimes that can be stretched a few days by lining the bucket ladders, the washing table and other moist parts of the dredge with steam pipes to head off the icicles which stop the machinery.

Around Nome, the placer beds are out on the beaches. In that neighborhood, the ocean has built up three beaches, one still used by the breakers, and two others that are high and dry. The second and third are the ones that yield the gold, and the only ones on which it is practical to operate for the reason that tides and waves play havoc with a gold boat. If your boat isn't steady, the washing table goes askew and the riffles fail to catch the gold.

A Flood of Platinum

Which recalls one of the pipe dreams of the gold dredgers—namely, how to recover gold from the ocean and the beaches. It has long been known that Father Neptune is the world's greatest hoarder of gold. Scientists say there are ten million tons of gold in the Seven Seas. That's \$8,400,000,000,000 (over eight million millions) worth at current prices.

But no dredger has figured out a way to get it, except on the two surplus beaches at Nome. The reason is that sea gold has been hammered so fine that it clings to grains of sand like gold leaf on a plate-glass window. The Nome beach gold escaped this battering, having been washed down by the Yukon in its ancient meanderings.

Every so often gold boats figure unexpectedly in international affairs and sometimes they upset the applecart. One day a party of Russian engineers arrived in San Francisco to order five gold dredges. They were representing, they said, the Ural Platinum Trust. The Soviet government was embarking on a Five-Year Plan to put Russian industry on its feet. The U. S. S. R. craved to mine quantities of platinum and gold from the Lena and Amur rivers to provide a credit for the purchase of foreign machinery.

As a result of this visit, five large gold dredges were assembled at San Francisco, shipped across the Pacific to Vladivostok, reloaded on the Trans-Siberian Railway bound for the Urals. Several American dredgemen accompanied them to set up the boats and show the Russians how to run them. And did the Russians run them? They dredged so recklessly that platinum, which had been selling for \$128 an ounce, fell off in the world's market to forty-eight dollars.

There were repercussions around the world. In Paris, New York, Hollywood, London, Shanghai, Buenos Aires—in fact, wherever jewelry was made and sold—the vogue for platinum jewelry, hitherto highly prized, ended almost overnight. Who wanted platinum jewelry if it were cheap?

"If orchids sold for fifty cents a dozen, nobody would want orchids," remarked a dredgeman who worked on the Ural job. Then he brightened.

"Speaking of orchids," he said, "down at Bulolo you could step off the boat and pick orchids as big as cauliflowers. Any quantity of them. Gorgeous. All colors. The women would go nuts about them over here. They would be worth their weight in gold."

"Why don't you figure out a way to get some of them out of New Guinea?" I asked.

"Yeah, and break the market," he scoffed. "Listen, brother, the only thing you can't get too much of is gold."



Prevent cold weather battery trouble . . . see your USL Dealer now!

Many thousands of batteries will suddenly "die" during the wintry days just ahead. Yours can easily be one of them. But if you act now, chances are you can forestall trouble, and add months of life to your battery.

See your neighborhood USL dealer. He knows how to prolong your battery's life. He offers this service free on all makes. Better see him TODAY. Tomorrow may be too late.

When the time comes that you need a new battery, he can show you why the new USL Power-Sealed battery has made terminal corrosion a thing of the past . . . why it gives **MORE** power—**QUICKER** starting—**LONGER** service—better all-around car performance at no extra cost.

There is a USL Battery for every class of service . . . power control, material handling, communication, railway car-lighting and air-conditioning, Diesel power, industrial trucks, farm lighting and marine.

USL BATTERY CORPORATION

Niagara Falls, N. Y.—Oakland, Cal.—Oklahoma City, Okla.—Toronto, Ont.

(A Division of The Electric Auto-Lite Co.)



**NO PARTY'S
WORTH THE
WAY I'LL FEEL
TOMORROW!**



AT BEDTIME



NEXT MORNING



BEFORE and AFTER way

Bromo-Seltzer before bedtime counteracts the CAUSES of morning-after. Another Bromo-Seltzer after waking relieves effects of fatigue from late hours.

Bromo-Seltzer clears the head, settles the stomach, soothes the nerves, ALKALIZES... reduces excess acids due to overindulgence. It helps you PREVENT—or STOP—morning-after.

At all drugstores—soda fountains. Keep handy at home, too!



BROMO-SELTZER

Alkalizes—Makes you feel fit FASTER!

It seemed, Messer Marco reflected, that he had been well tricked by a sweet wanton. Soon it would be known that he had bought the ruby of Ceylon at a terrifying price, and he had nothing to show for it but this flawed monstrosity. Worse, he could not explain how the ruby had been stolen.

It had been there, on the table under his hand, and it had changed into the false stone. And the only witness of his folly was a maiden from the Treasury of Kublai Khan, whose presence might not be mentioned.

Below him, he heard a silvery chime. That would be the silver ball dropping in the water clock, at the beginning of the first hour of the night. As he had done so often in these years of labor, Messer Marco looked past the gilded roof of the palace, to the black summit of the tower of the astrologers.

"Send Kao Hoshang to me," he ordered his servants, who had been rendered curious by his silence.

ALAI had not crossed the courtyard. She was hurrying toward the nearest door when a man with a shaven skull looked at her twice and stopped her. A gold tablet glinted upon a chain at his throat.

"Kai, little flower," he said, "do you run after the sun?"

Impassive as a doll she stood, but she could not hide the flush that darkened her face.

"No slave art thou," he snarled. "Wait!"

His fingers twisted in her long sleeve, as careless steps came toward them. Two staff bearers passed by, and then Alai dropped to her knees, trying to press her forehead against the floor. But the officer's hand restrained her.

A tall figure gleamed in heavy cloth of gold. A heavy head turned toward her curiously.

"May it please the Shadow of the Throne," whispered the man who held her, "here is a little night bird escaped from the Treasury."

The man in gold considered her. His fingers twisted through his black beard.

"Forgive," Alai breathed, "so that I may live. Alas, I wanted only to hear the voice of the barbarian lord whose eyes are kind."

"A pity," The Shadow of the Throne meditated. "If this is known, the Tartars will throw you from a tower, or perhaps ride their horses over you, little flower. You knew the punishment for setting foot beyond the Treasury."

"I am going back—"

"To the hands of the guards?" The man in gold bent over her. "Nay, that you may not do. For we have been seen talking here, and now must I know thy name."

"It is Alai," whispered the shaven skull, "surnamed Precious Pearl, a candidate concubine." He parted the folds of her gray robe. "Will the Shadow of the Throne look?"

Both men glanced curiously at the dragon embroidered on white floss silk—at the emblem of Kublai Khan. They could not remember a woman who had dared, before now, to venture from the inner palace. And it was the duty of the shaven skull to know such things.

"Yet," he of the gold robe whispered, "will I have pity on you, Alai. At the third hour of the night, at full starlight, come to my door beyond the lake. Come with your face hidden, and ask for Ahmed the Compassionate." He smiled. "I can protect one who pleases me."

"Ay, lord."

"And after the third hour of the

Sleeping Lion

Continued from page 23

night," the one called Ahmed added, "I will announce that the girl Alai was seen at the door of the Lord Po-lo."

When the men had gone on, Alai wandered out to the fountain veiled in twilight. She heard the silver ball fall in the water clock, sounding the first hour of the night. Since no one heeded a girl without covering for her hair, she could sit quietly on the marble walk by the water, and think.

Ahmed the Persian, she knew, could do what he said. The Minister of the Throne was also master of the Treasury; he had brought uncounted riches to the feet of the Tartar emperor. When he urged a matter upon Kublai, the great Khan always replied, "Do as you think right."

Wealth flowed into the coffers of the Minister as well as the Khan—for those who made a present to Kublai remembered to make a gift also to the Shadow of the Throne. Ivory of the elephant people of Mien, jade from the sandy rivers of Khoten, beaten gold from Hind. But the gift that pleased Ahmed most was a woman of new beauty.

Never, however, Alai reflected, had even Ahmed dared to think of possessing a woman who had entered the Khan's Treasury. At the step behind her, she looked up.

"Hai—Hoshang!" she called softly. The stout astrologer who was padding by stopped. His gnome's head, reeking of wine, peered down.

"O magic an," she begged, feeling at that moment helpless to do anything for herself, "you have skill to change the shapes of things. Can you make me invisible so that I may pass through gates unseen?"

"I can make a mountain invisible," he croaked.

"How?"

"By looking the other way," he snarled, and would have gone on. But she held to the skirt of his robe.

"Let me go with you, Master of Wisdom."

"Try your tricks on a greater fool," Hoshang reeled. "Nay, I go to the barbarian Po-lo, who counts his money with both hands." He spat.

Still she held fast to his robe.

"Why are you frightened?" Hoshang asked hoarsely. "This night unwonted things will happen. So the stars pro-

claim, at the appearance of the first moon of the new year. Kai—look!"

He pointed at the faint curve of silvery light above the last of the sunset glow. When she peered up at the new moon, he moved away noiselessly. But Alai followed.

She had seen Marco Polo within arm's reach. Hard he might be as unbending bronze, sitting in his counting room, yet she thought he would be more kind than the mighty Ahmed, or the catlike astrologer.

As she left the fountain, the dripping water clock chimed twice.

HEARING the slap-slap of Hoshang's sandals, Marco Polo looked up.

"Long life," Hoshang kowtowed with a stagger. "May the great far-wandering lord live to see the sons of his sons—"

"Be still! Why were you so long in coming?"

"I stayed to speak," Hoshang admitted blandly, "to this girl."

Messer Marco moved impatiently, his dark eyes appraising the astrologer as if he were doubtful merchandise. He judged that Hoshang was a very skilled magician—at the Khan's feasts, he had watched Hoshang make a goblet filled with wine move along the table to the Khan's hand, without spilling the wine. A charlatan who could do that trick might also make a ruby disappear, and a false one take its place. "I've seen," he said, "a vanishing that could not be."

And he told Hoshang how the ruby had gone from beneath his fingers.

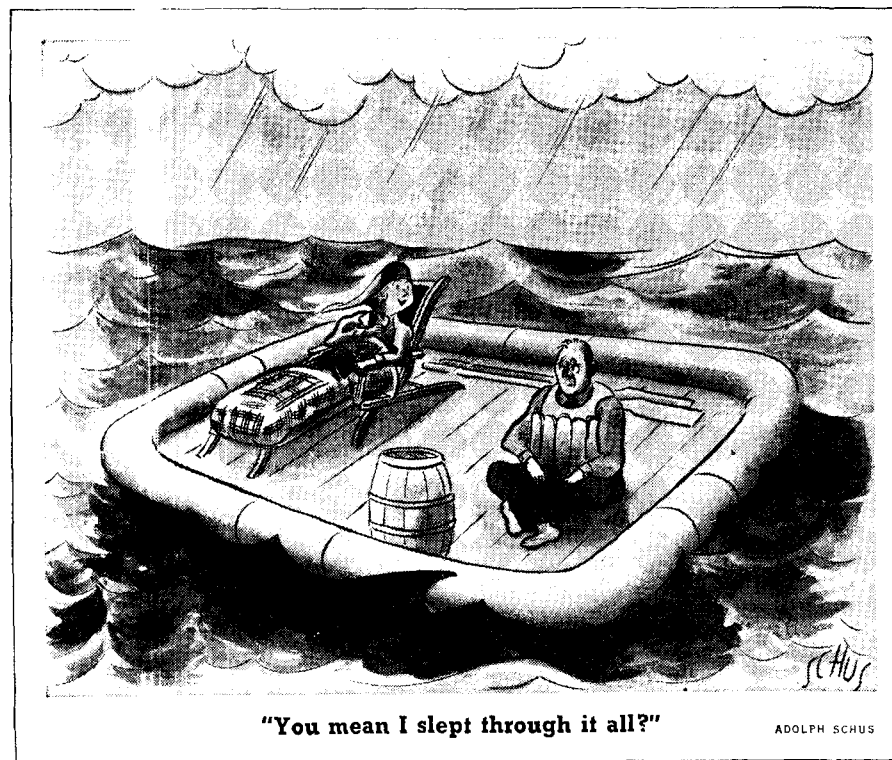
"That could be," the astrologer muttered. "Ay, that could be. You looked at something shining, something that moved?"

Messer Marco considered carefully. "Yes—at the wine in the bowl that girl held." He glanced thoughtfully at Alai who had remained standing by the curtain. "And then at the ruby—the false ruby."

"And thou, ignoble one," Hoshang snarled at the girl, "what didst thou see?"

"Only Lord Po-lo," Alai answered. "And the fire of the setting sun."

"Ay, so. It was simply done, Lord Po-lo. Do not blame the girl. You frightened her, and ran after her. And when you did that you left the great



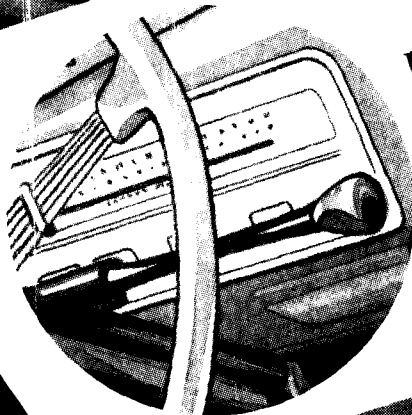
ADOLPH SCHUS

1938

SILVER STREAK

PONTIAC

THE FIRST AND ONLY
LOW-PRICED CAR WITH
**SAFETY SHIFT
GEAR CONTROL***



GENERAL MOTORS TERMS TO SUIT YOUR PURSE

FOR *Ease of Control* ALONE—THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING ON WHEELS
AGAIN OUTVALUES THEM ALL !

S It's *new*—no car has ever had it; no *other* low-priced car has it now. It's *safe*—gears cannot shift accidentally; you drive with both hands always near the wheel. It's *easy*—you shift with the finger-tip; you don't need to bend. It's *simple*—nothing can get out of order; there's nothing new to learn. And it clears the front floor completely! That's *Safety Shift Gear Control**—the sensational new feature America calls the greatest driving aid since the

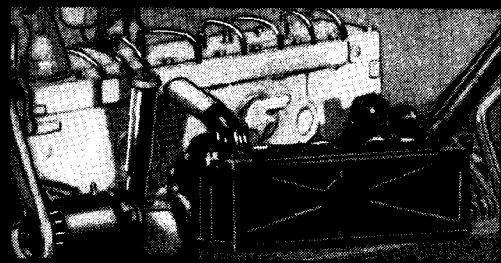
*Optional at slight extra cost.

self-starter. Alone, it is reason enough to win you to Pontiac. But it is added to a feature list including Unisteel Bodies by Fisher, triple-sealed hydraulic brakes, Knee-Action, and incredible economy. Drive the big Pontiac, test the new shift and *prove* that the most beautiful thing on wheels again outvalues them all!

TWO GREAT RADIO PROGRAMS: "News Through a Woman's Eyes" every Mon., Wed., and Fri. at 2 p.m., E.S.T., Columbia Network. "Varsity Show"—direct from the leading college campuses every Friday night, NBC Blue Network at 9 p.m., E.S.T., 8 p.m., C.S.T., 7 p.m., M.S.T., 6 p.m., P.S.T. TUNE IN!

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION, General Motors Sales Corporation, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

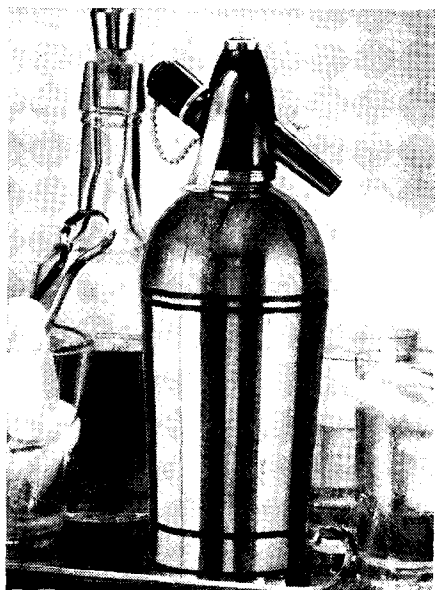
CONVENIENT BATTERY LOCATION



SAVES TIME AND TROUBLE

Now you can give your battery the attention it needs as easily as getting gas. Pontiac locates the battery in plain sight under the hood where it is safe and dry and simple to service.

BETTER LOOKING • BETTER BUILT • A BETTER BUY



FOR ANY MAN WHO LIKES A HIGHBALL!

Here's masculine gift inspiration—the handsome, handy, thrifty SPARKLET SYPHON! Actually, it makes its own sparkling water for about 8¢ a quart. And it saves the bother of bottle deposits and returns. Give a SPARKLET SYPHON to every highball sipper on your list. And get one for yourself. At drug, department or houseware stores and most good specialty and gift shops.

New Streamline Syphon with 5 refills: Enamel finish \$5.95; Chromium or Copper finish \$6.95. Refill bulbs for charging the syphon: Box of 5 for 45¢, 10 for 85¢, 25 for \$1.95.

The SPARKLET SYPHON

"Highlight of gifts for 1937!"

Amazing Value—Unequaled For All-Around Service
Regular \$2.50 Value **INKOGRAPH NOW \$1.00 ONLY**

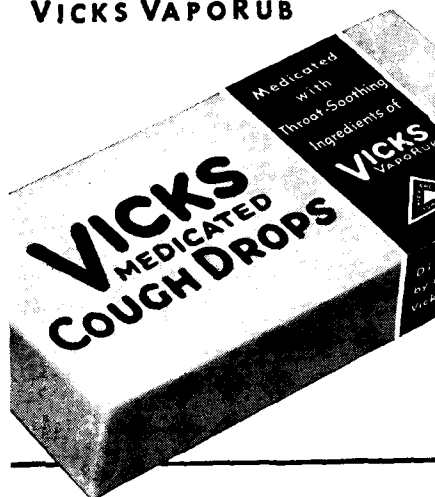
14 Kt. Solid Gold Point and Feed

Writes as smoothly as a soft lead pencil on any quality of paper. Makes answering of correspondence a pleasure instead of a task. Unlike a fountain pen it suits any hand, you can loan it freely—hard pressure or different styles of writing cannot bend, spread or distort the point. Incomparable for making carbon copies with original in ink. Draws lines to ruler without smudge or blot.

At leading Stationers, Drug & Dept. Stores, and all Liggett and Whelan Drug Stores. If not obtainable, sent direct for \$1.00. If not convinced that it is worth five times the price paid and is not more satisfactory than any fountain pen you ever used, return it within 10 days and refund will be made promptly and without question.
INKOGRAPH CO., INC. 196 Hudson St. New York City

Actually

MEDICATED WITH
THROAT-SOOTHING
INGREDIENTS OF
VICKS VAPORUB



ruby of Ceylon uncovered on this table in this empty room."

"Nay," Marco shook his head. "I left the false ruby here. This one."

Hoshang nodded solemnly at the flawed Balas stone. "Ay, so you thought, Lord Po-lo—"

"I saw it."

"Ay, you saw it, when the glow of the sun was upon it, and its shape was a little blurred because drowsiness filled your mind. Nay, it was the thought of the thief, working into your mind. The thief who crouched on the balcony by the window, who came in and snatched the ruby of Ceylon, leaving this in its place—"

"Lies! How could another's thought come into my mind?"

"Oh, easily. Our children—" Hoshang's eyes gleamed suddenly—"play at that."

Drawing a deep breath Marco rose. In the courtyard below sounded three silvery chimes. Alai started, shrinking back from the light.

"Tonight," Hoshang muttered, "is not as other nights. The Sant'ai stars of the great Bear are threefold bright, and a burning star fell. So is a prophecy made clear." He took a roll of silk paper from his sleeve. "When He Who Sleeps shall awake," he read, "the Mightiest of Men shall die."

"And who," Marco asked, "is the mightiest of men?"

"Alas," sighed the astrologer, "we may not know, until it is revealed."

Marco Polo decided that the old astrologer must know of a plotting in the palace which would come to a head that night. Evidently Hoshang was disturbed, because he had been drinking.

"O soothsayer," Marco demanded, "if you are so wise, tell me who stole the ruby of Ceylon."

"It would be easier to find a fish escaped into the sea."

"Yet I can tell you what he is like."

Messer Marco thought for a moment, while Hoshang listened skeptically. "He would be a man of power in Cambalu, to dare such a thing. He would be an officer of the palace, since he knew that I had been sent to Ceylon for the ruby. Ay—and he would have a collection of rare precious stones—because he'd crave the ruby for its own sake. He could not sell the Khan's ruby in Cathay."

"Kai!" Hoshang's eyes opened in surprise. The matter-of-fact logic of the West had no place in his tortuous mind.

"What officer of the Throne," Marco went on, "would answer to that description?"

Hoshang chuckled. "You, Lord Po-lo!"

FOR an instant the Venetian was taken aback. "There's more," he pointed out grimly. "Who would have a sorcerer to serve him—such as thou? And who could command a girl of the Treasury to beguile me—a girl such as this one? To amuse me while his thief stole in."

"Fool," said Alai, lifting her head. "Barbarian, blind as a buffalo tied to a well sweep! I came to warn you."

"Why?"

"I thought," she said quietly, "that I loved you. When first I came to Cambalu, I was lonely, and grieving. I watched from the lattice of my window—and you were unlike the men of Cathay. You feared no one, and you laughed merrily."

Messer Marco shook his head.

"I think Ahmed sent you," he remarked, "and I think Ahmed has the ruby of Ceylon."

He stretched his long arms, rising from the table. Thrusting aside the worthless Balas stone, he went to the wall where an old coat hung, a padded khalat that he put on at times when the room was cold. It was worn and ugly and covered with dust.

"The night air is cold," he said carelessly—even while his fingers ran over tears in the lining of the coat that had been carefully sewn.

Hidden beneath those tears in the thick wool padding were pearls and sapphires enough to fill his two cupped hands. Marco had selected them with care, hiding them one by one until he had an emperor's ransom in this old coat that nobody heeded.

He had done so against the time when he might need to ride from Cathay. And now, he decided, that time had come. He had lost the ruby of Ceylon, and how could he explain that loss to Kublai, when the Khan returned?

When he slipped his arms into the sleeves, Alai came to his side.

"What will you do, Lord Po-lo?" she asked anxiously.

"I must see to some—merchandise."

"You are going away!" she cried.

"You must not. If you leave Cambalu the Shadow of the Throne will say that you have taken the ruby with you."

Let him say that, Messer Marco thought, after I am gone. Brushing Alai aside he went to the curtain, and paused as a babble of voices rose beyond it. His servants pushed in, chattering, but keeping well away from an officer with a shaven skull who wore a gold tablet at his throat. A dozen lantern bearers and swordsmen followed him. Marco recognized the Great Quieter, who was Ahmed's torturer. T'ai wei, the Cathayans called him.

"Long life," said the T'ai wei amiably. "Alas that I must intrude upon the threshold of the Lord Po-lo. Yet it is reported that a candidate concubine has been seen outside the doors of the Treasury."

Messer Marco looked over his shoulders. Hoshang had vanished—probably out upon the balcony. But Alai stood by the table, and her eyes touched his once, fearfully.

"By what authority," he asked, "do you cross my threshold?"

The T'ai wei touched the gold tablet at his throat, and his eyes were insolent. "By the order—" and he kowtowed thrice—"of the Minister Ahmed."

"I think," Messer Marco said thoughtfully, "this is the second time you have stolen into my rooms. I think you are a thief, without a single honorable characteristic."

The face of the T'ai wei darkened, and his mouth remained open.

"The first time," Marco went on, "you left something behind you."

Swiftly the shaven man glanced toward the girl, and away. Alai, watching him, her hands clenched against her sides, saw him ponder. He had been disgraced before his attendants.

"Go quietly," Marco prodded him, "and the next time bring a little courage with you."

But the shaven man sidled away quickly, his attendants following, while Marco's servants made way for them.

"Whatever you may be," Marco said to the girl, "I'll not have Ahmed take you from my house. Unless," he added, "you wish it."

Silently she shook her head. "Now I have no place to go, Lord Po-lo. And within the half of an hour Ahmed will be here with his people."

"Time enough," said Messer Marco, knotting the scarf about his hips. "You'll come with me."

HE CAUGHT up a curved blade of Zipangu steel and thrust it into his girdle, blowing out the candle as he did so. Then he caught up the slender girl, and carried her out to the balcony.

As he dropped to the stones of the pavement, a shadow detached itself from the wall. Marco turned, feeling for his sword, when the shadow whispered plaintively: "What are you doing, Lord Po-lo? They are watching us."

It was old Hoshang, quite sober now. Marco could see no one else near him.

"Faith," he said, "the bold trick is best. We'll walk out of here and see who follows us."

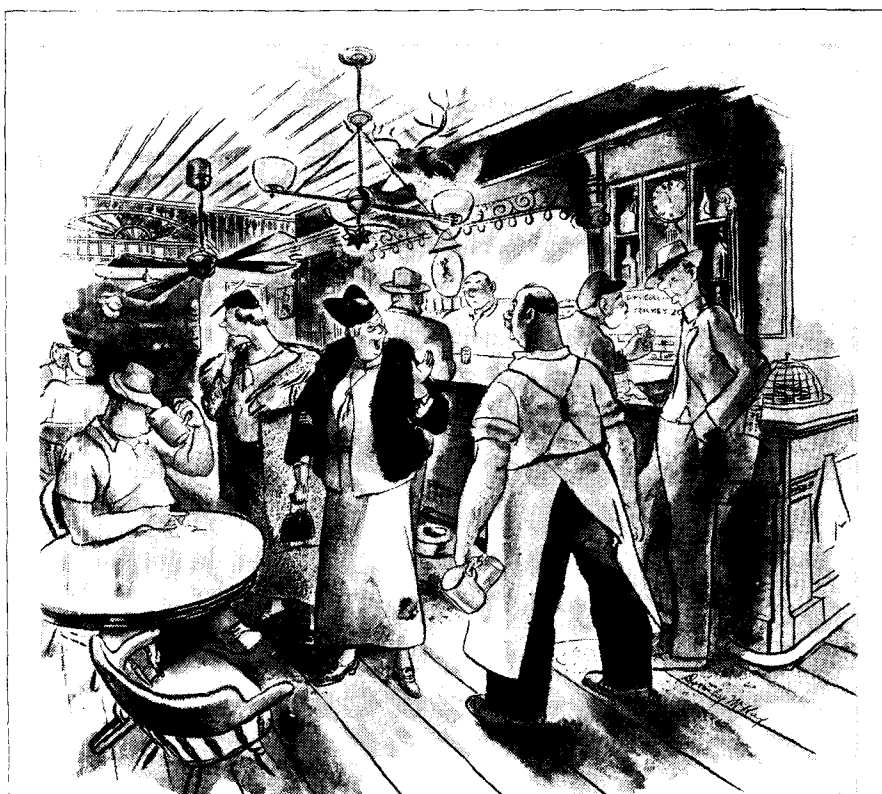
Taking Hoshang's arm, he strode toward the courtyard entrance, Alai following with lowered head. The slaves and light bearers at the gate merely glanced up casually at them.

Clear of the inner palace, Marco turned to the right, toward the lake where white swans floated drowsily. He had gone a bowshot when, looking back over his shoulder, he saw a lantern following, and the figures of men about it. Another light hurried up to join the first.

"Alas," Hoshang moaned, "did not the stars foretell misfortune?"

"No!" the girl cried. "There is only one place for us now. Come quickly!"

Marco saw now what Alai meant to



"Don't mind us—we're slumming!"

DOROTHY MC KAY

NOBODY WILL BELIEVE IT COSTS SO LITTLE!

Actually... it costs but little more than the lowest-priced cars... and it's the Official U. S. Economy Champion*



It's So Big, So Distinctive, So Luxurious, That Everybody Thinks It's An Expensive Car!

Just look at that big, handsome automobile in the picture! The new 120-inch wheelbase Graham. No wonder people say "it looks like a rich man's luxury!" There never was a car like this before.

And wait till you drive this fleet-footed, clean-limbed thoroughbred! Then, more than ever, you'll think it "costs a fortune." For here's a *brand* of performance that puts ordinary cars to shame. 90 surging horsepower in the SPECIAL... 116 "horses" in the SUPER-

stripped of dead-weight... it's alive with power! Far faster acceleration! You'll never know a Graham's top performance.

Step inside this car. Deep, soft seats, 57 inches wide. Plenty of headroom and legroom. The instrument panel, the wheel are a striking new style innovation. The new Vacuumatic Gear Shift (optional equipment) clears the front compartment. Everything about this car is so luxurious—you just can't believe it's priced so low.

Here's another astonishing fact. Despite its low price we honestly believe that Graham is the safest car in America today. You get Safety-Doors, Safety-Step running boards, recessed instrument panel controls, safety glass, over-

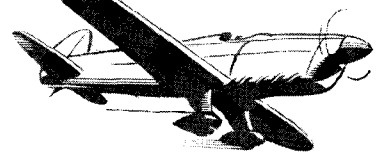
sized hydraulic brakes, all steel bodies, wider rear tread. What other car gives you all these?

But here's the biggest surprise of the year. Graham not only costs just a little more than the lowest but it actually costs even less to run than many of today's small cars. Graham holds the Official U. S. Economy Championship—23.95 miles on a gallon of gasoline. Why wait! Here's the *kind* of car you've always wanted to own!

ONLY A LITTLE MORE THAN THE LOWEST!

Ask your dealer for the price of the big 120-inch wheelbase Graham *delivered right in your own town*. You'll be amazed. Now just a little more than the lowest! Easy payment plans. Over-drive Transmission now optional on all models.

***SUPERCHARGER!**



An Engineering Marvel That Slashes Driving Costs!

ONLY THE SUPERCHARGER, pioneered 5 years ago by Graham, proved in over 100 million miles of service, can offer the combination of

1. SUPER-ACCELERATION! Far faster pick-up at all speeds—even from 50 m.p.h. and up, where ordinary engines become sluggish.

2. LOW FUEL CONSUMPTION! Burns more air—less gasoline, resulting in the greatest economy per horsepower of any automobile in the world, by actual proved tests.

Winner of the Official U. S. Economy Championship in 1936 and 1937, Graham holds the official, unbeaten record—23.95 miles per gallon. Another triumph for Graham engineers who have pioneered so many important automotive developments in the industry.

GRAHAM

The Luxury Car in the Low-Priced Field!



ENJOY *Double*
WHISKY VALUE

**BOTTOMS UP GIVES YOU BOTH
FOR THE PRICE OF ONE**

**1. Extra Richness
of "Slow Mash"**

That Takes More Time
and Grain to Make

90
PROOF

**2. Quality
Kentucky Whisky**

Made as Brown-Forman
Makes It

**A Kentucky Luxury
Within Reach of All**

"SLOW MASH"
Bottoms Up
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY

Brown-Forman Distillery Company, Louisville, Kentucky • Since 1870

A BROWN-FORMAN QUALITY PRODUCT

do. If they could gain the dense tree growth of that hill Kublai Khan had made as a rest place, they might escape the trackers at their heels. Might make their way out of Cambalu. But he wondered, as he ran, how Alai knew the outer grounds of the palace so well.

They were almost at the hill when they were seen. Out of a pagoda beside them a lantern appeared, swinging high. It flashed on the bronze helmets and spear tips of Tartar guards, whose heads peered after them curiously.

Alai ran on, plunging into the fir branches. Taking Marco's hand, she felt her way through the trees until they came to the steps of a path, and waited for the panting Hoshang.

"How foolish it is," the astrologer complained, "to try to run from our destiny."

He pointed behind him. Into the edge of the wood lights were advancing—torches in the hands of Persians. Marco saw the shaven skull of the T'ai wei, the lacquered armor of a Tartar captain of a hundred, and the gleaming cloth-of-gold that covered Ahmed himself. Staff bearers beat the brush as they advanced.

"Come!" the girl cried, and turned to go up the path.

AT THE summit of the hill the clear sky showed overhead. Marco's feet caught in a tangle of wild flowers, and he saw a stone hut before him. Only when he touched it did he know that it was smooth jade.

Out of its black entrance two yellow eyes gleamed, moving restlessly. Small feet scraped toward him, and into the starlight came a dwarf, holding to the collar of a spotted leopard. Alai paid no heed to beast or gnome.

"Kneel," she whispered to Messer Marco, "and be silent."

She pushed him into the entrance, and he felt her kneel on the rushes of the floor. Her body quivered against his hip, and he heard a slow, heavy breathing in the darkness.

Behind him, the glare of torches grew stronger; the searchers were closing in on the house in a half circle. Already Marco could see a white shape against the inner wall.

"Do not move," Alai breathed, "do not speak—"

But Marco turned, drawing his sword. And Ahmed, shading his eyes, shouted exultantly. "The thieving fox is run to earth! Take him, and bind him!"

That, Messer Marco thought, they would not do. He had no mind to be given to the mercies of the T'ai wei.

The Minister's golden robe swished as he put one foot over the threshold. He thrust Alai out of his way, and stopped as if he had been struck. His bearded lips opened and the blood drained from his cheeks. Behind him the Tartar captain grunted, and one of the torches fell, hissing.

"Kneel and give reverence!" the Tartar shouted. "Bow, and adore!"

Inside the room a man was sitting up drowsily on the couch against the wall. He wore a rumpled cotton robe, and his dark eyes blinked at the lights. His round good-humored face was framed in a white felt headcloth.

"What are you hunting, Ahmed?" he asked.

A sigh like the night breeze went through the men at the entrance, and they flung themselves on their faces. For the man on the couch was Kublai Khan, Lord of the Earth, who had gone off to hunt by Shang-tu.

"A fox," Kublai asked again, yawning.

"May it please the Son of Heaven," Ahmed began, the color coming back into his cheeks, "I did not know—why, it was a thief." His voice was firm, eloquent again as he rose from his prostration and stood with folded hands.

Kublai's meditative eyes dwelt on the girl who lay with her fingers outstretched to his feet. "You brought them here, Precious Pearl?"

She raised her head. "Ay, lord of my life."

Then Marco saw beside Kublai's couch a tray like the one Alai had brought to his room bearing sweetmeats.

"I trusted you—once." The drowsiness was gone from the Tartar's voice. He turned suddenly upon Marco Polo.

"Eh, Polo, what brings you here?"

Messer Marco smiled, letting fall the sword in his hand. "Like Ahmed, I am hunting a thief."

"Aforetime," Kublai remarked calmly, "you spoke true words." He considered, running his fingers through Alai's dark hair. And the girl watched him with adoration. "Listen now to what is in my mind."

They were motionless as statues. The anger had gone out of Ahmed, and the arrogance from the T'ai wei. Only the dwarf stirred, handing his master a wooden staff which Kublai took with the trace of a smile.

"I did not go," said Kublai, "to Shang-tu, to hunt. Thither went my son the prince with the horde of Tartar horse, but not I. By night, alone with this twain—he glanced at the dwarf and the leopard—secretly at night I came back to the Green Mount of my palace, to hunt another thing."

Kublai sighed, for he loved to ride afield with his falcons. "For many moons I felt that a snake was coiling itself in my palace. I did not know what manner of snake it was. I did not see it, yet I felt the poison of its fangs. Men whispered together, conspiring—wealth was taken from innocent people—girls of honorable families disappeared. Even the stars—he glanced briefly at Hoshang quivering against the wall—"foretold evil. So I came here to watch if the snake would come out of its hole, so that I might know it."

He touched Alai's head. "Only this child knew where I was. She brought me food each day." He considered for a moment. "Perhaps the snake has come out of its hole."

Quickly he spoke to Marco Polo. "Did you bring me the most precious of all things, the ruby of Ceylon?"

"Ay, Lord of the Earth."

"Where is it?"

"It was stolen—"

"Here? In Cambalu?"

"Ay, within the palace."

Kublai's eyes flashed. "How?"

MARCO POLO hesitated, knowing the futility of an explanation, before the rising anger of the old Tartar. A bold stroke would be best. "When I have found the thief, then will I know how it was done."

And Ahmed, seeing his opportunity, stepped forward. "But I know how. This barbarian left a worthless flawed stone in his counting room." The Persian's modulated voice wove a spell upon the listeners. "Then, at the third hour of the night he fled, disguised in this unsightly coat." Triumphant he touched the Venetian's quilted khalat. "Let the Khan give command to rip open his coat, and behold what he has stolen—"

Something bright whipped past Marco's eyes. There was a sound like a stone striking rotten wood. And Ahmed flung out his arms.

The Persian's knee collapsed, and he writhed on the floor, without a sound, his hands tearing at his beard. Under his chin protruded the handle of a knife.

Kublai stared down at the dying man, and his face hardened to iron. Alai whimpered softly. The Tartar guards drew their curved swords and came forward, peering from face to face. Marco wondered who had thrown the knife from behind him. That man would not

be long in his skin, nor would he, Marco Polo, live another hour, unless—

"Hai!" he shouted. "The snake has come out of his hole, and is slain."

He thrust aside the T'ai wei, who was bending over Ahmed's gleaming body. And he pulled from Ahmed's girdle the rolled paper that the T'ai wei had been fumbling for. Glancing at it, he handed it to Kublai Khan.

The old Tartar put his hand to his mouth as he read, shaking his head slowly. "What is this thing? A sealed order in my Minister's hand, giving authority to enter the threshold of the Lord Po-lo and take the girl known as Precious Pearl?"

ALAI touched his feet imploringly. And then from the wall Hoshang came forward, his lined face peaceful. He knelt before the Khan.

"Will the Son of Heaven hear the words of a dishonored old man? The Minister of your empire held you under the spell of his tongue, so that you became like one asleep. No one dared give evidence against him, while he lived. He took my granddaughter into his harem by force, and after her, her mother. My son, the husband, took his own life grieving. And I have waited to take vengeance on Ahmed. Have I not a right to speak?"

"Ay," Kublai nodded.

Gratefully Hoshang sighed. "Now is the spirit of my son at peace. Much incense have I burned that this should be."

Kublai considered his astrologer. "You threw that knife?"

Bowing his head to the old Tartar's feet, Hoshang assented. "My poor hand dispatched the great Minister. For the stars foretold that when He Who Sleeps shall awake—and who could that be but the Son of Heaven?—the Mightiest of the Mighty shall die. And who could that be but the wretch who abused his power?" Hoshang nodded, his eyes closed. "No one can escape his fate."

Putting his hands to the breast of his robe, he drew out something that flashed crimson fire deeper than sunset. Marco Polo bent forward, with an exclamation.

"Here," said Hoshang, "is the red precious stone of Ceylon. I took it from the counting room of that foolish young barbarian Po-lo, before it should be stolen by Ahmed."

With an exclamation of delight Kublai took it in his hands, and seated himself to stare at it, turning it this way and that, to catch the light in its heart. He chuckled like a child with a new toy.

"Let the traitor Ahmed," he said to the Tartar captain, "be cut into seven pieces, and hung above the seven gates of Cambalu as a warning to others."

Alai had drawn closer to his knee. He smiled at the candidate concubine. "Precious Pearl," he said, stroking her dark hair, "you please me. But in the future do not try to manage the affairs of my palace."

"Nay, lord of my heart," she assented happily.

So Marco Polo left them in the jade house. With Hoshang and the Tartars who were bearing the body of Ahmed the Persian cut into seven parts, he retraced his steps down the Green Mount toward the palace, which he knew he could not leave now—however homesick he might be for Venice. And he reflected that, no matter how many years he might dwell in Cathay, he would never understand its people.

"How," he asked Hoshang suddenly, "did you steal the ruby?"

"Po-lo, I told you how."

Messer Marco pondered, and laughed. "Kao Hoshang, you have no sons. And if you have no sons, how could you have a granddaughter?"

Hoshang bent his head and sighed. "Alas, that is a great mystery."

"Tell me why you slew Ahmed when you did."

"A dead enemy," the old astrologer nodded, "is better than a live one."

What's your Health worth?



Let Winter Health be your goal

Utterly different lightweight underwear gives you protection against cold . . . COLDS

Are you among those who do not evaluate health until it's too late? . . . who do not dress warmly because of a frank dislike for old-fashioned "heavy underwear"? This winter, don't take chances. It's no longer necessary to wear "summer underwear" to be comfortable. Nor "heavy underwear" to keep your body warm and protected. . . Modern *lightweight* Duofold helps your system combat cold . . . and *Colds*—a fundamental principle of health.

A look at the above illustration and the reason is obvious. Duofold is made of a scientifically correct fabric—utterly different from any other under-

wear material. Two ultra-thin knitted layers interlocked with an insulating air space between. The inner layer is long fibre cotton. Soft, absorbent and comfortable. The outer layer contains virgin wool for warmth and protection. The wool can't scratch or itch.

This winter let health be your goal. Dress sensibly. Keep warm in Duofold. Yet retain all the advantages of your own favorite *style* of underwear. Sold by leading men's wear and department stores. For every member of the family. And special garments for sports. Send Coupon for free sample of Duofold 2-layer fabric, and style folder.

Duofold

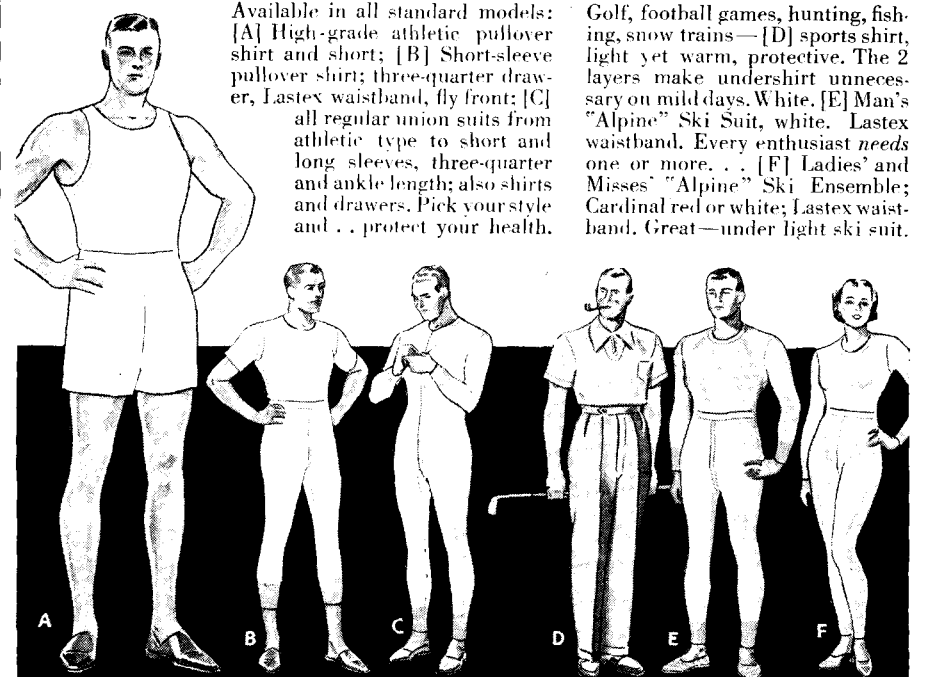
UNDERWEAR and OUTERWEAR

FOR EVERYDAY WEAR

Available in all standard models: [A] High-grade athletic pullover shirt and short; [B] Short-sleeve pullover shirt; three-quarter drawer, Lastex waistband, fly front; [C] all regular union suits from athletic type to short and long sleeves, three-quarter and ankle length; also shirts and drawers. Pick your style and . . . protect your health.

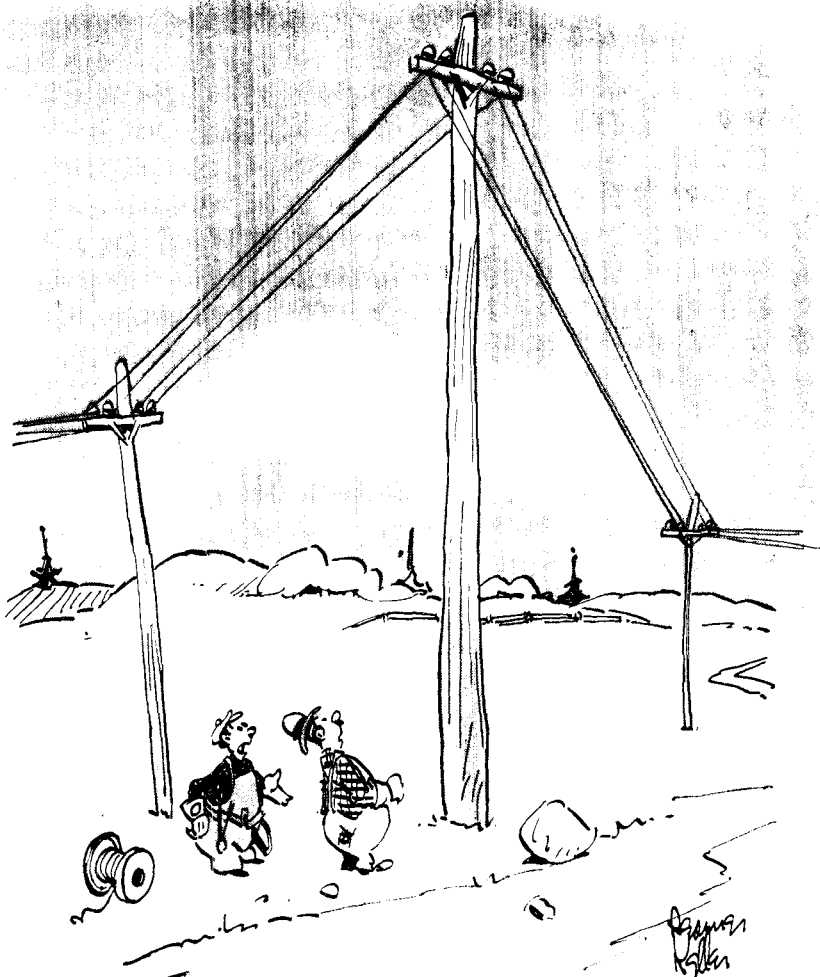
FOR ALL SPORTS

Golf, football games, hunting, fishing, snow trains—[D] sports shirt, light yet warm, protective. The 2 layers make undershirt unnecessary on mild days. White. [E] Man's "Alpine" Ski Suit, white. Lastex waistband. Every enthusiast needs one or more. . . [F] Ladies' and Misses' "Alpine" Ski Ensemble; Cardinal red or white; Lastex waistband. Great—under light ski suit.



Duofold, Inc., Mohawk, N. Y.
Dept. C-12. Send FREE Fabric
Sample: tell me where I can get
Duofold: ☐ Men's and Boys' Underwear: ☐ Children's and Infants' Underwear: ☐ Sportswear.

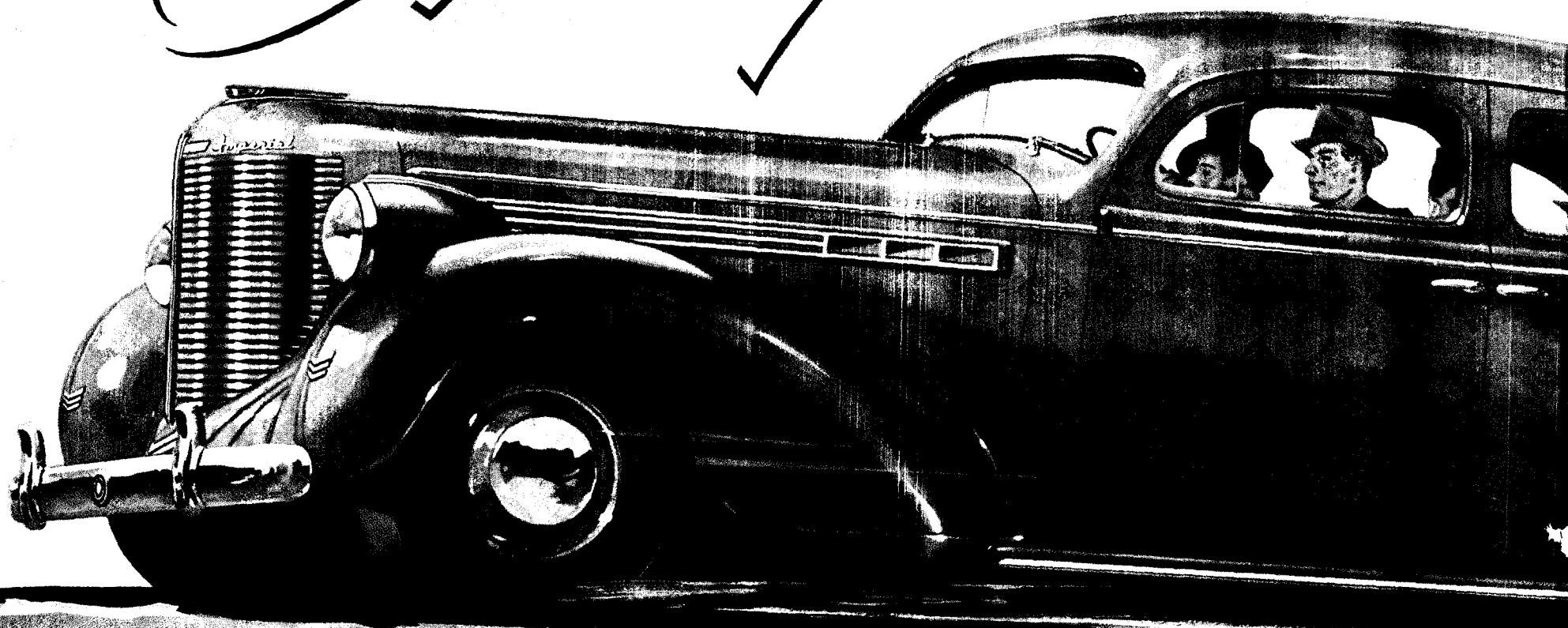
Name
Address
Town State



"This is the one, Chief—it started to grow after that hard rain we had last spring"

REARER KELLER

Chrysler



Three Cents

CHRYSLER'S TWO NEW BEAUTIES CAPTURE AUTO SHOW CROWDS!

Centures Two

CHRYSLER'S TWO NEW BEAUTIES... winning acclaim everywhere as Chrysler's greatest triumph! Surpassing the records of the 1937 Royal and Imperial... taking the spotlight at the auto shows... show after show... New York, Chicago, Detroit, Boston, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, San Francisco. All over America, people are saying, "Here is Chrysler's biggest achievement."

THE BEAUTY of the low-priced field... that's the 1938 Chrysler Royal!

Look at the picture at the right above... that proud, high radiator... smart chromium grille... sleek headlamps mounted in the fenders.

Beneath that beauty... more for your money! More horsepower... a thrifty Gold Seal engine increased to 95 horsepower. More length... wheelbase

three inches longer than last year.

Inside the car... a new peak of luxury. An instrument panel that looks as if it stepped from a jeweler's window. A smart new wheel... with a new ring-type horn control. Superb upholstery fabrics... tailored with custom simplicity over deep, billowy cushions.

A world of room! 96 1/4 inches from windshield to rear window. A 49 inch

rear seat. A perfectly enormous trunk!

A matchless ride! The Airflow principle of weight distribution... plus independently sprung front wheels... plus Aero Hydraulic Shock Absorbers.

So finely built that experts state flatly that many parts are immune to measurable wear! Magnificently engineered... with Safety *All-Steel Bodies*... hydraulic brakes... new synchronized gear shifting... Automatic Overdrive as optional equipment.

Chrysler Royal... the new more-for-the-money car in the low-priced field... a car that's clearly the sensation of the year!

1938 Chrysler ROYAL

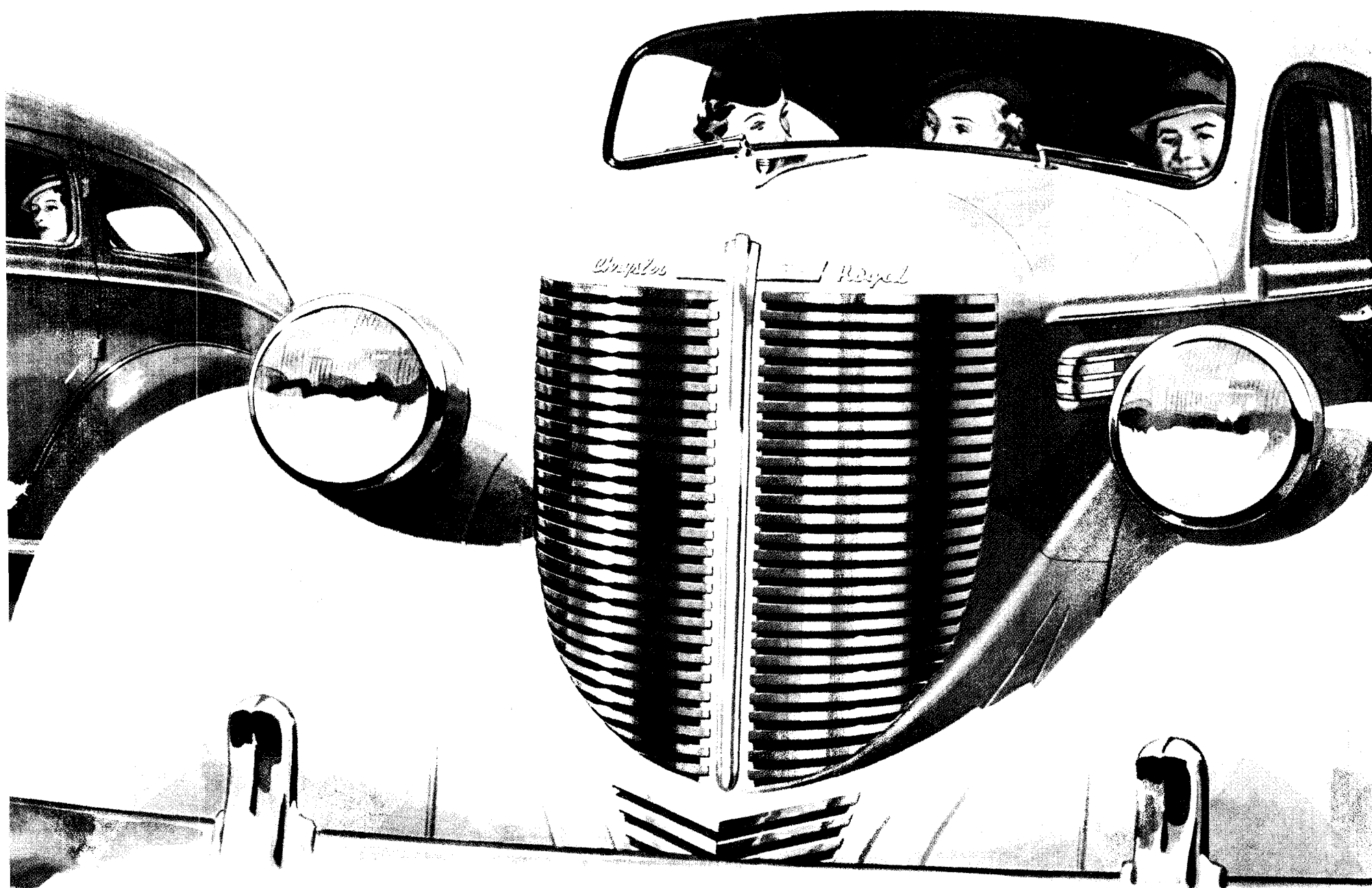
MORE FOR THE MONEY
IN THE LOW-PRICED FIELD!

★ ★ ★

SMART NEW BEAUTY!
RICH NEW INTERIORS!
LONGER WHEELBASES!
GREATER HORSEPOWER!
NEW BALANCED RIDE!

CHRYSLER SWEEPS ON

... BETTER Engineered!
... BETTER Value!



'38 Chrysler IMPERIAL

PHENOMENAL PERFORMANCE
AT A REMARKABLE PRICE!

★ ★ ★

NEW LARGER ENGINE!
LONGER WHEELBASES!
LONG SWEEPING LINES!
NEW BEAUTY INSIDE AND OUT!
WATCHLESS FLOATING RIDE!

A RAKISH, low-swung, split-second beauty... that's the Chrysler Imperial for 1938!

A thrilling motor car if ever there was one! Powered with a new bigger engine that's a Chrysler engineering masterpiece! 110 of the liveliest, fastest-stepping horsepower ever put under a motor car hood.

125 inch wheelbase... four inches longer than last year... making possible that sweeping low-swung beauty... giving the roadability that comes from length and size.

A regal car... in all its appointments. Tailored with Bond Street

finesse. Sized for real comfort. Fitted out in the best of good taste!

Engineered to take any road in its stride... with the advantage of long wheelbase... the Airflow principle of balanced weight... independently sprung front wheels... and Aero Hydraulic Shock Absorbers!

SAFE... with hydraulic brakes and Safety All-Steel Bodies. EASY-HANDLING... with finger touch steering and synchronized gear shifting. THRILLING... with its dynamic response... Floating Power smoothness... and the option of Automatic Overdrive for effortless touring speeds.

"Phenomenal performance at a remarkable price"... that really under-describes the car! Get behind the wheel and indulge your sporting instinct!

★ ★ ★

Easy to buy on convenient terms with the official Commercial Credit Company plan.

☆ NEW 1938 ROYAL... 95 horsepower, 119-inch wheelbase. Ten body types.

☆ NEW 1938 IMPERIAL... 110 horsepower, 125-inch wheelbase. Six body types.

☆ NEW 1938 CUSTOM IMPERIAL... 130 horsepower, 144-inch wheelbase. Three body types.

Tune in on Major Bowes, Columbia Network, every Thursday, 9 to 10:00 P. M., E. S. T.

IN THE LOW-PRICED FIELD!

Clear Conscience

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

EASTON'S little, deep-set eyes twinkled as they studied the woman who let him into Paul Jayne's bare, neat flat. Men like Jayne were easier to handle after they got married; usually their wives helped Easton handle them.

He grinned sheepishly at Jayne's wife, as he fumbled with his hat brim. He was noticing, though, the shabbiness of her clothes, the dishpan, washtub redness of her thin hands. It didn't surprise him to find that Jayne had stayed poor; men handicapped with Jayne's kind of hair-splitting honesty weren't apt to make money. But it pleased Easton, all the same. Broke, with a wife to think about, a wife who plainly hadn't always lived this way, Jayne might not be so sure that he could afford the luxury of a lean-over-backward conscience.

"I'm Mat Easton," he said.

She nodded. He could see that she had known who he was. No wonder, either, after those pictures in the papers.

"I guess you're surprised to see me, after what Paul's probably told you about our split-up."

She shook her head.

"No. We've been expecting you." Her voice was cool and round; it somehow gave Easton an impression of intelligence and humor. "Paul's still in bed but he's well enough to see you. Come this way."

Easton followed her down a dark, narrow hall. The almost passionate cleanliness of the bedroom only emphasized its poverty. Propped against piled pillows Paul Jayne looked thinner than ever, but his eyes held the same uncompromising blaze that Easton had been unhappily remembering.

"Hello," Jayne said. "I had an idea that you'd remember how much I knew about that sewer grab. Bring plenty of hush money with you?"

Easton kept on grinning. It was a better opening than he'd hoped for.

"Well," he said, "I don't know about the hush part of it, but I did bring along a little change."

SLOWLY he explored a pocket and brought out the folded bill he'd put there. He kept his eyes on the woman's face. He didn't need to look at Jayne's. Jayne would rather have revenge than cash and he'd want clean hands more than either or both. But women were apt to have pretty good sense about money.

"When you quit your job with me you claimed you had five hundred bucks back pay coming to you, Paul."

"You know I had. You know I'd earned it three times over." Jayne's voice rose a little. "But I couldn't prove it and so naturally you gypped me out of it."

Easton shrugged his shoulders. He was still watching the woman. Her eyes clung to the bill. Her mouth was tight, and the muscles in her throat. Her hands were shut, so that the swollen knuckles showed white instead of red.

"Okay, Paul. You say you earned the money and I owe it to you. So you don't need to lie awake nights worrying that hair-trigger conscience of yours about whether you've got a right to take it, do you?"

"Honest bribery." Jayne laughed unsteadily. "That's a new one. You pay up a just debt and when I go on the stand I forget what I know about that sewer steal." He laughed again. "You always did like to get plenty of value for your money. Not this time, though.

No sale. You're going up the river and I'm going to send you there. Not because you gypped me but because I believe in making your kind of crookedness unhealthy. Because you—"

"Save it," Easton said. He fiddled thoughtfully with the bill. "My idea was to slip you this grand if you felt like playing ball, but if you want to help the lily fingers railroad me, I only owe you half of it. Okay. That's what I pay."

Deliberately he creased the bill between thumbnail and finger, tore it in two.

He held up one half.

"This squares us up to date. After the trial, though, I might bring you the other half."

"Get out," Jayne said. His voice was quiet but Easton found himself obeying it. He put the torn bill into his pocket and went out. In the narrow hall he heard the woman's step behind him. In the living room he turned. Her face told him all he needed to know. She held out her hand and he put one of the torn halves of the bill into it.

There wasn't any need for words. Easton only grinned at her and, in a queer, tight-lipped fashion, she smiled back. He went down the dingy stairway, whistling. He could quit worrying.

MILLY JAYNE brought in two letters. One of them was for Paul. He laughed, a little bitterly, as he read it.

"The district attorney says it was my evidence that convicted Mat Easton. He says the public's deeply in my debt." He laughed again. "Maybe that'll make the landlord feel better about our back rent."

"He's going to feel a whole lot better." Milly opened her letter. "I didn't want to tell you before the trial, Paul, but I let Mat Easton give me half of that thousand-dollar bill. I had a right to take it. You earned that money—"

"What money?" Jayne demanded. "Half a bill isn't money—not unless you can get the other half."

"That's what Mat Easton thought." Milly's eyes were dancing. "He never worked in a bank and doesn't know that if you send the Treasury Department two-fifths or more of a torn bill they'll always redeem it for"—she laid the government check in Jayne's astonished hand—"for half its full face value."



She held out her hand and he put one of the torn halves of the bill into it. There wasn't any need for words

A
SHORT SHORT STORY
COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY
HARRY MORSE MEYERS

Smart Girl

Continued from page 21

aren't letting me down! You couldn't let me down!"

"Why don't you ask Larsen to help you? Or the senator? They have influence. They're very rich men and they have lots of drag."

She said slowly: "I don't believe you mean it. You're just angry."

"I mean it and I'm not angry. Not any more. I've got over it. You've made me realize it's every man for himself."

She shook her head. "I don't believe you mean it. You couldn't mean it. I'm so desperate. I need your help so."

"Yes, but you're an awfully smart girl. You must be. Look at the salary they pay you."

"Barney, listen. On the day we're married, I'm giving up Let's Be Smart. I'm not a career woman. I don't want anything in the world but you. Until then, I want it to be honest. I don't want to quit in disgrace."

"You won't quit," he said. "And you'll find a way around this."

SHE wanted so badly to cry, but she said, "I understand. You're still furious and suspicious. I don't blame you at all. But I do wish you trusted me a little."

"When I catch you bending across the table, with your noses practically touching?"

Sally's shoulders sagged. Her mouth went down at the corners, and her chin trembled.

"You don't give me a chance to believe you," Barney said swiftly. "I can understand your dining with him and his father, and wearing his engagement ring. It asks a lot, but I can understand that. But I can't understand your letting him kiss you the way you did last night, and I can't understand the way you were practically swooning over him when I came in just now. Why talk about it any more? The trouble is, I do understand it. You're making a play for him. You're using everything you've got. And if you land him, then there won't be any need of explanations to me."

She had her handkerchief out. She was holding it under her eyes, staring over at him.

"It isn't true. Oh, Barney, it isn't true."

"Yes I know. Circumstantial evidence isn't fair in a case like this."

"You're saying you don't trust me or believe in me at all."

"Why should I?"

"Because you know how much I love you."

"Ah, yes," Barney said airily. "Love. True love. If you love me as much as you say, why don't you show some courage?"

Sally put the handkerchief down. "All right," she snapped. "I will!"

He looked surprised. He slowly smiled. "Now," he said, "you're talking like my girl. We'll have dinner together. We'll celebrate my new job."

"You're not leaving the Globe, Barney!"

"I've left that rag. I've just gone to the Morning Star at twice the salary and a byline."

"Darling how marvelous!"

"My work on the Zorane story did it. As a matter of fact, my yesterday's story did it. Hurly offered to meet the Star's offer, and I said nuts. The Star's going to town and so am I. Drop in at my apartment for a drink and we'll go to Lazare's and shoot the works."

"I'll go with you now!" Sally cried.

"No, my sweet. I have to see a fellow. Put on your dancing clothes and

come around to my apartment at seven."

"I will, darling!"

Eric, at the bar, saw Barney rise and leave. He strolled back to the table. He seated himself and said, "Sunshine and rain. Laughter and tears. You look happy. You look simply exquisite. Is true love back on the track again?"

"It is!" Sally said, almost singing it.

"Well, that's grand," Eric said. "It's simply marvelous to see you looking so much better. Please keep on looking just like that. I want the senator to see you looking just as you are at this moment."

Sally was happily gathering her things together.

"You see," Eric said, "Dad wasn't quite prepared for the surprise of our engagement last night. Tonight, he insists on putting on a real celebration. We're dining a little early, so I'd better take you home at once."

Sally, smiling, arose. "Just tell him how sorry I am, Mr. Larsen. Just tell him I decided to break our engagement. You know. You weren't my dream man, after all."

"But I can't disappoint him," Eric said, rising too. "It's very important. I can't tell you how important, Sally. You've got to come."

"So sorry, Mr. Larsen. I'm dining with my fiancé."

"But you can't, Sally. You're dining with us."

Sally wished she could be cool and calm. She wished she could put on an act. She was too furious to put on an act. If he wasn't so deliberately maddening, perhaps she could have put on an act. It was difficult to think at all, knowing what pleasure he was getting, yanking her about as if she were something on the end of a string.

He took her home. He was gay and amusing. He took it for granted that she was breaking her date with Barney, and the gayer he became, the angrier Sally became, because she knew she would have to break the date with Barney if he insisted.

Reaching her address, he paid the taxi driver and followed her across the sidewalk into the lobby and into the elevator. Her mind was busy with wrathful thoughts as they went up. She was desperate and reckless. In spite of Van Arden's warnings, in spite of her own full knowledge of the danger, she could not let this man dictate to her.

Della opened the door. They went in and Sally said, "Della, will you trot down to the drugstore and buy me some nail polish remover?"

"But there's quite a lot left in that bottle, Miss Porter."

"It seems to have lost its strength."

WHEN the maid was gone, Sally said, "All right, Mr. Larsen; let's have it out. I am not going to have dinner with you and your father tonight. I am very much in love with the man I'm going to marry. You've done your best to break things up and, I assure you, you're not going to."

The lanky young man's eyes were kindly, and his expression was one of sympathy and understanding.

"You're angry," he said. "You're upset. You've been through enough in the past two days to give a cast-iron elephant the jitters. It's amazing that you haven't gone to pieces long before this."

"I haven't gone to pieces," Sally said belligerently.

Eric shook his head sadly. "Fortunately, one of us is thinking coolly and clearly."

He thought for a moment she was

"You'll surely taste the difference!"



If you want tomato juice at its best, make sure the tomato juice you drink is Campbell's. You'll find there really is a big difference in tomato juice. Campbell's is the one with the true fresh-tomato flavor. You can taste the difference.

AMERICA'S LARGEST-SELLING TOMATO JUICE



Look for the RED BALL



WEAR THE BEST

Here's a tip for those who appreciate better footwear: This season, Ball-Band provides the finest, smartest line that has ever carried the famous Red Ball trade-mark. From it you can outfit the entire family with footwear that not only keeps feet warm and comfortable but is really good-looking too.

A WIDE RANGE OF STYLES



FOOTWEAR FOR ALL THE FAMILY

See the new Ball-Band styles at your dealer. Begin now to enjoy Ball-Band fit, style, comfort and long wear. Above all, look for the Red Ball trade-mark.

MISHAWAKA RUBBER & WOOLEN MFG. CO.
471 WATER STREET • MISHAWAKA, IND.

BALL-BAND FOOTWEAR

Rubber • Canvas • Leather • Woolen

going to pick up something and throw it at him. She picked up a package of cigarettes and lighted one. Her hands were trembling so uncontrollably that she burned her fingers. Her eyes filled with tears. She cried hysterically, "Get out of here!"

He took two swift steps and seized her elbows. She tried to break away, but he was too strong. He held her so firmly that she could not move. Sally bit her lip and closed her eyes.

"Cool off," he said.

He forced her down into a chair, and held her there firmly.

"Sally, stop thinking with your fists. If I leave here the way things are, there's only one thing I can do. You're the key girl to a situation that's going to put Washington in an uproar. You're the girl who took a little black bag to Chicago for Van Arden two weeks ago. You're the girl who delivered the bribe money to Max Argyle. You're the girl who lets the man in charge of the sabotage experts, the dynamiters, use your column to instruct his men. You're the girl who tried to steal the alligator briefcase from the senator. You're the one person the senator is dying to get his hands on. It's all he's working on, Sally. It's all he's here in New York for—to find that girl. He's had reports coming in all day long from Chicago and from Max Argyle's neighborhood. There are dozens of men scouting around, trying to pin you down, trying to get a description of you, a lead on you, that will enable him to grab you."

She was looking at him sullenly. "Then why don't you report me?"

"I thought you'd guessed."

SHE was past thinking of danger now. "I know you're deliberately trying to make Barney Teel hate me! You sent for him last night at the Dubonnaix! You sent for him tonight at the Pelican!"

"Of course I did, Sally. I didn't want to be alone with you. I wanted Barney to come romping in because we all have so much fun when he does. Last night, for instance, the party really didn't get going until Barney dropped in. You see, I'm unselfish. I want to share you with Barney. And Barney and I are such good old pals, too."

Sally was looking at him steadily. There were no longer tears in her eyes, and her complexion was hitting a happy medium between ghost-white and crimson-rambler-red. And she hadn't the look any longer of a girl who might throw things. She was looking at him and thinking. And Eric knew that the only question in her mind was whether or not he would make good his threat if she refused.

She said huskily, "As sure as I break my date with Barney to have dinner with you, he'll get wind of it and drop in wherever we are."

"How, Sally? Will you tell him? Would I tell him?"

"Someone would."

"Dismiss it from your thoughts. Last night was an unfortunate accident. Tonight was a coincidence that couldn't repeat in a hundred years."

Sally put her hand to her forehead. Her eyes were still busy. She sighed heavily.

"I haven't the strength to call up Barney and break another date."

"A good alibi would give you the strength."

She shook her head. "I can't think of one. Why won't you let me alone? Sometimes you seem so decent. Other times, you're just like a devil."

Eric folded his arms again. "I am very fond of my father, and he is very fond of you, and it would disappoint him terribly if he couldn't throw this little party for us."

"What can I tell Barney?"

"One minute." He walked to her desk

and looked down at the photograph of Barney Teel. It seemed to him that the reporter's jaw looked a little more aggressive than it had last night. His hand started toward it.

"Don't turn that photograph to the wall!"

He withdrew his hand. He stopped looking at Barney Teel's chin and his stubborn, passionate mouth and the charm the photographer had caught. "Do you know Coral Mayberry?"

"Very well."

"I'll get her for you. She won't be surprised and she won't ask questions and she's discreet. She's a very worldly young person."

Eric dialed Coral's number, and when the maid answered, handed the telephone to Sally.

When Coral answered, Sally said, in a breathless voice, "It's Sally Porter, Coral. What are you doing tonight?"

"I'm leaving this instant for Greenwich," Coral said. "My cousin Marilyn is being married a week from tomorrow and I'm driving up for family dinner and to see the famous wedding gown."

Sally had heard rumors of Marilyn Mayberry's wedding gown. She said: "Will you do me a favor—two favors? If anybody—no matter who it is—should ask, I've spent the evening with you. And will you get me a detailed description of the gown for my column?"

"Of course, Sally. I'll phone you in the morning."

"Thanks a lot, Coral."

She put the phone down. "Now Barney," Eric said.

"I think you're despicable."

"Get busy."

"I suppose my loathing you doesn't make a particle of difference."

"Time, the great healer, will attend to that."

She dialed Barney's number. Eric watched her with admiration. She did these things so well. To Coral, she had been a tremulously troubled girl. She was now, with her glowing eyes, her parted lips, a breathlessly eager girl.

"Darling!" she cried. "I'm in a perfect dither! I've got to call off our dinner date. Coral Mayberry just called and asked me to go out to Greenwich with her. You see—" She stopped.

Eric watched her changing expression. The air of eagerness, of breathless excitement was swiftly replaced by one of misery.

"Darling, I'm not lying! Her cousin Marilyn is showing her wedding gown to the family tonight, and I must get a description of it for my column. But, Barney, I'm not lying. Ask Coral. You know Coral never lies. Darling, that is not a dirty crack. Please don't be angry. It's a beat. The gown cost thousands, it's been jealously guarded, and it's the biggest piece of fashion news—"

SALLY slowly replaced the telephone on its standard. She looked slowly up at Eric.

"He hung up," she said huskily. "That was a dandy alibi, that was."

Eric shook his head. "Poor Barney. Without his jealous nature, how much happier he would be."

"You think it's terribly funny! If he finds out about tonight, he'll break our engagement."

"Sally, you're acting like a high school girl. You won't lose Barney. You couldn't use better technique on a man deliberately. Be elusive! Keep him guessing! Aren't those the two cardinal rules? The more desperate you make him, the wilder he'll be about you."

Sally snapped: "I don't use technique."

"I know. Men fall in love with you and stay in love with you. It must be your red hair. I'll tell you all about it later. We really have to dash. While I whip home and dress, scuttle in there

and leap into your pretties. I'll be back in thirty-nine minutes. Have you something green? The senator loves girls in green."

Sally said through her teeth, "I'll wear green."

"I'll stop at the corner and have some gardenias sent around."

"Don't bother, Mr. Larsen. I can wear a bushel of the orchids you sent this morning. There isn't room for anything else in the icebox."

"No. The senator prefers gardenias on girls in green."

Eric stopped at the corner florist's, then walked down Madison to a telegraph office. As he started to go in, he hesitated and stopped. He hadn't been thinking, or such thoughts as he had had were colored with emotion. For the first time, he felt discouraged. The trouble with making a redheaded girl mad was that she stayed mad. She thought he was a louse. She thought he was a heel. He wondered if she always would.

HE WENT into the telegraph office and sent the following message to Barney Teel:

MEET ME WITHOUT FAIL HEY NONNY NO CLUB ELEVEN THIRTY STOP DON'T ASK DUMB QUESTIONS BUT BE THERE

POP KRESCO



"You dance divine."

He filed a second telegram, to be delivered to Barney at midnight.

This attended to, Eric took a taxicab to his apartment. Douglas let him in and made his report.

"A small package came from a Madison Avenue jeweler named Heinzelman. I took the liberty of opening it, Mr. Larsen. It contained your emerald ring, sir."

"Any phone calls?"

"Yes, sir. Mr. Polgreen called, wanting to know if you'd read his play. Mr. Jim Bothero called twice. He wanted instructions, but said he would call later. Mr. Featherly called, saying he'd had a wire from Mr. Green, in Indiana, saying that he had contacted the man—he didn't mention the man's name, sir, but he said—"

"I understand."

"And he said you must not phone him as Mr. Zorane has come home. Miss Mayberry called twice, wanting to know if you'd heard from Indiana, and saying if you had any word, she'd be in Greenwich at her cousin's, Miss Marilyn Mayberry's, until tomorrow morning, and that she'd be back in the city about ten. Your father wants you to get in touch with him at once."

"Okay. Get the senator on the phone right away."

Douglas got the senator and the sena-

tor said: "Well, Eric, I think you've ruined everything. Zorane came. He offered to sell out for fifty thousand, five thousand down as an evidence of my good intentions, and the balance on delivery of documentary evidence. He offered to take a check."

"It was a trap."

"I'm not so sure. He froze right up."

"Sure. What did you say?"

"I offered him a hundred thousand on the line for delivery of the information."

"That was smart, Dad. That was a brilliant stroke. It's apt to work."

"Yes," the senator said gruffly. "Naturally, I smelled a rat."

Eric grinned. "Of course, Dad. We'll see you in just forty-one minutes."

Douglas said when he hung up: "I've laid out both dinner coat and tails, Mr. Larsen. Which is it to be?"

"Dinner coat. What's my record, Douglas?"

"Your best record to date, sir, is sixteen minutes flat from the moment you started to undress until you left the apartment fully accoutered."

"Put a stop watch on me and watch me break it," Eric told him.

SALLY was lying in a hot tub scented with pine salts when Della came into the bathroom with a small package. Della's eyes were bright and her cheeks were rosy.

"You sent me for this nail polish remover just to get rid of me, didn't you, Miss Porter?"

The girl in the tub smiled. "As a matter of fact, Della, I did. I wanted to talk to Mr. Larsen alone."

"I'm sorry I was so dumb, Miss Porter."

"You weren't dumb at all. How do you like Mr. Larsen?"

Her maid opened her mouth and lifted her eyes. "Oh, I think he's just wonderful."

Sharply: "More wonderful than Mr. Teel?"

"Well, he's wonderful, too."

"As wonderful as Mr. Larsen?" Sally persisted.

"Well, they're both wonderful. But hasn't Mr. Larsen the cutest smile and the sweetest eyes?"

"He's awfully cute," Sally said. "I'll wear that green chiffon with silver slippers and the white bolero. When Mr. Larsen comes, hang around out there, Della. Don't let him answer the phone."

Della looked unhappy. "Don't you like him, Miss Porter?"

"To be perfectly frank, Della, he's pure poison, but there's nothing I can do about it."

ERIC withdrew his attention from Barney Teel's photograph and looked at the girl in the doorway. His faintly puzzled expression went away.

She was wearing her hair differently; parted in the middle, brushed up the sides, with two curls in front. The back hair was done in a soft, dazzling roll. It made her face slim and piquant and, with her coral lips, almost adolescently young. She wore a dress of apple-green chiffon that reminded the enchanted young man of all the loveliness of spring. It made her skin glow and it made her hair glorious.

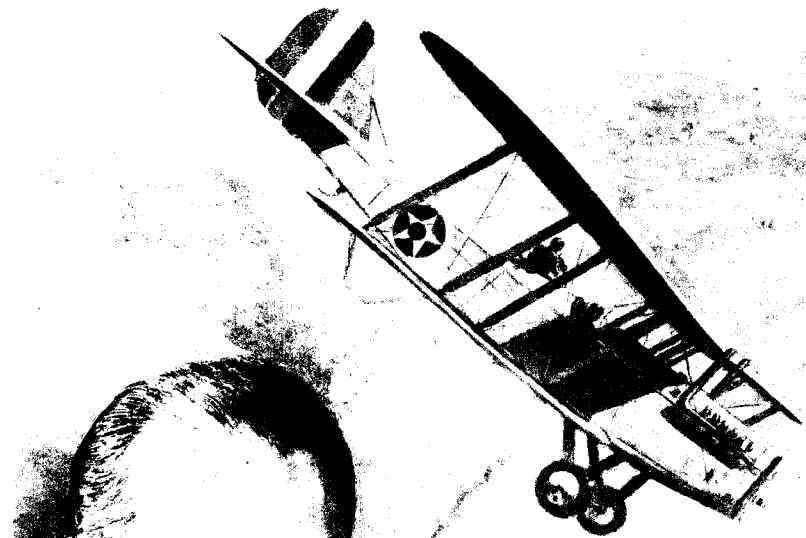
"You affect me very strangely," he said. "You really bring out a rank sentimental streak in me. You look so fragile and you're so sweet and delicate and so lovely, it makes me think there ought to be a way of preserving you just like this for the rest of time. How can a girl who looks as nice as you do be such a sap?"

"How," Sally answered with spirit, "can a man who can be as nice as you sometimes are be such a perfect heel at other times?"



WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

Willard Batteries Give Protection to Millions



"I cut my teeth as a flyer in those 'crates' we had in the war. Willard protected us then with the non-spill airplane battery they developed during the early days of the fighting. That development taught me a lot of respect for Willard engineers and Willard manufacturing methods.

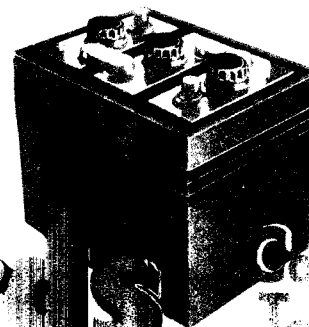
"And now in my work with modern transport planes I know even better what they mean when they say *Willards protect you*.

"Of course I insist on a Willard in my own car. I've shopped around occasionally but I've found that Willards don't cost any more than many other batteries. So, why take a chance when I *know* Willards last longer, crank faster and don't let me down in the emergencies."

★ ★ ★

In a Willard there are no hidden flaws or weaknesses to cause sudden breakdown under the strain of a heavy load. Built of only the finest materials, by the best craftsmen, every Willard must pass 74 rigid inspections and tests during its manufacture. That's why more automobile manufacturers and more car owners buy Willards than any other brand. One of Willard's 42,000 dealers is nearby... see him today. Protect yourself, your family and your car. Buy a Willard.

WILLARD STORAGE
BATTERY COMPANY
Cleveland • Los Angeles
Toronto, Canada



Willards

Cost Less
To Own

Because they . . . Last longer . . . Crank faster . . . Don't let you down!

She saw Della go slinking across the room with eyes like headlights. And she admitted that Eric Larsen, in spite of his uncontrollable tan-colored hair, looked very distinguished and altogether dashing.

"You've broken the spell," he said gloomily. "I never felt like saying things like that to another woman. I wanted to go on and on."

"What did they call you in dancing school?"

He seemed startled. His face reddened a little. "Buck."

"I don't believe it."

"Ah, pirouette for me, just once! I'm a fool for you. I'll bet you're the kind of girl who can wear gardenias for hours without their turning yellow."

He walked to her in exaggerated long steps, swooping. He caught her hand and kissed it.

"Only one thing is wrong." Before she could stop him, he slipped off her engagement ring. Then she struggled. He pulled her against him and pinioned her left elbow between his elbow and his side, and she sensed his hard masculinity, as unresilient as Guy Van Arden's.

Struggling did her no good. He forced the emerald ring on her finger and placed her diamond ring on the desk under Barney's photograph, then let her go. She was flushed from the struggle and a swift indignation. She tried to pull the ring off. It would not come off.

"There's an old legend connected with that ring," he reminded her.

SENATOR LARSEN backed across his parlor, and his gray mustaches were standing out and his gray eyebrows were ludicrously bushed. His eyes, as he stared at Sally, looked almost ferocious.

"My dear child, just stand there and let me look at you. You remind me of a girl I used to know back in Maumee, Ohio. We used to pick cherries together, for two cents a quart. And you remind me of how she looked coming through the orchard, but I didn't appreciate it then. Eric, where did you ever find this girl?"

"In an ash can, Dad. There she was, looking up at me with those big starry eyes and that cunning little smile."

"Go on, Sally," the senator said. "Get to work on him. Where shall we dine? I'll leave it to you."

"Sally knows all those answers," Eric said. "She goes around snooping into all the places, then pans them in her column."

"I want to know," the senator said boisterously, "where this ideal restaurant is that you're mentioning all the time."

"It shifts around," Eric said. "Sometimes it's in Detroit, sometimes in Cleveland. It follows the headlines around the country."

Sally gave him a quick, apprehensive look. "May I suggest Lari's?" she said. "When I first came to New York, a newspaperman took me there for dinner. I swore I'd work and slave and reach the point where I'd someday make enough to dine there every night."

"Was it Barney?" Eric said.

"It was Barney."

THEY dined at Lari's, cool and exclusive and costly, because Sally knew it was the last place in town where Barney might drop in.

She saw no one she knew, and she was relieved. Eric said blandly, "Sit here, my love," and held a chair for her. Composing herself, she reflected that, much as she disliked him, she had to admit that he had the kind of manners that all women appreciate. Barney had perfect manners when he thought about them. Eric didn't appear to have to think about them. Barney seemed to

take a lot of pleasure in what he called being natural. It went along with what he called letting his hair down. If other people were watching, his manners were flawless. If no one was watching, he sometimes neglected the simplest little courtesies. It didn't make any difference, but Sally wished he wouldn't put his manners on and off like a hat.

The senator was acting mysteriously. And he seemed to be under a strain. All through dinner Sally sensed it. At the musical play to which they went over her protests, she was conscious of it. And after the play, the senator wanted to go to a night club. Sally's protests were less feeble now. You seldom saw anyone you knew at any play that had been running more than two months, but a night club was different. Barney frequently made the rounds of the popular night clubs, and in a place as popular as the Hey Nonny No, which Eric insisted

make any difference. The senator was so picturesque, so well known, that he attracted attention everywhere. And Eric was a Broadway celebrity, and she was news, too. Her presence with the Larsens would be a tidbit for any gossip columnist who happened to be here.

Their table was not in an obscure corner. It was on the very edge of the postage-stamp dance floor. Sally darted glances about the smoky room. She had so far seen no one she knew.

They watched a tap-dancing team, then the Scarlet Tanager, who didn't come up to Eric's expectations. Another act was announced—Lolita Monterey. Sally had heard of Lolita Monterey but had never seen her. She was a beautiful, creamy-skinned, shining-black-haired Latin, with a physical appeal for men that was spectacular, an appeal made up of that enticing face and a figure that conveyed an impression of voluptuous-

Senator Larsen bent toward Sally. "You know, of course, what I'm doing in New York."

"You mean this investigation?" Sally said, and Eric's uneasiness increased.

The senator said: "I'm almost ready to spring the trap for a certain man. There's no use beating about the bush, my dear. This man is a special agent in the Department of Labor and his name is Guy Van Arden. What I'm telling you is, of course, in the strictest confidence."

"Of course," Sally said huskily.

"I can almost but not quite bring an indictment against this man, Sally. There's a missing link." The senator sat back and puffed at his cigar, looking at her over the long ash on the end of it. "A girl," he said. "I call her Van Arden's girl."

"Really?" Sally said. Eric was trying not to hold his breath. She was carrying it off very well. She was only a little pale. Her hands were in her lap. Her eyes were very bright and attentive.

"Yes," the senator said. "Van Arden's girl. She runs all sorts of errands for this Van Arden. If I could get my hands on that girl, I think I could land Van Arden. You're such a clever girl, I was wondering if you could help me."

"Of course," Sally said. "I'll do anything you say."

The senator chuckled and said, "How large your eyes are, my dear!"

"Intrigue always upsets her," Eric murmured.

SALLY'S pallor was now quite perceptible. Her hands were clutched in her lap. She was trying to smile. She sent a glance at Eric, a frightened, accusing glance. Only twice before had he seen her really frightened—the two times that Barney had dropped in.

"If I can lay my hands on this girl," the senator was saying in his huff-puff manner, "I can make her talk. But first, Sally, I must make sure she is the girl."

"Of course," Sally said.

"I've got squads of men at work where she's been seen. I've been doing nothing but sift reports all day long. I've personally talked to the man from whom she bought her airplane ticket to Chicago a couple of weeks ago. I've even talked to the hostess on the plane. Dozens of people agree she is slim, with a beautiful complexion and a pretty mouth. She always wore a very small dark blue turban beret that completely covered her hair, and amber-colored glasses. It's a very simple disguise—and clever for that reason—but I'm sure now that I know who she is. And I'm sure you'll both be surprised when I mention her name."

"'Surprise' might be a rather mild word, Dad."

"I have one man doing nothing but watching Van Arden. Last night, he saw Van Arden go to this girl's apartment."

Eric felt his throat growing drier and drier. He took a sip of champagne, but the dryness didn't go away. He realized that the senator hadn't been deceived for a moment, that he had been at his foxiest with Sally. Featherly, Eric supposed, had double-crossed him.

Sally was bending forward, as if she intended to get up. She was biting her lower lip. Her chin was quivering a little now.

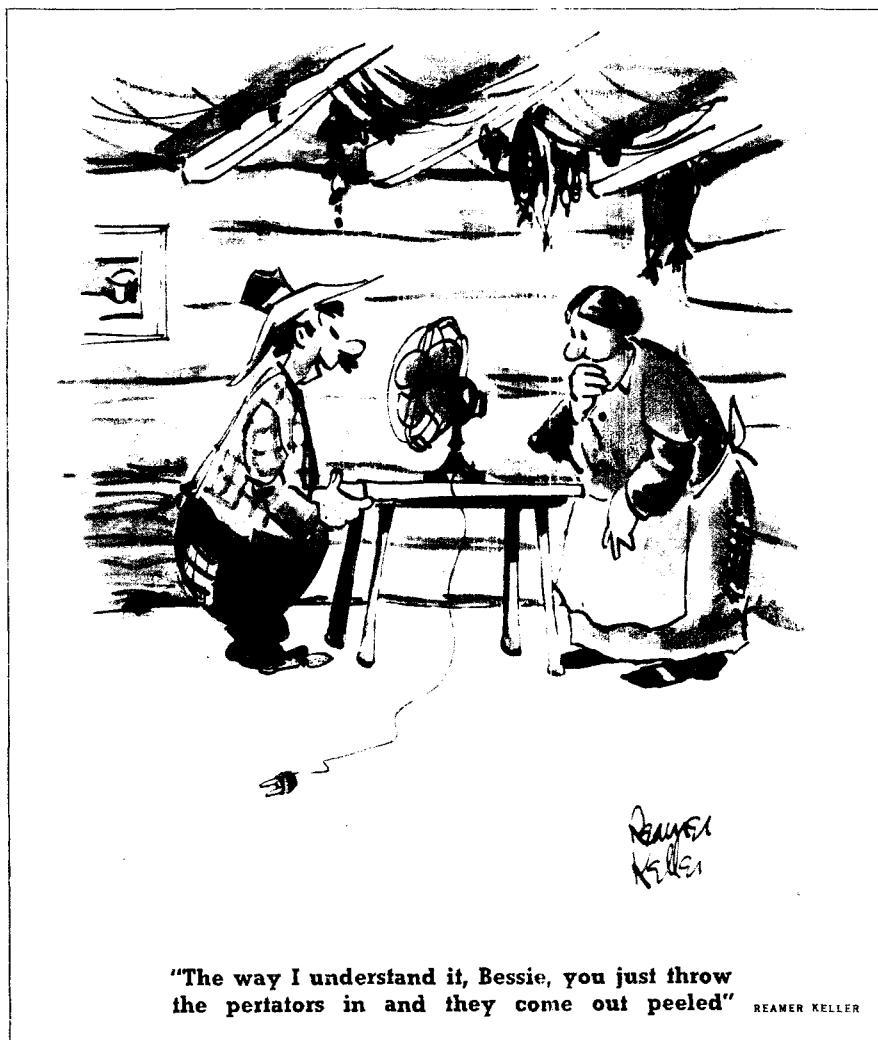
Eric reached into her lap and squeezed her hand. She pulled her hand away and faced the senator.

"Eric, can you guess who I'm talking about?"

Eric did not meet his eyes. He was looking at his champagne glass, and feeling terribly sorry for Sally. "I have a faint flicker of a suspicion, Dad. Go on. Get the agony over with."

Senator Larsen bent forward and announced in a rattling whisper: "It's Coral Mayberry!"

(To be continued next week)



on, she would most likely be seen by someone she knew.

She argued: "I'm a working girl. I can't work without sleep. I'll look like something that was plowed under last fall."

"My dear child," the senator said, with his extravagance, "you'll always look like something that sprouted just this spring."

"There's a girl at the Hey Nonny No I want to catch," Eric said.

The senator hustled Sally into a taxicab. She didn't want to hurt his feelings; she felt guilty enough about him, but she was frightened.

"I think she's a corner," Eric went on. "She does a novelty strip tease and she's called the Scarlet Tanager. She wears red feathers and they all fall out."

Wedged between the two Larsens, Sally saw that protests were useless. If Barney found out she had lied about tonight, after all her other lies, he would certainly break their engagement.

They stopped before the Hey Nonny No Club. Sally went in, hoping their table would be in an obscure corner, and thankful for the dimness. But it wouldn't

ness but was almost reedlike. She wasn't a person; she was a type.

She wore a soft gray gown that showed her splendid shoulders, and a neckpiece that whirled about her as she danced. She did imitations of Garbo, Martha Raye and Eleanor Powell.

"She's got something," the senator said.

"She got it from Beatrice Lillie," Eric murmured.

WHEN the show was over, the senator ordered champagne. Throughout the floor show, he had been glancing at Sally somewhat slyly, and Eric wondered what was in his mind. Unless he was mistaken, the senator was preparing to be foxy.

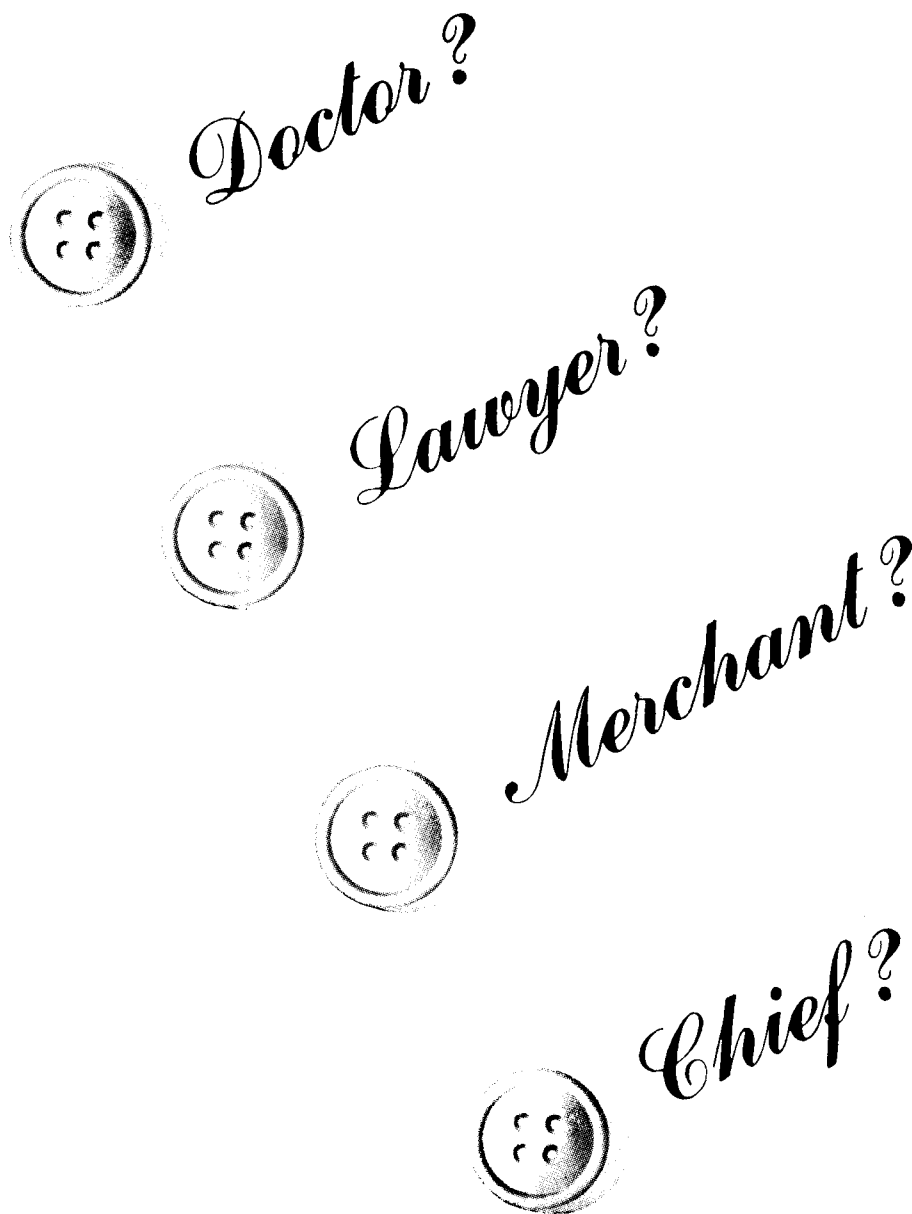
"Sally, I wonder if you'd do a great favor for me." There was something about the senator's expression that made Eric watch him with alertness.

"I'd love to," Sally said.

The senator looked at Eric, and Eric was sure his father was about to be foxy.

"Eric is this girl trustworthy?"

"As trustworthy," Eric answered, "as a twenty-dollar gold piece."



Children make a game of counting buttons.

But suppose that your little son really wants to be a doctor or lawyer when he grows up...or study for some other profession...or at least wants to go to college. You will do all you can to help him prepare for his life's work...if you live.

Suppose, however, you were not ready financially when he is ready for

college, or suppose you "were not here" at the time. You want him to have his chance in any event; and you would want your little girl to have the same advantage, because you realize that for the boy or girl who is capable of benefiting from a college education, it is a great handicap, or may even be a tragedy, to be deprived of the opportunity for lack of funds.

It is not too much to say that the

surest way of providing funds, beyond peradventure, for your son's or daughter's education is through an educational policy sufficient to cover necessary expenses.

Perhaps you will be interested in a folder we have prepared showing the average cost of attending each of 105 leading colleges and universities. A copy will gladly be sent to you, without obligation.

SAFETY IS ALWAYS THE FIRST CONSIDERATION...NOTHING ELSE IS SO IMPORTANT

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

A Mutual Company founded on April 12, 1845

THOMAS A. BUCKNER, *Chairman of the Board* **51 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.** **ALFRED L. AIKEN**, *President*



The battery with 9 lives

Black cats may be bad luck.

But the black Prest-O-Lite box is **GOOD LUCK**—for motorists.

Safer, surer-starting, and built stronger to do the extra things modern batteries have to do.

Radios, heaters, starters, lighters and the rest—batteries have to give and take a lot these days.

Get battery-right—with Prest-O-Lite before hard-hitting, hard-starting December comes along.

There's a Prest-O-Lite for everyone's car and everyone's price.

Prest-O-Lite Battery Co., Inc., Indianapolis, Ind.—Oakland, Calif.—Toronto, Can.



Prest-o-lite

—BUILT TO STAND THE STRAIN OF MODERN BATTERY DRAIN



Property Man

Continued from page 14

the screening, being dubbed in by re-recording. The same is true of song numbers, airplane crashes and foreign-language treatments. In fact, the science of sound has progressed at such a rate that lines can even be taken from one character and given to another after the film has been completed.

The property department on Seventh Heaven was on the lot two hours and a half before shooting began in the morning and four hours after the company knocked off at night. Since the Paris street scene was in the open, it was necessary to cover over the posters every night and carefully uncover them again in the morning.

With the property man on the set or on location goes his own prop box, which contains enough assorted foolishness to care for most extraordinary occasions. In one drawer of the Abrahams prop box were pens, pencils and cards. In another were rubber bands, corks and eyeglasses. In the third were cigars, cigarettes, matches, corn-cob pipes. In a fourth was make-up (used at the last minute to freshen up the players who have been too long away from the make-up room). Another had stationery, sewing materials, checkbooks and wallets. In general, he was carrying those essentials which might be required at a moment's notice. The last drawer had a first-aid kit and by the side of the box itself was a pile of blankets (used to resuscitate actors who had been wading around in the water, making Seventh Heaven). The prop man thinks of everything and anticipates everything. If it's a cold day, he has hot coffee ready for the players. He keeps a thousand things in mind and is not too sure of his job if he forgets a few of them.

The man who scouts for outside material at Twentieth Century-Fox is Al Carroll and nothing is sacred to the young man. Driving through Beverly Hills he saw a handsome old-fashioned doorbell on a house. With the assurance of a good Hollywood man, he stopped and went in.

"That bell," said Mr. Carroll. "We want it and will pay well."

The householder, with the usual reverence of all Californians for the cinema art, was properly overwhelmed and parted with the antique.

Absentee Lending

When they were making Ramona the company was in a mountain spot, 65 miles from the nearest large town. The director decided one night that he wanted a feather tick and an old-fashioned sewing machine by next morning. The prop man, Duke Abrahams, had worked from daybreak and was still working at nine that night, but he started out to uphold the honor of the profession. He found what he wanted on a near-by Indian reservation, wandering into the houses when the occupants were away at party and departing with the feather tick. In another house he discovered a sewing machine which might have served the original Mrs. Singer.

"No, not robbery," says Mr. Abrahams. "We brought them back next day and paid for the rent of them."

With scarcely anything photographing as it should, the property department has worked out substitutes. Carmine oil looks like blood, while real blood looks like nothing at all. When the cameraman wants a hazy effect for a love scene or a fog, the prop man burns mineral oil. They burn jasmine and sandalwood incense in pots for heavy fog or smoke, varying the scents to keep

the cast from getting sick of the smell of the same one all the time. One of the most useful of all props is invisible wire, which can be used for trick effects (suspending people in mid-air) and for such practical purposes as saving a life. When Gale Sondergaard was being held down a well by James Stewart's double in Seventh Heaven, her wrists were found to be so thin that he couldn't get a good grip on her. The prop man built a harness of wire for Jimmy and painted it such a color that it blended with the background. Without it Miss Sondergaard would have stood a chance of being dropped a distance of fifteen feet into a flowing stream and a pile of rocks.

In preparation for Lloyds of London, Colonel Joy of the Fox staff went to London for research. Additional information was compiled by Frances Richardson at the studio and from the Los Angeles public library. Ramona was made at Warner Hot Springs and the prop men nearly perished. They had to get up at two in the morning to be ready for a nine o'clock shooting call. The barbecue used two cows, six sheep and two dozen chickens. Forty-five crates of vegetables and fruits had to be provided. It required forty trucks to transport the set dressings and props. There was a cook tent with complete refrigeration, providing fresh ice cream for lunch every day.

Tragedy in the Prop Department

What is most amazing about Hollywood is the efficiency and resourcefulness of the technical help. If there are delays and muddleheadedness, the fault rarely lies with the hired hands. The way in which a prop department can duplicate practically everything ever heard of is positively magical. A man like Mr. Little has been in touch so long with dealers in secondhand wares that a phone call to New York and an express shipment by air mail can get him service in a few days' time on practically anything ever invented. Some of the rare items, however, can never be duplicated. When a fire at the Fox studios wiped out a set last year it was a tragedy for the prop department.

"We lost our last set of Empire furniture," says Mr. Little, "and I don't think it possible to find another. The big shots didn't take it seriously because the fire was covered by insurance, but they don't understand that money won't bring back that furniture."

The property department has to think of everything. In a night scene on a city street, it will be necessary to show street lights and advertising signs tapering off into the distance. That is done very practically by making large signs for the foreground and smaller and smaller ones to denote distance. It is all done on the studio lot and it would take a keen eye to detect the studio set from a real street scene.

Their only defeat in Seventh Heaven was a French postman's sack, vintage of 1914. They wired all their contacts, kept the phone busy to New York, ransacked every warehouse in Los Angeles and had to give up.

So they hunted around until they found a photograph of a French letter carrier. All they could see of his sack, however, was the back. With that hint they constructed a new sack, but even that wasn't enough.

"When you photograph it," they told the cameraman, "get just that back part in and no more. We aren't taking any chances."

Little Girls Belong to Their Mothers

Continued from page 13

"How's Henry?" Sannie asked. "Is he hurt bad?"

"Just his leg. He may have to use a crutch for a month. Your mother isn't very thorough."

"I guess," Sannie said, "she was excited. She gets awful nervous and excited sometimes. She was mad at Henry, maybe that's why. He's her boy friend. . . . That is . . ." she finished carefully, "he used to be her boy friend."

Nurse Howard redraped her armload of white stuff.

"So they made you play in the lobby at eleven o'clock at night?"

"I like to," Sannie said politely. "Well, how about the nightie? Can I give it to her? Maybe she'll sleep better."

"Certainly not," Nurse Howard said; then gentler: "Perhaps later, when she's convalescing."

She tapped a white shoe.

"YOU'D better go home now and come back in the morning. Visiting hours ten to twelve and two to four."

"I don't suppose I could stay here?"

"Oh, heavens," said Nurse Howard, "isn't there anyone to take care of you? I'd take you home myself but I'm on duty till dawn. But a child traveling alone in the city after midnight!"

"It isn't that. I'm not scared. But I thought I'd better hang around, kind of."

Sister Mary Joseph came up and put an arm around Sannie's shoulders.

"There's a lady here to see you, my dear," she said. All the white, stiff cloth around her face looked as though it had been pasted on.

Nurse Howard went away, into one of the doors where a green light had been on for a long time.

Sannie tried to keep the tissue paper quiet as she tucked it around the nightgown. It was more hole than paper by this time.

The lady was waiting in a round, cut-out spot of white light by the desk near the elevators.

"This is Miss Niccody," said Sister Mary Joseph, "of the Child Welfare. She's going to help you."

Miss Niccody opened a big black leather purse and took out a pencil. She pulled down the cuffs of her black suit and got into writing position.

"It was too late to look up the records," she said to Sister Mary Joseph. "And I have to take some notes. Name?"

Sannie stood on the other side of the desk with the bundle under her arm.

"Sandra Foster."

"Age?"

"Nearly twelve. What's this for, anyway?"

Miss Niccody stubbed the eraser of her pencil against her lips.

"The sister phoned me and I came right over to help you. I have to know something about what you need."

"I don't need anything," Sannie said. "They let me charge my meals at the hotel where we live."

"Do you mind answering questions, Sandra? It's just part of my job to ask them."

"No," Sannie said, "I don't mind. Go ahead."

"When were your parents divorced?"

"Right after we moved here from Sioux City. We used to live there. I guess . . . two years ago."

"Where is your father?"

"Daddy lives here, too. On the North Side."

Every time Miss Niccody lifted her head a scallop of dark gray shadow came down from her hat over her nose.

She spoke to Sister Mary Joseph:

"Has anyone notified the husband of this?"

"I tried to reach him before I called you. He wasn't in."

"So you're in your mother's custody. Well!" Miss Niccody said, "there may be a change made!"

"My daddy wanted me, too. But the judge said little girls generally belong to their mothers."

SANNIE yawned sharply, a little below, with her hand clapped on her mouth after it was all over.

"The first thing," said Sister Mary Joseph, "is to tuck her in bed."

"I'm not sleepy." And she yawned again.

"I'll take you home," Miss Niccody said. She zipped the pencil back into her purse.

"I wouldn't want to bother you," Sandra said.

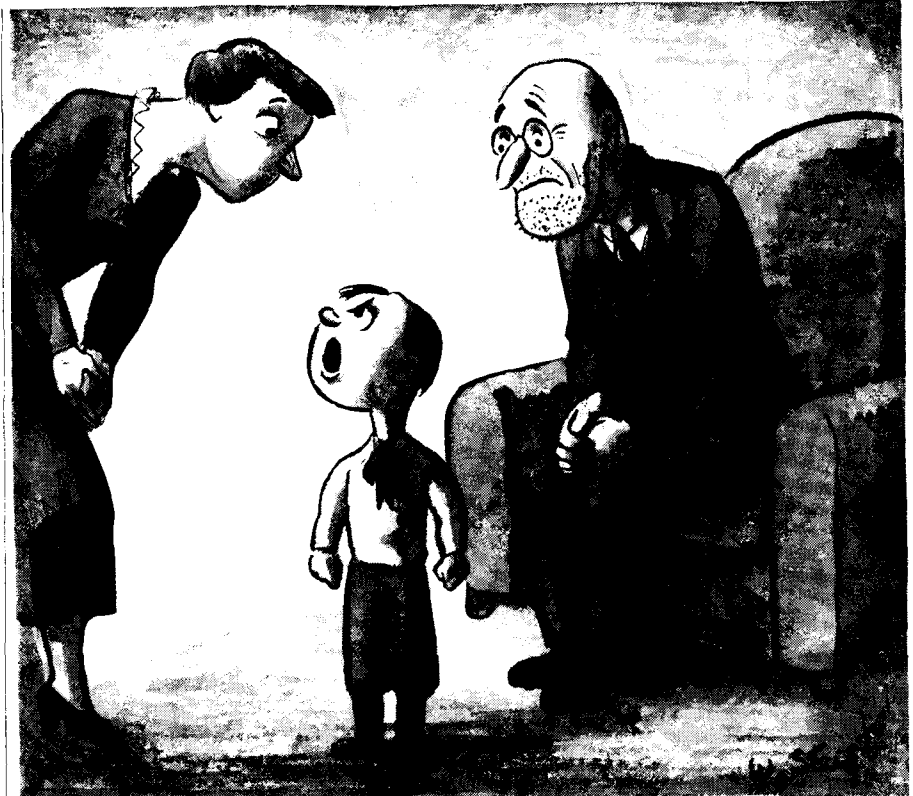
"Come now, Sandra. I'm surprised you didn't wear a hat. It's chilly for all it's spring."

They had already punched the button for the elevator when Sannie ran back to Sister Mary Joseph and put the bundle on the desk where it came undone right away.

"Could I leave this here, this nightie? In case she is con—convalescing tomorrow morning early?"

They went to Sannie's place that was nearly an apartment and nearly a hotel.

"I hate to leave you here alone," Miss



"I won't kiss Uncle! Tell him to get a REMINGTON RAND Electric Shaver!"

Out of the mouth of a babe comes a splendid suggestion for Uncle's Christmas gift—a Remington Rand Close-Shaver. Here's a shaver that "gets under your chin"! It has a new-type shearing head, a combing-bar to lift flat hairs, greater cutting surface and a powerful, high-speed motor. \$16, complete, with case, at your dealer's.



General Shaver Corporation, Bridgeport, Conn., a division of Remington Rand Inc.

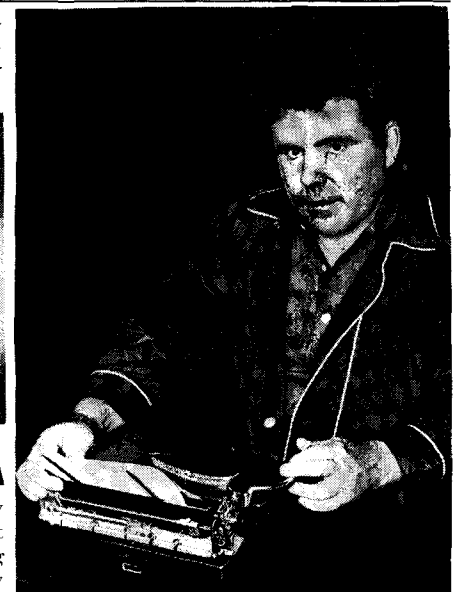
"I reported the first Dempsey-Tunney fight in Philadelphia with a Corona. Though I wrote my story in a driving rain, the machine was uninjured . . ."



The ONLY portable with "Floating Shift"

1938 SPEED MODEL CORONA

"I know of nothing so compact and so mighty at the same time. And now that it's as silent as the sun, I feel that you have something more than ever of which to be proud. My congratulations."



JIM TULLY Tall Timber, North Hollywood, Cal.

Starting life as a "road kid", and author of "Beggars of Life" and other books and plays, this remarkable writer has become a foreign best-seller for his American portraits . . . and another name in Corona's long list of authors. Whatever the typing job, Corona handles it—quickly, quietly, easily. For today's last word in portable typewriters, be sure to see the 1938 Corona—the Pacemaker "Speed Model"—at any Corona dealer's.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Pay for your Corona as you use it . . . as little as \$1.00 a week!

L C SMITH & CORONA TYPEWRITERS INC
Desk 11, 705 E. Washington St., Syracuse, N. Y.
Please send free folder about your different Corona models.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____



"Old Judge was bald as a coot, till he got that idea from the movies"

NED HILTON



● How long would YOU have a good healthy appetite if you had to eat the same old meal month in and month out? Your dog wants variety, too. Feed him RED HEART'S 3 flavors in rotation... beef, fish, and cheese! RED HEART provides the *nourishment* your dog needs for robust health. Laboratory-tested and kennel-proved. No cheap fillers. Rich in vitamins and minerals... contains Fleischmann's irradiated yeast. Start your dog... or cat... on RED HEART... now! John Morrell & Co., Ottumwa, Iowa.



RED HEART DOG FOOD

Three Flavors • Feed in Rotation

**WOODSTOCK
TYPEWRITERS**

AGENTS - UP TO \$5000

Big cash profits. 250 household necessities—all fast sellers. Ford Sedans or \$500 cash given producers as bonus. Big Display Outfit sent—no money risk. Details FREE. Write Albert Mills, 803 Monmouth, Cincinnati, Ohio.

**FOR
CHEST
COLDS**

Distressing cold in chest or throat should never be neglected. It generally eases up quickly when soothing, warming Musterole is applied.

Better than a mustard plaster, Musterole gets action because it's NOT just a salve. It's a "counter-irritant"—stimulating, penetrating, and helpful in drawing out local congestion and pain.

Used by millions for 25 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. All druggists. In 3 strengths: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong, 40¢ each.

MUSTEROLE
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Niccody said, "it's after one o'clock." "Well, thank you." Sannie's eyes were sleep-hungry. "But they all know me here. I'm going right up to bed. I'm okay." Miss Niccody sighed. "There isn't another thing I can do with you without red tape. And red tape starts in the morning. Go right to sleep now."

Sannie went up in the elevator with Jimmy, who was working the night shift, and got off on the green carpet at the eighth floor.

"G'night, kid," Jimmy said. "Your mother okay?"

"They wouldn't let me see her," Sannie said, "but they told me she's all right."

"Be sure to lock your door," he said, and cut off the square of light from the cage by running shut the steel panel.

The maids hadn't been in to clean. She walked through a tumbled living room. The heavy brown chair was turned over and looked like a fat woman trying to get up. All the lights were on, and the teasing smell of something like firecrackers was preserved by the closed windows. It was neater in the bedroom except all the drawers were open where she had hunted for the nightgown.

In the bathroom, when she went in to brush her teeth, she tried to wash off a brown tongue of iodine which ran down the white basin, and most of it came off. But a faint yellow stain resisted like a bad memory.

After she had put on her pajamas she stood and looked at the bed nearest the window. Then she shoved open the windows and crawled into the other twin bed.

Outside the apartment the elevator sometimes rode up, clanked twice—once for opening and once for closing the doors—then rode down again. About two, Jimmy walked the hall to try the door and, finding it satisfactorily locked, walked away again.

Hazel, the telephone operator, rang in the morning.

"Get up, Sannie," she said; "it's seven-thirty." That was the regular call.

"I'm not going to school today."

"What's the matter now? Is your mother keeping you home again?" Hazel's voice was impatient. "You tell her if she keeps you home every time she's got a headache or needs some errands done you'll never pass."

"She isn't here. She's at the hospital. I've got to go right over there to her."

"Oh, gosh... I'm sorry. What's the matter?"

Sannie bumped her hand up and down the wrinkles in her blue pajamas. "She's... she's... sick. I guess you weren't on the board last night when... it happened."

"Well, honey, you tell her I hope she'll feel better real soon. Are you going to get up then or shall I ring you again?"

"I'll get up."

AND she did. She took her shower, washing her face and hands with soap and letting plain water clean the rest of her. She put on a fresh dress. The apartment was still messy, for the maid wouldn't clean until noon, which was the earliest she was ever allowed into 821.

Sannie took some hotel note paper and wrote:

"Dear Nettie: Something spilled in the bathroom. Couldn't get it off. I got some on the towels trying. Only need two clean towels today as Mother is away."

Walking out of the living room she closed her eyes. But her nose didn't shut very well, even by wrinkling it. There was still the least little smell from the gun.

She went downstairs to the restaurant and ordered her regular breakfast: Orange juice, a boiled egg and whole-wheat toast. Only the men who were

going to work were there, each one headless behind a morning paper.

When the check came she signed it: "Sandra Foster, Room 821."

"My," said the waitress, "your handwriting's getting real good."

"Just the way I write my name. From signing the charges. My circles and push-pulls at school are terrible."

She had a dime in her pocket, along with the other small metallic remnants of her allowance, and she left it under the plate when she went away.

She stopped at the desk on her way to the street. Her chin came just about to the mahogany bar, where there was a jar of thin blue flowers and a stack of free leaflets telling what movie to go to this week.

"Any mail?" She had already seen a tan envelope in the narrow box marked 821.

The clerk had two trained fingers and with these he scissored the letter and gave it to Sannie.

The letter was marked 821, so it was all right for her to open it because she lived in 821.

"Where's Mr. Durwent?" she asked the clerk, putting her chin on the counter.

"In his office; where'd you think?"

MR. DURWENT'S desk had glass on the top, invisible in places where the light fled across it, and somehow, though it was white glass, green all around the edges.

"Do we have to move?" Sannie asked. "The letter says so."

He picked up and put down a half-dozen things from his desk as though his hands were weighing machines.

"You're a month behind in rent."

"Once we were before and you didn't say we had to move." She smoothed her black bangs with the hand that wasn't holding the "Notice to vacate." "Anyway, I can't move while she's in the hospital."

"Oh," he said, "we don't mind having you around, Sannie. Take your time, till your mother gets well again." He opened a desk drawer with a little flourish. Here, "Have a piece of chocolate."

"Just at my breakfast. Honest. Mr. Durwent, is that why you want us to move? Account of the rent?"

"It's a common reason," he said, and then he seemed to slide a little under his desk. "You're a nice child and I'm sorry for you... but I've got to run this hotel as well as I can. Don't you worry any more now till your mother comes back

from the hospital. The clerk was a fool..." The last words he said to the closing drawer.

She dragged a flat, limp-legged shadow after her into the chill lemonade-colored sunshine, up the boxy steps of the L and onto a platform from which she boarded a northbound train.

She knew the right place to descend again, and presently she stood in a business building, waiting with a half-dozen taller heads for the elevator.

"SANNIE!" her father cried as she came through the door of his office. They stood a long minute smiling at each other.

Then she was kissed, hugged and settled down comfortably on the desk top with her feet in an open drawer to keep them from dangling.

"Mother's... sick in the hospital."

"I know. I know. Some Niccody woman called me this morning and when I phoned you at the hotel... you were gone. I want to go to the hospital... with you."

"Okay," she said, "but first I got to talk... about... well, we spent our alimony."

"Yes?" he said.

"I know it's only ten days since we got it... but... well... we just spent it..."

"What did we do with it?"

"Well, Daddy... the thing is, we didn't pay our rent. And they want us to move—"

"Oh, sweetie," he said in a funny voice, "can you ever forgive me—us—for this?"

"If we could give them some money maybe they wouldn't mind us having made noise last night."

"You ought to have a regular father and mother and a house, Sannie. I tried, dear, honestly I tried."

She scuffed her feet around in the open drawer.

"I don't suppose you could come back to us?"

He looked away.

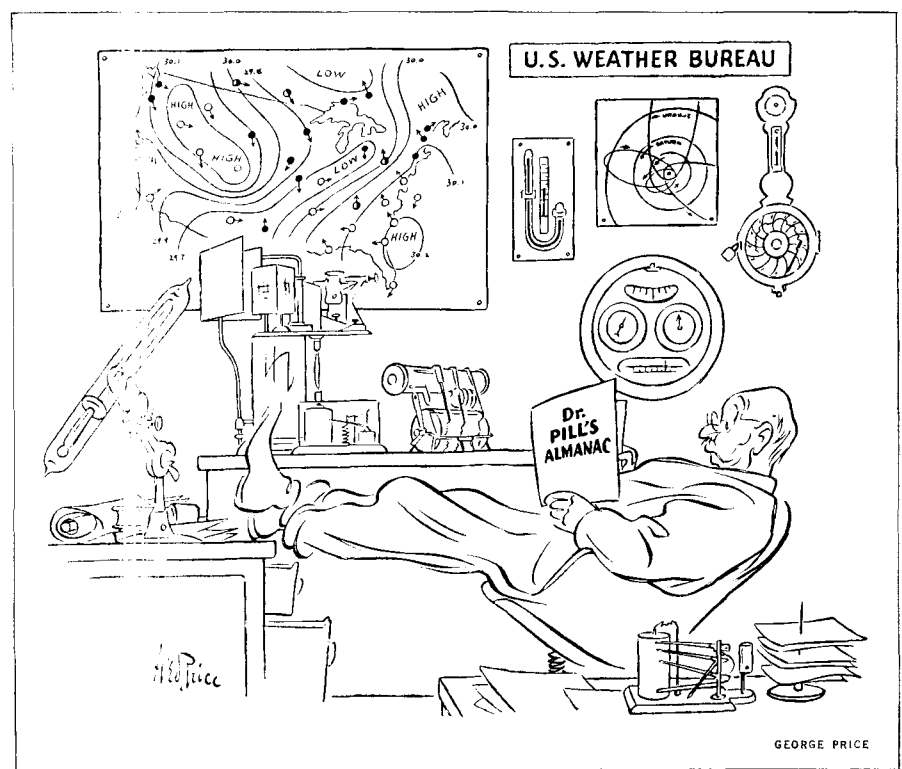
"Do you remember how it used to be... when we were all three together? Did you like that?"

"Well, she don't cry so much now. And... well, I haven't heard you mad, Daddy, like you used to get..."

"I can't go back to that, Sannie. That's no better for you, is it?"

"I'm okay," she said, folding the blue pleats back into her skirt. "But, Daddy, about the rent?"

"The Niccody woman had quite a lot to say, Sannie. And so, I'll tell you what



OK—its from OLD KENTUCKY



● Here's a most genial whiskey, rich and smooth and mellow—the kind that makes friends and holds them especially at its very friendly price.
At the very first sip, you'll give Crab Orchard your stamp of approval, for it's

→ KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON *OK*
→ TOP-RUN WHISKEY *OK*
→ TWO YEARS OLD *OK*
→ 93 PROOF *OK*

MORE THAN EVER NOW IT PAYS TO

ASK FOR

Crab Orchard
BRAND
Top-run KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

YOUR GUIDE TO  GOOD LIQUORS

Copyright 1937, NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK



SCRUBBING a toilet with your hands is old-fashioned. Science will do this unpleasant job for you. Just use a little Sani-Flush in the bowl. (Follow directions on the can.) Flush the toilet and the job is done.

Sani-Flush has no odor of its own. It puts an end to unsanitary toilet odors by killing the germs and removing stains and incrustations. The toilet glistens like new. Sani-Flush purifies the hidden trap that no other method can clean. It cannot injure plumbing.

Sani-Flush is also effective for cleaning automobile radiators (directions on can). Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores—25 and 10 cent sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, O.



Sani-Flush

CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

BUY GIFTS DIRECT—SAVE MONEY

This beautiful thin model Cigarette Case, made of solid Jeweller's Bronze not a "plated" product, (looks like Satin Gold) would retail easily for \$2.99. If you want to see what wonderful values we offer, order one or more today. Price is only \$1.99 each, packed in Gift Box. Sent C.O.D. or mail us check or money order. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE if not entirely satisfied. ASK FOR OUR FREE BEAUTIFUL GIFT CATALOG. L. F. GRAMMES & SONS, INC., - ALLENTOWN, PA.

RED COMET STOPS FIRE

You never know when fire is going to strike at you and yours. Send for free facts about Red Comet Automatic Fire Control today—before your fire starts. RED COMET, INC., Dept. 11, Littleton, Colo. (A few good territories still open—write or wire)

DID YOU SLEEP OR COUGH LAST NIGHT?

Relieve Night Coughing With PISO'S Local And Internal Action

Don't dread another night of coughing. Get a bottle of Piso's today and get both local and internal relief from coughs due to colds.

LOCALLY, Piso's soothing ingredients cling to your throat, quickly ease and relax irritated membranes that bring on coughing spells.

INTERNALLY, Piso's stimulates flow of normal throat secretions - loosens tight phlegm. For coughs due to colds, ask your druggist for a bottle of Piso's (p i e - s o ' s).

Piso's 35¢ 60¢

I'll do. She said she thought a nice visit with me would be good for you. I'll pay Mother's hotel rent ahead for a year so you won't have to worry. Furthermore, I have a little vacation I can take early, and I'd like good company. For example, a young lady named Miss Foster who happens to be my blessed daughter. Will you come?"

She stood up on the top of the desk and did a jig before she jumped, skirts flying, into his arms.

"Gosh, yes," she said. "Fishing!"

"In Michigan," he said, kissing her.

"Oh, gosh," she said, "let's go."

He took his hat from the brass tree so fast it seemed to jump to his hand.

"Let's go. First to the hospital."

THERE were two other beds in the ward but they were both empty. Just one woman lay in the room, looking a little like an angel in a white nightgown with a high neck, brown hair sitting fondly on her shoulders.

"Oh, there you are," she said. "Sannie, get Mother her hankie from her purse... what did that nurse do with it?"

The purse was the only thing in the top drawer of the metal bureau.

"Thank you," the woman said, accepting the handkerchief and floating it from one finger. "I wish I'd phoned you to bring a silk nightie."

"I brought it last night," Sannie said. "Here's Daddy."

"Hello, Sylvia," he said and sat down in the far corner as though he were visiting one of the empty beds.

"Hello," she said. "Nice of you to come. I'm feeling fine. Glad I'm alive. Wasn't I crazy?"

"Yes," he said.

"Well, Sannie, if you brought that nightie why didn't they give it to me? Hospitals! I wouldn't wish my worst enemy into one of them."

He said, "You wished... what's his name, Henry Axiter I think the paper said this morning... well, you wished him into the hospital, Sylvia."

"Oh, the papers," she said, "they should have spelled it with two 'r's'."

There was another nurse this morning, and she walked in, shiny as butter.

"Nurse," said Sannie, "I brought my mother her nightie last night... could she have it, please?"

"No," said the nurse, "I'm sorry but that's a hospital regulation."

"They want you to feel worse," Sylvia Foster said. "But if I have some powder and a teeny scrap of lipstick I'll feel human again."

The nurse went away again.

"Now, Ted," the woman said when Sannie had brought the whole purse and had fished out the compact and the fat lipstick, "what brings you here? Not sympathy, surely?"

"Some of that, maybe," he said. "Sannie, wouldn't you like to go out in the hall and play. Or maybe they've got some new babies somewhere around here that you could look at."

"Let her stay." The lipstick brought the small mouth to ruddy life.

"No. Go on now, Sannie; come back in ten minutes."

"I'll get the nightie," Sannie said.

"I'M GETTING the custody of the child," the man said.

"Oh, now, Ted, you wouldn't take her away from me?"

He left the corner chair and came to the bottom of the bed.

"They freed the slaves quite a long time ago. You've got no legal right to own one even if you did bear her."

She caught a strand of dark hair in her mouth and began to chew it. She looked fourteen.

"Sannie is one of the best-behaved, most independent children in the world."

"Sure. But she's no more child than Bernard Shaw. She's taking care of you

as though she were the mother. Rent—alimony—suicide—what business has a kid to know all about those things? Well, I don't have to argue with you. The Niccody woman of the Child Welfare is putting through an emergency something-or-other to give her to me. I'm taking her fishing and she'll live with me after this. I'll pay your rent for a year and deduct it from your regular alimony, so you won't have to figure your finances."

"Oh, Ted, must she go? I didn't think of that last night... when... and I need her so much." Quick tears laced her lashes.

"You never think. The Niccody woman said Sannie seems like a well-balanced child and she could give her an option on whichever of us she chose. But I've asked her and she wants to come with me."

"Well-balanced? See! I haven't been bad for her."

"You haven't been for her at all. Neither of us has, apparently. Tell you what, Sylvia... for the sake of the kid we could try it again. I'd be willing to. Kids need two handles, like a pair of shears."

She shuddered. "I couldn't stand it... and besides there's someone who's more than just 'willing' to try it with me."

"Axiter! That guy must like excitement."

Sannie came back with a glass of lemonade in one hand and the tissue-paper bundle in the other.

"Sannie!" her mother cried. "Are you going to leave me for your father? Would my little girl do that?"

SANNIE put the lemonade down carefully but anyway a few drops sloshed into the saucer. Then she unwrapped the nightgown.

"It didn't get any dust on it yet, Mother."

"Are you deserting me, Sannie?"

She looked down.

"We're going fishing. I'll write to you." Then she scrutinized her mother. "You feel all right, don't you?"

"She feels fine," said Ted Foster.

"She's leaving here tomorrow or the next day. And if you're worried, Sannie, she can have a nurse for a week at home."

"Nurses! I hate nurses!" said the woman. "There isn't one of them with the faintest drop of human sympathy."

Her father took Sannie's hand, and squeezed it gently, forcing an answer:

"I'm going fishing with Daddy. I'll be back though."

"Back with me to the North Side," said her father. "Goodbye, Sylvia. I'm sure you'll feel better. I'll make every possible arrangement for you."

He walked out and Sannie stayed to say goodby.

"I hope you feel better," she said awkwardly.

"Don't let him keep you," said her mother flinging out her arms to hug.

"You'll come back to me, won't you? I can never get along without you."

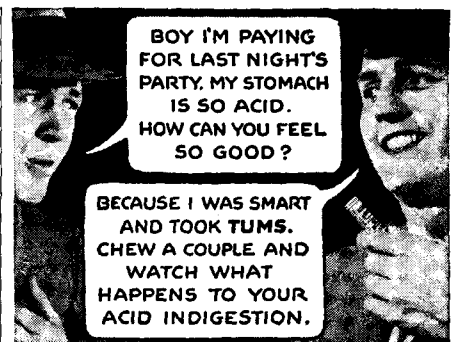
Sannie stooped to hitch up the strap on her sandal.

"They switched me," she said, "but I'll help you. If you need anything you could phone me. And Nettie over to the hotel can massage you instead of me doing it." She took the satin nightie with her when she went.

But they were so busy all day making preparations for the trip that when they started out that evening with one suitcase apiece in the rumble seat of the blue coupé, the silk nightgown was there, too. Sannie had worried about not getting it back to the hotel.

"It'll be all right," Ted Foster said. "It could use a vacation, too, probably."

She covered it specially with an extra piece of newspaper and settled down to enjoy herself.



AMAZING, FAST WAY TO RELIEVE ACID INDIGESTION

YES—TUMS, a remarkable discovery brings amazing quick relief from indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach, gas, and constant burning caused by excess acid. For TUMS work on the true basic principle. Act unbelievably fast to neutralize excess acid conditions. Acid pains are relieved almost at once. TUMS contain no laxatives; no harmful drugs. *Guaranteed to contain no soda.* Over 1½ billion TUMS already used—proving their amazing benefit. Try TUMS today. Only 10c for 12 TUMS at all druggists. Most economical relief. Chew like candy mints. Get a handy 10c roll today, or the three roll economy package with metal container for only 25c.



★-XX G!! I LOST MY CHANCE BECAUSE I DIDN'T HAVE A GOOD MEMO SYSTEM

...This Doesn't Happen If You Use Memindex

...the famous "Automatic Memory" used by successful people everywhere. Top executives, salesmen and professional people find it unequalled. Keeps all data on handy, uniform cards—today's on top. A marvel for compactness, convenience and adaptability. Leather POCKET CASE for daily memos plus DESK UNIT for permanent data. Style KL (4 other styles) complete, with year's supply of cards, \$4.75. POCKET CASE only, with cards, \$2.85 and up. Write for booklet, "Memory on Cards" showing how Memindex works. **FREE CARDS** for quick action! Dated cards for the remainder of 1937 furnished free with all orders for 1938 Memindex. Wilson Memindex Co., 160 St. Paul St., Rochester, N. Y.

INCREASE YOUR INCOME!

YOU may earn plenty of extra dollars in your spare time by taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S and the other popular Crowell Publications. Don't hesitate because there's no coupon. Just paste this advertisement with your name and address on a penny post card and mail to: Chief of Subscription Staff The Crowell Publishing Company 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

EXTRA DELIGHTFUL—THIS TOM & JERRY MADE WITH

PILGRIM RUM

90 PROOF • STRAIGHT NEW ENGLAND RUM

WRITE FOR FREE RECIPE BOOK

FELTON & SON, INC.

524 East Second St., South Boston, Mass.

"You used to have a sedan, didn't you?" Sannie asked.

"Yes." Her father's hands played around the wheel and back, turning the corner. "But then, I didn't need such a big car any more."

There would be two wonderful nights of travel until they reached the green northern corner of Michigan where the fish lived. Plenty of time to talk about everything.

And when the lake had eaten up the sun, the twilight stayed on, grayly, a half-hour more. They waited for the real darkness before they stopped at a little town to sleep. The luggage was divided neatly between their separate hotel rooms, and the nightgown went with Sannie.

"GOSH," said her father, "I forgot to buy cigarettes." The night had passed in one big yawn and it was already another day. They were just pulling away from the ham and eggs they had eaten for breakfast. "Don't suppose you have a smoke on you, Sannie?"

"I could get out and buy you some." "You'll stay in the car like a nice young lady while I do my own errands. After this, Sannie, someone's going to do everything for you."

So she stayed in the car and looked carefully at her father's fishing tackle.

He came back with cigarettes for himself, a pack of chewing gum for Sannie and a newspaper about which he said:

"The funnies for you and all the serious stuff for me."

But some of the funnies were in the front section. And she rattled away while the blue coupé nosed out of white Michigan towns and down the Michigan roads.

"Daddy," she said in a surprised way, "what's prostrated? It says here Mother prostrated herself and here's her picture. I never saw this negligee before. . . ."

He whittled down the speed of the car and halted it, off the road, under some yellow-blossoming trees. Sannie read the paper over his shoulder.

"Oh," he groaned, "why did they have to be in the same hospital?"

"It says she only went down to apologize. . . ."

"Went down to apologize! Threw a fit all over his bed! I can just imagine it. And then posed for newspaper photographers just before she collapsed."

"Well, but, Daddy . . . don't you think we ought to go back and help her?"

"She doesn't need help. She's having a marvelous time."

He started the car and threw the newspaper out of the window. For a second the papers stuck together, then in the breeze generated by the automobile most of them sailed off like rough kites. But the piece with the picture of Sylvia Foster flattened out and clung to the prickles of a bush.

"Tell you what," said Ted Foster, as they joined the road again. "This time, instead of fishing from the banks, I think you ought to have waders. You could stand up, even in swift waters, couldn't you?"

"Daddy," Sannie said, "did Miss Nicody give me to you for keeps?"

"My sweet infant, she gave you your choice. But I chose for you. You're my girl!"

He searched with one careful hand for a match, guarding the wheel with the other. Sannie opened the dashboard box, found one and scratched it for him.

"Sure," she said, "I'm your girl. Daddy. And . . . and . . . thanks about the waders."

THE towns were getting smaller and farther apart as the second dusk fell. Instead of nuisances to be passed through at the twenty-five-mile-an-hour speed limit they were treasures to be anticipated. In one there would be an

ice-cream soda. In another, a stop at a filling station to feed the car, and finally, in the black, rushing night, along would come the lights of Rinoake with the good hotel in which they would sleep.

There, Ted Foster sent the car to a garage, chose a room with windows on two sides for Sannie and tucked her into bed.

"How about prayers?"

"Well, maybe I will tonight for a change. For Mother's nerves."

"Ears, neck . . . teeth, do I look at those?"

She sat up and her face was clean to the chin. Below that she was faintly mulatto.

"Come on . . . up with you. Can't go to bed dirty."

He sat on the rim of the bathtub and watched the procedure. She talked around the washcloth: "Mother must feel terrible about Henry. . . ."

"Oh, Lord!" The single, overbright light hanging from a brass chain in the center of the room made his hair, so much like Sannie's, shine like wax. "I'm going to tell you a story. Not exactly a bedtime story. About a little girl who took care of her mother. Now that's a very nice and kind thing to do. But generally, mothers take care of their little girls. However . . . this mother was a little girl herself. Somehow. Time forgot her and she never grew up. But her little girl grew up and became a young lady and finally a big woman herself, and for all that she kept right on taking care of her mother. . . . Sannie! In the ears, too!"

"That's me!" Sannie said excitedly. "And Mother."

"Now this is just a story. Well, the mother loved trouble . . . as long as she had someone she could depend on to help her out of it. Like a little girl. She got gray hairs and wrinkles and never learned that she wasn't a little girl. And the older she got the more she needed someone to do things for her. And she had driven away everyone but her child, who by this time—remember, I told you?—had grown up herself. Now you're clean . . . you can get back into bed."

CLUMSILY he wiped the wet back of her neck, and gave her a spank to hasten her to her pillow.

"Well, go on," Sannie said. "It's good."

"So then . . . a young man came along. And he wanted to marry the little girl who had grown up to be a big woman. And she loved him, too, but . . ."

"Is it me? What's his name?"

He pulled the cranky, creaking rocker up another inch, and it yelled painfully. "And she loved him too, but she couldn't marry him because she couldn't leave her mother. And naturally, young men don't marry mothers, too. You see, the mother was eating up the little girl's life as though it were candy . . . candy which didn't belong to her. And the girl was so used to making decisions in favor of her mother—"

"What's that mean?"

"It means that every time she had a choice . . . 'something for me or something for Mother' . . . she chose in favor of her mother."

"Oh, I see."

"Do you, infant . . . do you?" The shadows lay quiet in the corners. "So . . . life passed the little girl right by and when she realized she had been cheated of everything it was too late. And then her mother died . . . of course older people die first . . . especially when they burn themselves out . . . the little girl had nothing. Nothing in the world."

"Tell me, Daddy, is it me?"

"No," he said, standing, "not if I can help it."

"Well," Sannie said sleepily, full of air and automobile rhythm, "it was pretty sad. Good night, Daddy."

He turned off the light, so that the

Whatever it is . . . wherever it is . . . insure it in the Hartford.

For nearest agent's name phone Western Union.



"I COVER

YOU RE-COVER"

I am the Hartford* agent. I sell "coverage"—protecting you against financial loss.

Then, if your property is damaged by fire, explosion, wind, lightning, hail, or if it is stolen—you re-cover.

And that is sure. The Hartford makes good its losses promptly and

fully. Such is its record through its 127 years of service.

I do not recommend "marked down" insurance. I do recommend the certain protection of a Hartford policy, and I back this up with my personal service, my experience and my help wherever and whenever you need it.



*HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

*HARTFORD ACCIDENT AND INDEMNITY CO.

HARTFORD, CONN.

Boys, 12 to 15, Earn This Speedy De Luxe Sports Model

ROLLFAST BICYCLE!

FULLY EQUIPPED

BOYS, here's one of the sleekest jobs you've ever seen. Fleet sports model, completely streamlined, and fully equipped. Parallel double bar frame; chromium plated; balloon tires. Earn this wonderful prize or any of 300 others, including typewriter, model planes, athletic equipment. Make MONEY, too.

Just deliver our magazines to customers whom you obtain in your neighborhood during spare time. It's easy. Get in on the fun. To start, mail the coupon today.

Mail This Coupon Right Away

Mr. Jim Thayer, Dept. C-193
The Crowell Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio

Dear Jim: I want to earn PRIZES and make MONEY. Start me at once and send me a Prize Book.

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



Death Loses Out in Blind City



Reporter Aids Doctors, Nurses, Rescue Workers in Stricken Hospitals

"Wherever I went that black night," writes Harry Burke, the Newark, N. J., police reporter who scooped the world in 1935 in getting to the bedside of the dying Dutch Schultz, racket overlord, "doctors, nurses, rescue workers borrowed my trusty, battered, six year old 'Eveready' flashlight."

"Under its beams an appendix was removed, wounds were dressed, telephone numbers looked up, and, of course, it saved me a dozen times from barked shins, falls and perhaps even a broken neck during that December night when a power plant failure

plunged the whole city of Newark into darkness.

"Thousands of others, of course, turned to flashlights in this emergency. Police unravelled traffic jams with them, chefs fried ham and eggs, barbers shaved customers by their light. And those, like myself, who had fresh DATED 'Eveready' batteries, had dependable light that saw them safely through the thousand and one perils of the dark. In six years of reporting, that flashlight and fresh DATED 'Eveready' batteries have seen me through a lot of tight places, saved a lot of lives, including my own."

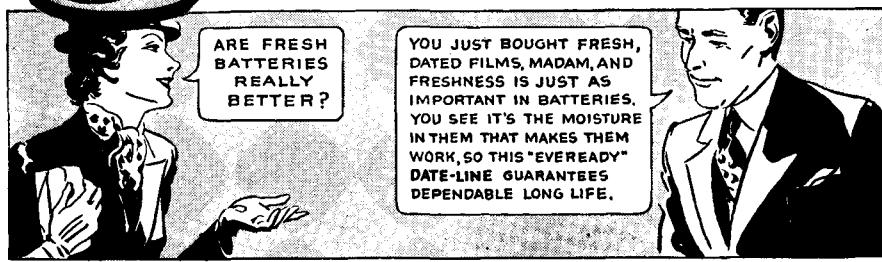
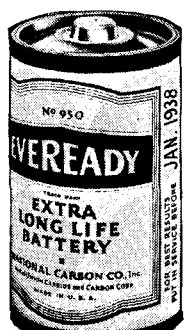
(Signed)

Harry Burke

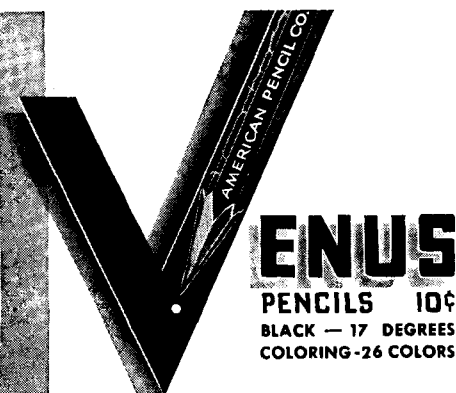
"EVEREADY" BATTERIES ARE FRESH BATTERIES

The DATE-LINE guarantees FRESHNESS

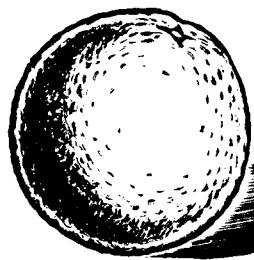
NATIONAL CARBON CO., INC., 30 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.



Men who know pencils—artists, architects, writers—all choose Venus Drawing. That's one good reason why you'll prefer them, too!



ORANGES HAVE AN



ALKALINE FACTOR

(IMPORTANT TO COLD RESISTANCE)

So have
LUDEN'S
Menthol Cough Drops 5¢

Building up Alkaline
Reserve helps you
resist colds!

windows which had been black became bright oblongs from the blended lights of the small town outside.

"Say!" Her voice came from the location of the bed, awake again. "We forgot to buy a paper tonight."

"We don't need one," he said. "We're going fishing to forget that there is any news."

"I'M SORRY, Daddy," she said, meeting him in the coffee shop of the hotel next morning. "I better get back to town. And you got to go fishing, so if you would just give me the money for the train I could go alone." She had another newspaper from the city. She had bought it herself.

"I thought we weren't going to look over the news."

Sannie sat down across the shiny black-glass top of the breakfast table.

"Orange juice, eggs, toast and milk," she said rapidly. "It's a good thing I bought one. There's more about Mother in it. She went down in the hospital to visit Henry again. And he didn't want to see her, I guess. See?"

"I understand very well. Let me have the paper."

She had not been able to get it back together, so page three came after page two but her father shook it straight.

"See where it says 'writ of restraint'. He got one on Mother." Her voice scratched through her clenched teeth. "Does that mean . . . is she . . . going to jail?"

His voice was as tired as though he had left it on all night.

"No, of course not. It just means that she mustn't visit him any more."

The relief in Sannie's voice was mixed with worry.

"She'll be sorry. She liked him. She used to visit him all the time. Daddy . . . she'll be lonesome. Can I have the money?"

"No," he said, "you cannot. How about me? . . . I'm lonesome without you, too."

"Ohhhhh, Daddy." She reached across to pull his hand to her. "But you never cry. . . . Please, Daddy."

"Absolutely not. You promised to come on this trip with me and here it's hardly started when you want to leave. Do you think that's polite?"

She looked into his black, distress-filled eyes.

"Okay," she said in a more subdued voice. "Would you pass me the salt for my eggs, please?"

THE waders they bought in Rinoake for Sannie were straight as soldiers and black. A red plaid mackinaw, too, was wrapped into a cozy bundle in the rumble seat for cool evenings ahead, and there were some good little flies for her to fish with. By five o'clock they would be settled in camp and maybe . . . maybe, they'd have an hour at twilight to start work on the stream.

They drove on after the shopping, talking carefully around Mother. She was like an island in the middle of their conversation about fishing and school and the blue coupé. Finally, of course, that carefulness made the words dry up.

"Let's have some music," said Ted Foster, and the little yellow radio light jumped on. Presently there was a hum and a funny blurred straining before the music came in clear; sharp, so you could almost see the little notes waving their tails across the black lines of sheet music.

"There! That's good!" he said.

But it didn't last long. Somebody told the time on the radio . . . and blew a horn. And there was the news! The news had Russia in it and Japan and the President and strikes. And finally, circling closer to home, there was Mrs. Sylvia Foster!

"Lovers a few days ago, today, en-

closed in the same hospital, Mrs. Sylvia Foster, 33, and Henry Axiter, 35, are now bitter enemies," said somebody's voice which didn't care at all. "Thursday Mrs. Foster shot Axiter in the leg and took iodine. Friday she tried to make up with him. He rejected her peace palm. Yesterday he had issued a writ of restraint to prevent her attempting to see him, and today she retaliated by announcing her intent to sue him for breach of promise. Mrs. Foster is the divorced wife of Theodore L. Foster of this city."

It was Sannie who turned the radio off as the man blew another horn to end the news.

"What is it, Daddy?"

The car went faster and faster as though the engine wanted to fly right out of the body.

"It's something you have no business to know anything about."

"But what?" She snapped the radio on again as though she would ask the news-broadcast man some questions. "Jail?"

"Oh, don't be frightened, darling, please. Not jail, though that seems your worst dread. It just means lawyers and judges and she'll try to win some money from him. They'll never give it to her, poor little fool."

"But she shouldn't," Sannie said. "She's still sick. Oh, gosh, Daddy, she'll go to pieces. You know, she goes to pieces."

"We won't talk about it any more, Sannie. Not another word! Ever!" His words were so definite you could almost see them in print.

THEY stopped at a filling station, a white, huddled place with big red tubes in front. Gasoline, oil, tires, water, and the flattened bugs washed off the windshield . . . they needed all that. There was just one tired attendant.

"This will take quite a time . . . get out and stretch," said Sannie's father.

She stretched and looked at the green and yellow country brushed, near the skyline, with a silver streak. The lake, maybe. She looked at the road as though it must surely have a happy ending.

She took a few steps down the road they had come. A few more. Then she turned to look back. The rumble seat was open and the black top of one wader stuck out. Back she went to the dusty, patient-looking car, looked in the rumble seat. With a handkerchief she wiped the grit off the waders carefully, and patted them. The tired man was scrunching at the windshield. With another look at the waders and the mackinaw bundle she reached deep into the rumble seat, brought forth the newspaper-covered package in which were tissue paper and the satin nightie, gripped it to her side with her arm and ran.

Ran! Back, back down the road. No one at the filling station saw her travel, one flying leg forcing the other.

The first car that came along stopped; and she climbed in over a fat lady's legs to sit in the back seat.

"Where'd you learn to use your thumb like that to hitch a ride, kid?" the man who was driving asked her.

"In the movies," she said. "How far you going?"

"To the city."

"Me too."

The fat lady said, "How come you to be hiking, dearie?"

"I have to go back to my mother. She's in the hospital and my father's going fishing."

"Well, bless it," said the fat lady to the man in the front seat. He never turned around. "Just like always, a child knows it can get more attention from a mother in a hospital than from a father on a fishing trip. She's there, honey . . . waiting for you!"

Sundown Jim

Continued from page 24

light, and then Jett was running across the upper part of the house as Majors raced toward the stairs and took them three at a time. When he reached the upper landing he heard Jett somewhere in the back end; there were no lights here and he had no knowledge of the house at all. He ran dead into a wall, crawled along it until he felt a door-frame. Jett said, "Majors!" and let go another bullet. Majors hooked a shot into the room, and heard a window give way with a full smash of glass and wood, and a man's great yell of pain rising from the yard below. Jett had taken his chances on a jump.

Majors charged over to the window. There wasn't any hall light to illumine the yard now, but the kitchen lamps laid a little glow on part of it, partially pressing back the dense shadows, and so he had his view of the fight. Hyde's men were at the moment rushing toward their horses and pale flashes of muzzle flame from the back side of the yard showed where Oldroyd and those others had stationed themselves. Their lead laced the yard wickedly. Jett was on the ground, rolling from side to side and still crying. One of Hyde's men ducked behind the flat-bed wagon and then the bullets from the barn veered that way and the box of the wagon began to rattle like a drum. A horse went down, hindquarters first; all the yard was rolling with dust. Some of Dobe's men had reached their saddles. They were plunging away into the darkness beyond the barn.

DOBE HYDE came into the kitchen glow, running toward his horse. He had lost his hat and his bald head was a shining target from above, and he carried something in both hands. A bullet plowed in front of him, ripping up the earth like fire smoke, causing him to stumble and drop whatever he carried. And at that moment Majors saw how

fixed were the patterns of a man's life; for Dobe came to a full halt and bent down to retrieve that object and this was the way he stood when a bullet from the barn caught him, turned him like a flimsy straw dummy in high wind, and sent him wheeling to the ground.

The last man rushed by the barn, leaving Dobe dead in the dust, leaving Jett in his twisting agony. The printer raced from the barn and took a vague position in the yard, futilely firing at Dobe's vanished crew. Oldroyd trotted out of the murk, over to Jett. Somewhere in the house Katherine Barr was calling: "Jim—Jim!"

He saw her when he came to the head of the stairs. She had brought a lamp from another room, and stood below him with her face tilted upward and a strangeness in her eyes. Afterward her shoulders dropped and he didn't see her face until he went down. Oldroyd walked into the hall, carrying Jett in his arms. The printer still fired his shots at the dark, but the others were returning, crowding by Katherine and Majors. He removed his hat, not realizing he did so. She was so composed before him, so impenetrably serene.

She said quietly, "I wasn't sure," and followed the other men into the big living room. Majors tramped after her. Oldroyd had dumped Jett on a sofa; he stood over him.

"Out entirely," he murmured. "He busted somethin' in that jump."

The Barrs were all here. Brand faced Majors with a small expression of unease. He knew what was in the big man's mind and forestalled it. "My fault," he admitted. "But they were all in the back yard and I thought the barn was a good spot to be. We crawled around the house and cut in from the back."

Majors only said, "All right." The Barrs were watching him, neither



"I'm almost as nervous as I was at the wedding!"

DOROTHY MCKAY

NOW! A CAR HEATER GUARANTEED TO GIVE

more heat

HOT HEAT
IN 90
SECONDS

OPERATES ON
UTTERLY NEW
PRINCIPLE



HEATS HOT IN
90 SECONDS BY
THE STOP WATCH



**Revolutionary New Car Heater
Burns Gasoline in a Sealed
Metal Chamber—Heats Hot
While Your Motor's Still Cold**

HERE'S the new car heater champion—the only one in the world that heats without waiting for your motor to warm up—floods your car with warmth within 90 seconds—gives living room comfort even in sub-zero weather!

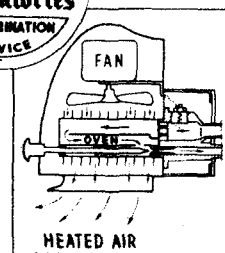
Utterly New Heating Principle

An entirely new principle makes this faster, better heating possible. The Stewart-Warner South Wind heater burns gasoline in a completely sealed metal chamber. It heats your car at an average cost of only 5¢ of a cent per hour. And it's utterly safe—carries the famous safety seal of Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.

Fast—Safe—Economical

Because the flame burns in a patented metal chamber under vacuum—no fumes can escape into your car. No oxygen from the car is used. And the heater is shut off at once—automatically—if damaged. You get more heat—quick heat—safely with a South Wind.

A single control turns the heater on and off, and lets you regulate temperature. An electric igniter lights the heater automatically—then



shuts off automatically after the heater has started—so there's no heavy drain on your battery. And a quiet electric fan circulates the heat through the whole car.

Independent Of Engine Heat

The Stewart-Warner heater is easily installed by your dealer. It takes no more space than a small ordinary heater, and is independent of the cooling system. There's no hose cutting—no extra thermostats to buy—no added loss of anti-freeze because of increased leakage or evaporation.

Thousands have already discovered the faster, better heat of a Stewart-Warner. Have your car dealer, garage or accessory dealer add the Stewart-Warner heater's amazing new comfort to your car—today. If your dealer can't supply you, write Dept. M 5, Stewart-Warner Corporation, Chicago, Illinois.

See how gasoline—drawn into the heater by suction—is burned as it enters the completely sealed metal chamber. Hot gases, not flame, then circulate through the heating chamber and out the engine manifold.

STEWART-WARNER

South Wind CAR HEATER

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

WINTER CURSE



Install an ALKOSAVE NOW

Radiator freezing, the worst curse of winter, is a costly nuisance. Not only loss of anti-freeze, but service expense and often repair bills for cracked radiators and cylinder blocks make inroads on your bank account. Now you can eliminate this expense as well as costly refills and the objectionable fumes noticeable when alcohol evaporates. An ALKO-SAVE—quickly installed on the lower end of the radiator overflow pipe—will prevent alcohol evaporation on any car in good running condition. One filling of alcohol will last all winter through warm spells and cold. Now you can use low priced alcohol as an all winter anti-freeze. The ALKOSAVE has been proved in thousands of miles of service. Buy it at any garage, gasoline station or accessory store.

List Price 89c

EVANS PRODUCTS COMPANY
392 Broad Street
Newark,
New Jersey



friendly nor otherwise. But the situation was odd and hard to explain and they didn't know what brought him here, or what was in his head. Jett's groan dragged across the silence. Katherine Barr's expressive face instantly showed a reflection of the kid's pain. She couldn't help it, however else she might feel toward Jett. Majors made a solid shape in the room, taciturnly trying to find a proper explanation. He found none, and gave it up; and went over to Jett. The kid's eyes were bad.

"Jett," he said, "Hyde's dead."

Jett's lips shrank back from his teeth. His knees worked slowly up and down. He sighed. "It's in my side."

"We'll get Doc Showers up here. But I'm asking you, will the rest of your crowd come back?"

"Why should they? No. It was Dobe. They won't come back. I won't come back either. It's my side."

Katherine Barr came over the room. She crouched down and laid her hand on Jett's forehead. He was, Majors could see, going out again. He moaned faintly, "Thanks—thanks," and went still.

Majors said to the printer. "You go get Doc Showers. Make it a quick ride."

HE STOOD there afterward, thinking of the consequences of this fight. Dobe was dead and the pressure was off the Barrs. He was trying to see the end of his job—and couldn't quite see it. Maffitt remained, and the old hatred still lingered between the Barrs and the few east-fork people, like Sultan and Ketchum. There still remained something to be done; and he was trying to see the way to do it.

Dan Barr spoke up bitterly: "Your switch came too late, Majors. Ring's dead. Pedee is dead."

"I have made no switch," Majors told him.

"Then why come here?"

"Dobe," said Majors and let it go like that.

"They drove us into the house in a hurry," Dan Barr explained, as though compelled. "A bullet almost got Katherine. So we made a bargain. Agreed to leave the country. Too many people have died around here. I don't want any more."

Fay Barr said, "One of these days I'll look up Buff Sultan," and his dark face showed the old hatred fully. "And maybe Ketchum. Then, by God, we'll be satisfied."

Dan swung around. "Shut up, Fay. Shut up!" He looked at Majors again, impatient with his question. "Well, what do you want of us?"

"Why?"

"It's your show. You started it and I guess you end it. You've wrecked a lot of things for us, and for others, to get your point. But I will not fight again. What do you want?"

"We'll ride up to the Pocket," said Majors.

"It is one thing I can do with real pleasure," Dan retorted. "Cousin Creed, you stay with Katherine."

They all went out, leaving Majors alone with the girl. She was on her knees, her hand supporting the kid's loose head. Her face was smooth and pale, and beyond his power to read. For a moment he remembered the scene on the ridge and a little of that tumult came back to him. She had power to stir him, to deepen his hungers and his sense of loneliness. But it soon went away and he looked at her as a man, lost in the desert, might look at some far and unattainable light. Ring was dead and old Pedee was dead, and these were the things which she would remember and forever put against him.

She murmured: "It is so strange, and so sad—I remember now that I have never seen you laugh."

"No, I guess not."

Her voice was even, and gently curious: "You've gone through things like this before? Is that the reason?"

"That's the reason."

She regarded him with the same dark, remote serenity. "And other women, as well?"

He had a blunt answer for that: "I have known other women."

THE serenity of her eyes faded. Her chin lifted and her lips were long and pressed even. Faint color came to her face. Her voice was curt, with an anger he couldn't comprehend. "Go back to them!"

"No," he said. "Not to them, or to any woman."

She said, "My father is across the hall. He is dead."

He didn't answer. He turned from the room and found the rest of the men

thing splashed the Ute's water, out in the middle of the meadow. Majors kept watching the window lights and could find nothing there. Dan Barr returned, heavily breathing. "Horses gone. Far as I can see nobody's downstairs."

"Sparks comin' from the chimney," said Majors, and left the saddle. "I'll be back," he murmured, and cut into the meadow. Then, dropping to the ground, he worked his way across to the house and behind it until he had reached the back door, which was closed.

Rising up, he laid his ear to the house wall and kept it there, listening for the vibration of voices or of footsteps. Wind played more fully against his face, but he could pick up no indication of life in the house. The chimney sparks indicated they had been here recently, and might still be here, but there wasn't any sense of warning in his head, and the



"Zola said it—or Pasteur—anyway, Paul Muni!"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

waiting in the yard. Brand had been talking to Dan Barr. Dan Barr said, "I'm glad to know how you stand, Brick. I guess there's a few white men left in the world. But damned few. Majors, you ready?"

Brand spoke to Majors with an evident difficulty: "You're goin' to the Pocket and I know what you intend to do. I'd just as soon not be in on that. I've changed my politics, but I can't raise a gun against those boys. Maybe you see."

"Wait here."

"Be a little careful. Ben's a wolf with long ears."

Majors led his outfit across the bridge and into the quick-climbing trail.

THE corral of the Pocket house was a blurred streak in front of them. Dan Barr whispered, "Wait," and left his horse, merging with the earth. Some-

impatience he had carried up the hill got greater; and at once he lifted his gun, took a good grip on the doorknob, and flung the door open.

He was inside instantly, closing the door behind. This was a small hall half lighted by lamplight from kitchen and front room. His glance raced up the stairway, and then, seeing no shape in that darkness above, he knew the house was empty. He knew what he wanted to do, and did it quickly. Ducking into the kitchen, he seized the lamp on the table and brought it back to the hall. He took off the globe and unscrewed the wick, careful to keep the flame alive while he dumped the bowl of kerosene on the floor at the base of a wall. He dropped the burning wick into this pool of oil and watched it catch brightly and make one vivid leap toward the wall's loose paper. He remained there until he knew the wall would burn. Afterward

he opened the back door to create a greater draft for the fire. Dan Barr's voice came straight over from the mouth of the trail: "Here."

Majors crossed the clearing and found the group. He stepped into the saddle; and all of them waited silently, watching the fire make a swift upward rush along the inner wall. Wind had blown the back door completely open and at the end of five minutes that hall was a wild mass of flame and the bone-dry wood began to crack like gunshots. Majors said: "That's all."

But Dan Barr murmured, "Wait. I want to be sure. It was an evil damn place. It always was. In Maffitt's time and before. That's where my brother Clay was killed. The east-fork people caught him there—when I was just a kid."

Majors saw Matt Oldroyd's shoulders swing. But nothing was said, and they sat like statues in the saddle. All the back windows were blood-crimson squares; little by little the light crept across the back yard toward the trees, touching them faintly. A low humming ran out of the place, deepening presently into a solid roar. And when the upper windows began to turn red they knew the fire had at last reached the second floor. Majors repeated, "That's all," and led them up the trail.

They were back at the house in a half hour. The printer waited for them on the porch and Doc Showers' buggy stood in the yard. "Guess the kid will make it," said the printer.

Nobody got down. Everybody was waiting for Majors to speak. They were all looking at him. Dan Barr said, in the same tone of irritable defeat: "Well, what do you want us to do?"

Katherine Barr came to the door. Majors saw her there, slim against the light, her head lifted and her face vaguely showing. He said: "I want to see all of you in town tomorrow morning." He turned suddenly out of the yard and fell into the canyon road, towing his crowd behind.

LITTLE PETERS had been on the shelf above the Barr ranch when Dobe Hyde struck. And later had witnessed Majors' surprise attack. This information he carried back to the Pocket. "I dunno who it was put up that second fight and I dunno how it came out. Too far away. There was a hell of a bust of shots. Then everything quieted down."

Maffitt said: "Majors, certainly. Nobody else would buck Dobe."

"I dunno how it came out."

But Maffitt looked at Little Peters and at the others and his solid face was smart and hard and sly. "I know. It would be Majors who came out. His luck runs strong. I knew that about the big fellow the first time I laid eyes on him." His flat lips stirred and the gray surfaces of his eyes threw out a stronger and stronger brilliance. It wasn't anger and it wasn't fear. In Ben Maffitt was a coolness and a patience that rose above these things and now he was seeing the picture complete as it had to be. "But men like Majors and men like me always make a last mistake. Luck goes out—and the man goes out. We'll drift."

"Why?" asked Little Peters.

"Because they'll be up here. I can call the cards before they fall. I know just how the big man's mind works, for he's like me. Ain't much difference between us except a fence, which is the law. It's a flimsy fence and God only knows why it is he's on one side and I'm on the other. But that's the way it is."

So Maffitt pulled his companions out of the Pocket and halted them on the high bench overlooking the meadow. This was the old apple orchard from which Majors had first viewed the Pocket. And from this spot, long after, Ben Maffitt saw the house burst into

flames. He shrugged his shoulders in the darkness, too much of a gambler to express emotion. He turned to the others.

"We ran out our string here, boys. It was good while it lasted, but the big man changed it. Makes no difference now what happens to him, the valley ain't the same any more. I'll meet you in Jackson's Hole, three weeks from today."

"Where you goin'?" asked Little Peters.

"One more card to fall," said Maffitt enigmatically, and left them.

At three o'clock in the morning he rode to the edge of Reservation and left his horse in Charley Chavis' barn. He went around to the bedroom window and knocked on the glass but after a while, receiving no answer, he walked away—not knowing that Chavis had piled all his belongings in a buggy and departed from the valley not more than an hour before. He paced through the back alleys, crossed the main street near the bridge, and circled to the rear of the livery stable, sliding into the stable's dense dark. He made himself a bed deep in the hay and, thus hidden, waited for daylight and for his chance.

AT DAYLIGHT winter suddenly dropped out of the sky in a faint shifting of snow. By nine o'clock a rising wind drove in from the peaks of the Silver Lode and the air was white and thick as meal, with the street ends lost to sight and the lights of the town vaguely sparkling through clouded windows. All Reservation's roofs were whitely quilted. Wind began to pluck a long, low whine out of the building eaves and drifts piled up against the street corners and against the weather walls, accumulating and being whipped away in violent eddies and reforming elsewhere. Now and then a rougher gust of wind seized a drift and carried it the whole length of the street in sheets of glittering spray.

Majors had early sent Matt Oldroyd down the east fork to bring in the Sultans and Ketchum. The Barrs came in around nine-thirty—Katherine and her two brothers and the older pair, Creed and Will. It was about ten when the east-fork crowd, bucking a continuously strengthening wind, reached town and stamped into the hotel lobby, their cheeks whipped red. Matt's blond eyebrows were beaded with little ice particles. The Sultans, Buff and Edith, had come in a buggy because of Buff's bad arm. Ketchum complained of this to Majors.

"A wild errand for Buff. This could have waited. It's been goin' on fifteen years and another week wouldn't hurt."

This early morning Broderick had set up a stove in the lobby; its belly showed dull crimson and heat ran the room gratefully. Brand came out of the street, but when he saw the gathered group he withdrew. Tony occasionally passed the dining-room arch on her travels to and from the kitchen.

Majors stood back against the lobby desk, reading this crowd with a careful eye, feeling the remnant heat of the old antagonism between the two factions. The Barr men held themselves near the door, the clannishness of their tempers showing in that bunched posture. The two older men would never change and Fay, whose eyes showed an actual hate as he stared at Buff Sultan, would never change. But in Dan, whose hollowed cheeks revealed the strain he had been under, Majors placed some hope. He knew Buff Sultan's attitude, which, without friendliness, was nevertheless ready for reasonable compromise. Of Ketchum's disposition he knew nothing, nor much cared.

The two women, Edith and Katherine, had come up to the stove, standing on opposite sides. It was the first time Ma-

jors had seen them together and for a moment he was free to make his comparisons. Edith Sultan was the smaller, with a fairness of skin and an expression that seemed to seek light, that seemed ready for laughter. She would forgive, Majors thought, because of a gentleness in her; and because of Dan Barr. He could not see that gentleness in Katherine Barr. She stood tall and slim in the room, her chin lifted and her eyes very dark from all that she was remembering. It was a pride like steel that held her this way; it was the force of emotions so deep and so strong behind the sustaining gravity of her features which held her this way. He could see it, and felt a slow thrust of disappointment, as though she had failed him.

Dan Barr said: "Why wait? What is it you want?"

They were at once all watching him and he knew that for some of them nothing but force would do. It was the old, old pattern, and a reflection of that weary and irritable wisdom which showed in the slanting corners of his eyes and in the sudden roll of his lips. He made a taciturn, heavy shape against the desk, and physical threat lay in his muscles. He knew he had made himself master of these people, and knew that they knew it. For better or worse it was his strength he had to use.

"I came here to do a job. It is not quite done but it will be done when we leave this room. Some of you hate me, and I can't help that, nor expect anything else. There's been enough crying and enough trouble. I take the responsibility for it, and say it must end. If you do not agree I'll see that the rest of you live in trouble till you die. Do you understand?" He put it that way, the frank threat having its effect in their eyes. He realized it pushed them all farther away from him and ground their dislike deeper, and could not help it. Katherine showed him a glance dark and half startled; and a quicker breath stirred her breasts.

Ketchum flung up his head, stung. "You're usin' the wrong tone, Majors."

"I'm speakin' to people who have been fools for fifteen years."

"Maybe we like our way better than yours," challenged Ketchum, definitely setting himself for a quarrel.

"You have a son. You want him killed?"

Ketchum flared up intolerantly: "I'll take care of my own."

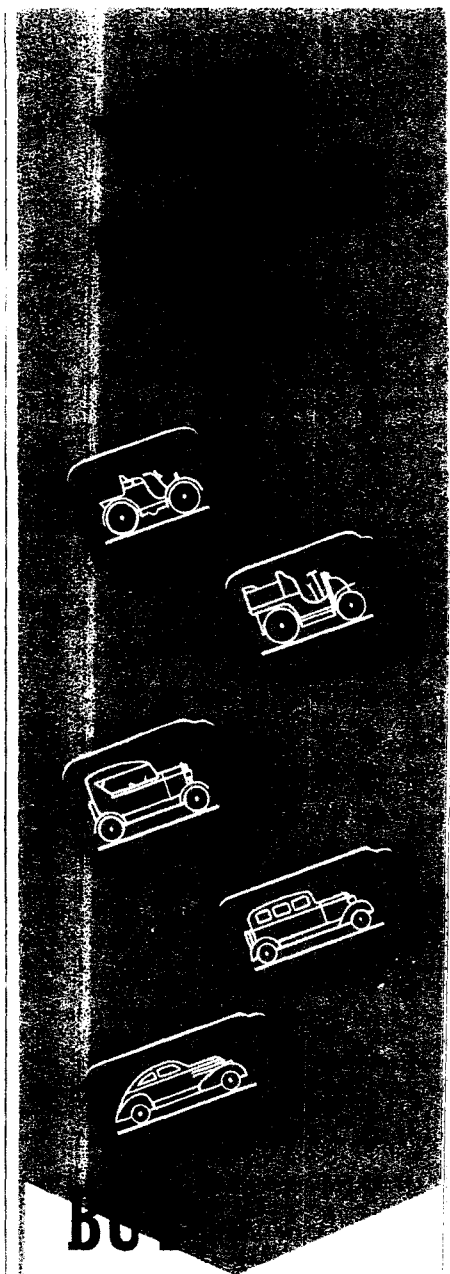
But Buff Sultan suddenly said: "Be quiet, Jack."

Ketchum reared around. "Why, hell, Buff—!" He looked a long time at Buff Sultan, and finally shrugged his shoulders. He gave Majors a grudging answer: "I can't fight alone. I guess the Valley's gone to pot."

MAJORS thought he saw relief loosen the corners of Dan Barr's lips. He watched all these people with a growing sharpness. He said to Dan Barr: "Sultan is tired of trouble. So are you. We make our bargain on that. Your brother Fay won't change and your two relatives are thinking of ways to get even, right now. So all three of them leave the country."

Silence held the room. Fay Barr's mouth opened—and closed. Broderick, all the while in the background, hauled his vast frame around and gave the Barr family a speculative stare. Buff Sultan showed something like shock at the proposal; and in fact it had caught everybody off guard, all but Dan Barr, whose attitude since the night before had been one of desperate resignation. Fay put his head near Dan's and started to whisper something. The first sound he let out of his lips was like the rasp of a file in this silence. He jerked back and kept still.

Dan Barr turned his glance from

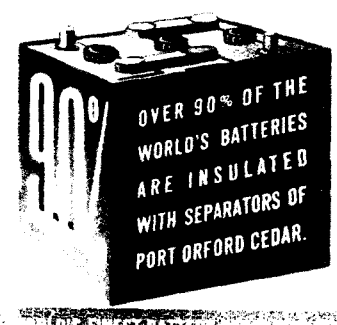


**THE PREFERENCE FOR
BATTERY SEPARATORS OF**

**PORT
ORFORD
CEDAR**

CONTINUES

Because of its fine, even grain, perfect porosity, and the natural oils which make PORT ORFORD CEDAR so acid-resistant.



Majors to Edith Sultan; and it was then that Majors saw the character of the man fully. Dan Barr had lost something that he couldn't recover, and he had no hope now; and when he spoke it was as though he was announcing his decision for Edith Sultan to hear.

"All right. They'll go."

Majors said to Fay and the two older ones: "You agree?"

But Dan Barr broke in with a grating voice: "I'll do the agreeing. They'll go."

"Tony," said Majors. "Tony, come here."

She had been in the dining room's doorway, silently looking on. She came forward, uncertain and disturbed. Majors smiled at her, his face growing smooth. Most of these people were watching Tony, but Katherine Barr's attention had never left the big man and now she saw that expression which Tony seemed to draw out of him—so strangely sad and so kind, as though there was in Tony a quality that could break through the hardest temper in this man. There was a gentleness in him then she had never seen, and a kind of affection she had never felt. Katherine's glance raced to the girl, and back to Majors; and afterward she dropped her eyes and her lips pressed together to hold in the sudden cry that went through her: "Why to her? Why to her?"

Majors said: "Tony, that house up on the ridge is yours and the land around it is yours. Maybe it will help. These people, all of them, owe you something, but it is pretty late for them to make up for what they took away. It is a tough world, full of misery that men make for themselves. I have found it so. But once in a while I see somebody that reminds me of a light in the dark. You are like that." He looked at Sultan, and at Dan Barr. "That's the bargain—all of it. You agree?"

SULTAN hadn't said much. All he had to offer now was, "I'm glad to have it over." Dan Barr nodded, without speaking. Broderick said: "How about Maffitt?"

Majors said: "I think he knows the good times are over. He'll run. Why should he stay, having no help from anybody in the valley? I'm through here."

Katherine Barr lifted her head. She turned to Edith Sultan and put out her hand, touching the other girl's shoulder. That was all, but afterward, looking again to Majors, she saw a shading in his eyes, like relief or like pleasure. He went across the room to the door and turned there, and was smiling as he had smiled when he first entered Reservation, his long lips turned at the corners and with an expression in his eyes that she never had understood. It was as though he knew something about life none of them knew—a knowledge that made him look at them rather wistfully, as though all that he felt and all that he believed brought him only to a hopeless answer. He was a tall, rugged shape against the door, his presence touching them all. And Katherine, no longer looking at him, knew that he was a bigger man than any of them had realized.

He said quietly, still smiling, "So long," and went out the door, closing it behind.

Brand waited there in the muffling drive of snow. Brand said, "Listen, friend, listen—"

He let it go like that. Majors shook his hand and went on to the stable. But then he changed his mind and trudged across the street to the jail office. The notice still fluttered on the bulletin board. He took it down and slid the badge into his pocket, knowing that this was something he would put to old Jeff White, and leave the answer to old Jeff.

Retracing his steps, he observed that

the saloon remained dark and wondered about it, and dismissed the wonder as he entered the gloomy run of the stable. A lantern's light cut frigid lances ineffectually through the pall. The hostler had gone.

Majors took his gear from a peg and walked into the gelding's stall. He saddled up, and spoke patiently when the gelding fiddled in the soft dirt. "Just save that for the mountains. You'll need it." He put his head against the gelding's side and waited for the horse to blow out its breath, and hauled in the cinch. The gelding grunted. It was all a part of the game they had played through many another morning, leading back into the years. Never any change.

The hostler hadn't appeared. Majors went into the little office, calculated his bill, and laid five silver dollars on the table. He stepped out of the office and stopped there. His eyelids came together and he remained this way a long while. The job was done and it was a hard ride over the hill, but he was waiting for the old eagerness to possess him and the old impatience to call up the desire to be on the march. It didn't come and he knew it wouldn't come. He had ridden out of many a town gaily, leaving nothing behind; but when he crossed the bridge and turned up the

till I knew. If it's a mistake it's the first one you've made in this country."

"Ben," said Majors, "I thought you'd move on."

Maffitt showed his pride in the way he boosted his words down the runway: "You're a smarter man than that, friend. You're a wolf, like me. You crossed my trail. So I have got to find out. I'd go a thousand miles to find out. Hell, if we were ridin' together we'd lick the world. That's a thought, friend Jim. A thought."

THE gelding's head turned toward Majors, its ears lifting and its eyes showing a luminous reflection of the outthrown lantern light. It was a poor light in this murky barn but it made a deadly background for Majors, placing him definitely, targeting him for Maffitt's gun.

"Ben," said Majors, "I wish you'd kept on riding." His arms hung steady and without life. But he was watching the gelding's tail switch, and he was thinking. His fingers made one sudden sharp snap in the dull silence. "I wish you had."

The gelding's ears struck forward; it took one quick step backward, and then at once it stood between them, blocking out Maffitt's fire. Majors, spinning back

ribs of the runway's back door showed faint seams in the muddy dusk. Maffitt's shape was a formless and sooty blur below him. He reached down and touched the man, and rose again. He thought: "So he found out, and I wonder if he remembers?"

Katherine's voice called, strong and swift: "Jim—Jim!"

He turned back and went on until he saw her before him. Brand was behind her and Brand suddenly burst out: "Who—Soder? Maffitt? Who did that?" But he couldn't see Maffitt's shape at the runway's end and Jim Majors didn't explain. For Majors, always a careful man with a gun, had stepped forward with the weapon still in his hand. And he was saying to Katherine Barr with a tone that was hard and hungry and desperate:

"After all that's happened, Katherine? After all that?"

She was tall and slim against the gray race of snow. Her head was up and he saw her eyes, dark as it was here; and he saw her lips. He crossed the distance between and took her into his arms, forgetting the gun. Brand, absolutely shocked, saw those two great people standing together, with the big man's face changing and lighting and dropping down toward the girl's lips. Brand never spoke of it later, but at the moment the big man's face dropped it was like a flash of lightning striking him—striking Brick Brand. Like a jolt of electricity. Brand backed away, at last seeing Katherine's dark head tipped back and her body reaching upward from the pressure of Jim Majors' arms.

Brand went down the street and waved his arm at the other people standing outside the hotel. "Sall right," he said. "Sall right. Better ride home, Dan. She'll be along later."

DAN BARR knew. He said to the rest of the family, "So we ride," and swung up to the saddle. The Sultans were near the rig. Before he pulled away, Dan Barr looked back at Edith and met her glance. The darkness of the day seemed to grow worse and his own mind was darker still. He could remember how she had been at their meetings up in the ridge house, and wondered if some of that old sweetness stirred her memory now, as it did his. He thought to himself: "There has been too much. Maybe time will soften it. Maybe a month, or maybe a year. Then I'll know. It is all I can hope for. Time." She had turned her head from him, walking to the rig. And so he rode out of Reservation with the other Barrs behind.

Matt Oldroyd remained in the lobby, awkwardly tall and very serious. Tony stood by the desk. She kept her glance on the street, on the departing people; she kept watching the stable's entrance. Her face was soft with its dreaming, and sad with the fading of those dreams. Matt recognized the reason and stood humbly by, waiting for her to see him.

She said, "Katherine is still up there," in a small voice. "So it will be that way."

"I know," he said.

She looked at him, very near to crying. "Oh, Matt!"

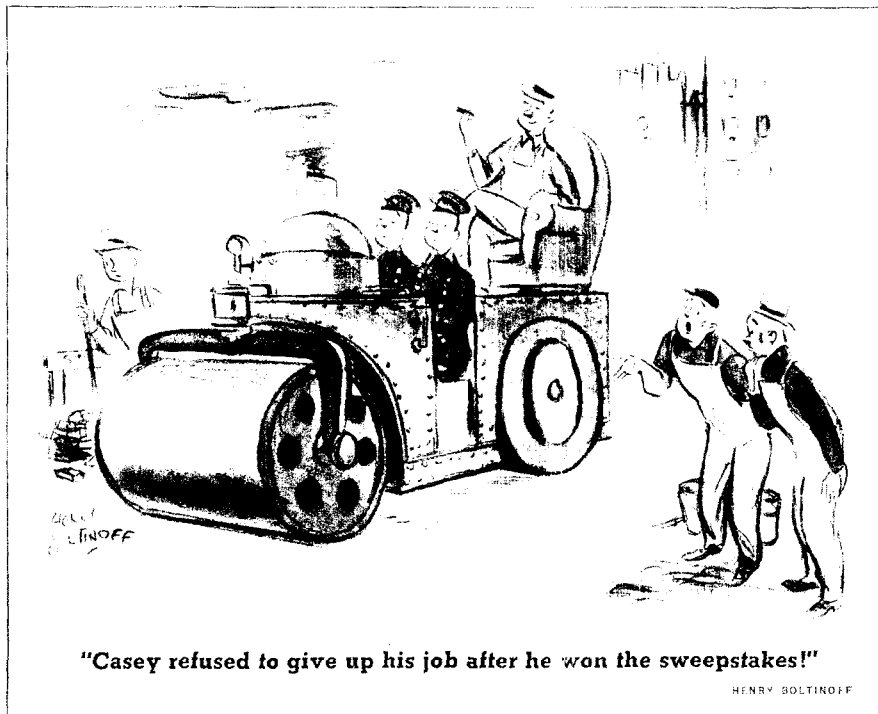
"I know that, too," he told her. "But, Tony, here we are."

She said: "Me? I can't stand pity, Matt, and I'm not a very good woman."

"Not pity, Tony. I have made my mistakes, but when a man wants a woman—"

She saw the way he looked at her, so stiff and humble, so terribly serious. It brought a curving sweetness to her lips. She dropped her glance, her breathing disturbed. Long after she looked up at him, a glow in her eyes. "It is nice to be wanted, Matt," she said to him. "I have been alone so long."

THE END



"Casey refused to give up his job after he won the sweepstakes!"

HENRY BOLTINOFF

Silver Lode he left something behind and wouldn't get it back again.

"Majors."

It came through his thinking. It came crashing through. And he turned, knowing the voice and what that voice meant, and saw Ben Maffitt's wide, short shape at the back end of the runway, half merged with the gloom. He had made his mistake. Part of the job hadn't been done—the fire in the Pocket hadn't been enough; and he understood suddenly that he had made that most fatal of all mistakes: He had underestimated a man.

HE COULD see Maffitt's face indistinctly through the muddy shadows. He had partially turned toward Maffitt, though he wasn't fully squared about and his position was bad for a clean draw. The gelding stood a little aside of a straight line between them. Maffitt's voice was so easy, so slow and so certain that he had to admire it even while his thoughts began to race outward from his position and slam up against dead ends.

"Where'd you think I'd go, friend Jim?"

Majors said: "My mistake."

"Maybe. We got to find that out. It's what I'm here for, and I wouldn't leave

on his heels, put a shot into the swinging lantern and knocked out the light. The runway dropped to a sightless, uneasy gray. The horse plunged by Majors, into the street.

Majors rushed over the runway, toward the indeterminate shape of a stall, and the roar of his shot hadn't yet died—so quick was the run of all this—when Maffitt's gun began to rock the stable with long, hard beats of sound, one report upon another. Lead whined against the partition of the stable office, and struck low into the packed earth, the smell of that rank dirt beginning to rise at once; and, turned by the edge of a stall, Majors saw the long flicker of Maffitt's gun muzzle and lifted his own gun and let go. He placed three shots at once, seeing the opposite muzzle light fade. There was a huge breath, dragged out and broken, from the end of the runway, and a long, long pause, and afterward the muted echo of Maffitt's body falling. The gun remained half lifted in Majors' hand, shaped that way from its recoil. The yonder gloom was bottomless, nor could he hear any more breathing. Powder smell drifted across the runway.

There was the quick tap of somebody running along the outer walk. Majors wheeled and walked on until the

*It's fun
to wire flowers*



VIA FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY

*Dear Jane:
Business is great!
Home Thanksgiving. Love
to you and the children
Harry*

Just completed a good business deal? Held a successful meeting at a distant point or going to be home early for Thanksgiving? Why not share your success or joy with those close to your heart? Why not say it with flowers-by-wire? Their delicate fragrance, their very freshness and beauty, convey far more than words—worlds more than things not made of sunshine. You can fairly see the surprise and happiness flowers-by-wire will bring your family! So easy, now, to wire flowers for all occasions. Just step into the florist shop displaying the *F. T. D.* emblem and your order will go through like magic!

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION

AN INTERNATIONAL ORGANIZATION OF 12,000 FLORISTS

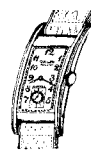
Hunting the frisky Hare or the Whiskey rare, be sure you

Gaze Well



AIMING for *Good Whiskey*? Train your sight on the familiar letters G&W and you'll bag a prize! G&W is good to begin with because it begins with good ingredients. It's good all the way through because it's controlled at every step. You'll find it the perfect *Ground Work* for highball or cocktail. That's why it gets such a *Grand Welcome*. Get Wise. Get G&W. It Goes Well!

Another G&W Gruen Watch Contest*



FREE! \$50 Gruen Watches for the 10 best lists of 10 "G&W" names or expressions (like *Gross Weight*, *Glow Worm*) plus your comments on G&W whiskies or gins. Get entry blanks at dealers, or use own stationery. Mail entries before December 31, 1937 to . . . G & W, P. O. Box 887, Detroit, Michigan.



Get Wise...get **G&W**...it's Good Whiskey

©1937, Gooderham & Worts, Ltd., Detroit, Michigan—Est. 1832. G & W 5-STAR BLENDED WHISKEY—The straight whiskey in this product is six years old; 23% straight whiskey, 77% neutral spirits distilled from grain, 90 proof. G & W BONDED STOCK STRAIGHT RYE OR BOURBON WHISKEY—This whiskey is seven years old. Bottled in Bond in Canada, 100 proof. G & W MILL FARM STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY—90 proof. *This contest limited to adults other than liquor industry employees in states where such contests are permitted. Entry blanks are available only in such states. Gooderham & Worts reserves the right to use in its advertising or promotion any material submitted. Duplicate prizes in case of ties.

With Labor Thrown In

Continued from page 17

had) industrial plans of their own. The Honorable Mr. Bush, for example, and the Honorable Mr. Wall.

Mr. Bush is principal or superintendent of the Jones County Agricultural High School and Junior College, an institution which serves six of Ole Miss' counties. He is also a state senator, a member of the Senate Finance Committee. Further, he is president of the Mississippi Education Association. Incidentally he is not a hat-tossing admirer of Governor White.

In December, 1935, before BAWI was more than a childish whisper and while Mr. White was merely the mayor of the tranquil town of Columbia, where textile workers toiled for less than ten dollars a week, Brother Bush launched his idea. As he told us, the WPA was dealing out federal funds at a great rate, granting thousands here and thousands there on projects which seemed to him occasionally to lack merit.

So through his board of trustees the senator applied for a bit of it. What he wanted was a vocational training school for his agricultural high school and junior college.

The senator talked it over with the WPA officials. They caught on with considerable alacrity. In a remarkably short time WPA gave Brother Bush \$26,092. To this he added \$9,912 raised by the school's trustees. And with his customary vigor the senator proceeded to erect on the campus a vocational training school. That it looked remarkably like a factory was a matter of some minor comment; but Brother Bush has been a politician too long to be thin-skinned.

Forty Hours for Four Dollars

Now a vocational training school, however patriotically conceived, is of very little value if it contains no equipment and lacks technicians. But Brother Bush had thought of all that. Being forehanded, as all good politicians should be, he had entered into negotiations with a strike-bedeveled corporation in Weissport, Pennsylvania—the Vertex Hosiery Company.

Vertex leaped at the chance. Closing its Pennsylvania plant, leaving 250 workers and their 700 dependents to seek WPA jobs or state relief, it hurried to Ellisville. It agreed to install a maximum of thirty-six hosiery-knitting machines and the necessary accessory devices. It agreed to furnish all raw materials and a number of foremen who would be put on the pay roll of the Jones County Agricultural High School and Junior College as instructors, whose wages would, however, be paid by Vertex. It agreed to "reimburse said school for all amounts expended for pay rolls, parts of machines, supplies, oil, power, light repairs on building, insurance of all kinds and any other and all direct operating costs entering into the production of hosiery." We are quoting the contract entered into by Brother Bush and Vertex. And it was mutually agreed that the contract should run for twenty-five years. Vertex to pay no rent and enjoy the exemption from taxation granted by the state to all public educational institutions.

In return for Vertex's splendid generosity, the school was to supply the labor from its classrooms and fix the rate of their pay. To make everything quite legal, the school leased the Vertex machinery at the rental rate of one dollar a year. Of course Vertex, being essentially a hosiery-manufacturing concern and only by circumstance an edu-

cational force, had to get something material out of it. Therefore the school agreed to "deliver the finished products of said plant, regardless of quality, as full and complete payment for all obligations to Vertex."

Everything signed and witnessed, Brother Bush set about arranging such details as wages and hours of work. He agreed that his students should receive a minimum of four dollars a week while learning the trade of hosiery making. When, in the opinion of the Vertex-supplied instructors, they should have mastered the art they would be eligible to a wage of eight dollars a week. The boys and girls were required to work in two forty-hour shifts—forty hours a week, that is. One shift would go to work at six-thirty in the morning and finish up about half past two.



"Would you please pose just as if you were going to hit me?"

KIRK STILES

After that there was their school work to do—two hours of recitation and six hours of what Brother Bush referred to as "preparation." This, we gathered, was a "study period." The second shift, having done its routine classwork and studying by day, contributed its remaining energies to Vertex—from four in the afternoon until midnight. But this must be understood: students are not to be graduated from the school as hosiery workers. They may not stay on at the mill after graduation. Of course they may move on to other hosiery factories in other parts of the country. But when they're through school they give up their jobs to undergraduates. Thus is Vertex assured of plenty of high school and junior college workers—at four dollars a week.

Of course it may come to pass that some bright young student in the Jones County Agricultural High School and

Junior College's Vocational Training School will one day become so proficient that he or she will manage to receive eight dollars a week for the stockings turned out for Vertex. But the road to such affluence will be uphill and stony. Brother Bush told us that it really takes three years to turn out a finished hosiery worker. However, this is rather well down in the importance scale because, as the senator explained, the four dollars the young workers are able to get via Vertex makes it possible for them to continue at school.

Out of what Vertex gives the school each pay day—a sum Brother Bush refused firmly to divulge—the school pays the student workers. We tried hard to find out just how many stockings the boys and girls produced every week in return for their four dollars but failed.

The senator said the weekly pay roll was none of the public's business—nor how they arrived at the amount that Vertex paid the school for wages and so forth.

Washington Calls It All Off

When we saw him, the senator appeared to have but one major worry. Mr. Corrington Gill, assistant to Mr. Harry Hopkins, chief administrator of WPA, was demanding that the senator return to the government the \$26,092 which it obtained under what Mr. Gill regards as a misapprehension.

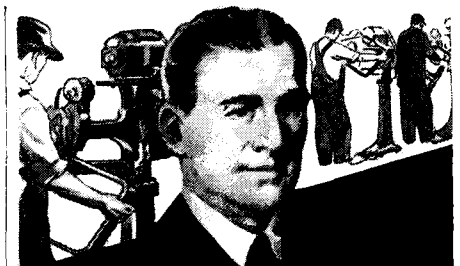
Mr. Wall himself came very near to having a somewhat similar problem to ponder: Mr. Wall is mayor of Brookhaven. He is also state administrator of WPA. Perhaps you are beginning to see how complicated this Mississippi situation is.

When the Honorable Brother Bush's idea appeared, Mr. Wall was merely deputy administrator of WPA. Naturally as such he was in no position to ask WPA to give the town of Brookhaven forty-odd thousand dollars with which to build a vocational training school for the Brookhaven High School. But as mayor of Brookhaven he could, and did, do so with propriety.

As generous to Brookhaven as it had been with Ellisville, the WPA produced the money. A factory, quite as modern as Brother Bush's and even larger, was erected on the high school campus. And Mayor Wall welcomed to his vocational training school the Stahl-Urban Company of Terre Haute, Indiana, a garment-making firm which accepted with the same happy alacrity as Vertex. It is now known as the Brookhaven Garment Company.

But before the situation had got out of hand, Mr. Gill in Washington began his inquiry into the Bush plan. Before the children of the Brookhaven High School could begin to be of much use to the Stahl-Urban Company, Mr. Wall became somewhat apprehensive, to say nothing of having been marked for full command of WPA in Mississippi. Therefore, it was judged the more discreet to abandon all camouflage and confess the place a factory and let the Terre Haute people run it as such. That no one might claim that this abandonment of the vocational training school idea was a confession of something or other, the factory operators have consented to permit the high school children to drop in and operate a machine or two, thereby enriching their education and (who knows?) becoming some day a garment worker worthy of seven or eight dollars a week.

In the meantime the Bush plan had got a pretty firm grip upon the imagina-



He Saved His Firm
Thousands of Dollars

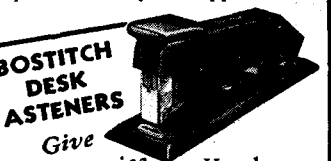
because he discovered that

**BOSTITCH CAN
STITCH THROUGH STEEL!**

No ordinary accomplishment, to drive wire stitches through steel sixty one-thousandths of an inch thick, at a speed of 295 per minute.

The same engineering skill that builds a machine to stitch through steel builds the entire Bostitch line, and handles all the problems of special applications.

**BOSTITCH
DESK
FASTENERS**
Give
Super-Service
Too!



Handsome
enough for
any office,
yet rugged
enough for the factory bench.

**BOSTITCH
SELF-FEEDING
HAMMER**
One Hand—
One Blow!



Speeds up
any tack-
ing job.

**BOSTITCH
FOOT & MOTOR
DRIVEN
STAPLERS**
Both Hands
Free



Used for rapid production or where handling the product is a two-hand job.

Bostitch has 782 stock machines for all types of wire stitching, stapling and tacking jobs. Available through approximately 300 exclusive representatives working out of 81 cities in the United States and 39 foreign countries.

BOSTITCH

42 Division St., E. Greenwich, R. I.
(In Canada, Bostitch-Canada, Ltd., Montreal)

If interested, send for folder "Stitching Steel," or general literature. If you have a problem in attaching materials, send samples or specifications for suggestions.

EXTRA MONEY
for Christmas Shopping!

YOU may earn extra money for Christmas shopping and throughout the year by taking care of subscriptions for COLLIERS and the other popular Crowell Publications. For free supplies, write to:

Chief of Subscription Staff
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.



YOU don't need whiskers and a red coat to be an A-1 Santa. Give Champagne and you please everyone from Aunt Kate to your lady love's dad. This bottle of joy in handsome holiday dress costs no more than a good necktie or flacon of perfume — and there's nothing like it to warm hearts and send spirits soaring. Ask for "Cook's Imperial".

COOK'S AMERICAN Champagne
AMERICAN WINE CO. ST. LOUIS, U.S.A.

"My Favorite Gift for Boys and Girls"

IVER JOHNSON Bicycles
AMERICA'S FINEST QUALITY
Many handsome models for Boys, Girls, and Adults. From \$27.50 up. Send for Color Folder 10B.
IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS
Established 66 years
65 River Street Fitchburg, Mass.
New York Branch, 85 Chambers St.

DON'T LET COUGHING TEAR YOUR THROAT MILLIONS USE PERTUSSIN FOR QUICK RELIEF

When you catch cold and your throat feels dry or clogged, the secretions from countless tiny glands in your throat and windpipe often turn into sticky, irritating phlegm. This makes you cough.

Pertussin stimulates these glands to again pour out their natural moisture so that the annoying phlegm is loosened and easily raised. Quickly your throat is soothed, your cough relieved!

Your cough may be a warning signal from your respiratory system. Why neglect it? Do as millions have done! Use Pertussin, a safe and pleasant herbal remedy for children and grownups. Many physicians have prescribed Pertussin for over 30 years. It's safe and acts quickly. Sold at all druggists.

Pertussin
Seek & Kade, Inc., Dept. AB25,
440 Washington Street, N. Y. C.
Please send me a large Trial Bottle
of Pertussin. I enclose 10¢.

Large Trial Bottle for 10¢

Name _____

Address _____

tion of Ole Miss. The towns of Philadelphia, Lumberton and Columbia, the latter the home of Governor White, thought so highly of it that they too set out to attach vocational training schools to their high schools that their children too might earn four dollars a week. But they lacked something of the decisiveness of Brother Bush and the speed of Mayor Wall. Although they fell to digging with great enthusiasm, they got no farther than large holes in the ground. Before they were through excavating, word came from Washington that it was all off.

The Brookhaven-WPA factory is a good-looking mill—so good-looking that we wanted to get inside. But they wouldn't let us. The manager was smartly evasive. He said that nothing but trouble resulted from inspections and that his superiors didn't cherish visitors. Therefore, we are unable to tell you which side is telling the truth about the wages paid there. The factory says that it is paying "up to eleven and twelve dollars a week with cutters getting as much as fifteen." But the young women we talked to insisted that their average weekly income is less than seven dollars.

The C.I.O. Comes to Tupelo

No such skulduggery was to be found in the snug, closely held town of Tupelo, the home of Congressman John Rankin.

We found the Tupelo Cotton Mill was closed, and the Honorable Josh Whitehead, president of the Peoples Bank and Trust Company, assured us, as receiver, that the mill was closed forever. Somehow we have our doubts. A long, wrangling strike against sub-ten-dollar wages and the failure of the mill to keep its promise to divide 1936 profits with its workers had prompted the mill's officials to resort to this dismal expedient. And Tupelo was one of the few towns in Mississippi which had had the opportunity to see what a C.I.O. organizer looked like.

In this, Tupelo had been singularly lucky. Both of the C.I.O. invaders were entirely worth looking at: Miss Ida Sledge and Mrs. Lillian Todd. But Tupelo was in no Hellenic mood. On one lovely summer morning, before either of these ladies were up and about, a delegation of some two hundred citizens, some of whom were employees of the Reed Brothers, garment manufacturers and by all odds the most important industrialists in northern Mississippi, crashed the hotel occupied by the organizers and grimly marched them out of town.

Tupelo hailed the noble two hundred as deliverers upon their return from the point six miles away where they had solemnly warned the ladies never to return. Three days later, the city still reverberating with cheers for heroes, a luncheon was tendered the deliverers. The guests of special honor were the women who had taken part in the ejection of Miss Sledge and Mrs. Todd.

But the excitement had barely abated when Miss Sledge, cigarette in hand, was seen strolling through town, looking very little like a dead monster. With her was Mr. Jimmy Cox, elected leader of the Tupelo Cotton Mill strikers.

Tupelo was considering the adoption of the Milan plan to combat union activities. The plan was developed in Milan, Tennessee, which has had its troubles too. The city was plastered with dodgers setting forth the creed of the Milan Employees Association, a species of multiple company union. The dodgers had something of a Kluxer flavor, probably unintentional. They tell one some of the reasons why one should prefer the association to, for example, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America. For example:

"The Milan Employees Association . . . is managed and controlled by our members who know our working conditions, and not by Russians, foreigners or Negroes in New York. . . . It has no Negro members and its president is a native American. Its principles and ideals are entirely American and law violations will not be tolerated."

Then "Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America has had for its president, since organization, Sidney Hillman, a Russian. Lithuanian Jew, with headquarters in New York. Has Negro members eligible to its committees. Is affiliated with the C.I.O. Why belong to such an organization? If you applied, you have the legal right to withdraw. . . . Milan Employees Association. A local, Southern, White American Organization."

We left Tupelo unwillingly because we had an appointment with the Honorable Pat Harrison, United States Senator. We had to run for it because Senator Harrison was about to take off, in the company of Governor White, for New York and other Northern points where they were scheduled to discuss the advantages of Ole Miss with a number of Yankee industrialists, several of whom were "Russian, Lithuanian Jews."

As in other and more firmly established textile sectors, the likelihood of the Black-Connelly Bill—the wages and hours bill—becoming law was frightening Mississippi. To make forty cents an hour and forty hours a week compulsory in industrial plants was even more of a threat to Mississippi, where the proportion of the state's potential wealth is still eighty-five per cent agricultural. The Black-Connelly Bill would not assist BAWI to maturity. Incoming industries have to train their labor in Mississippi, the state refusing to permit their industrial guests to import unemployed experienced textile labor from other states, even other Southern states. If she did she would be destroying the very soul of BAWI, the aim of which is to give employment to Ole Miss' children.

Further, the Black-Connelly Bill, which excludes agricultural workers, would be of considerable annoyance to the farmer who is already having plenty of trouble finding willing workers. If forty cents an hour is to be had in the mills, just who is going to be satisfied to work on the farm for ten cents? And even if the cotton crop is picked by Negroes, who are not welcome in the mills, the Negroes are not going to be satisfied to pick cotton for fifty cents a hundred.

A Ripe Field for Unionism

Senator Harrison told us that passage of the wages and hours bill was certain, despite his opposition. He said it would be passed notwithstanding the opposition of the overwhelming majority of the South's members of Congress. Convinced of this, we learned, the Southern statesmen propose to exercise it if they can with amendments. Already something like a hundred amendments are being made ready for Congress to wrangle over.

We were unable to get the C.I.O.'s opinion of the Black-Connelly Bill in Mississippi for the excellent reason that C.I.O. leaders in that state were exceedingly rare. But in Alabama, Georgia and the Carolinas we found the C.I.O. somewhat tepid in its endorsement of the measure. For a different reason, however. If, they said, the government is to force employers to pay forty cents an hour the workers will be inclined less to pay dues to labor unions.

And it would be a great mistake to assume that the Southern textile worker is consumed with a desire to be organized. He isn't, although the tremendous energies of the Amalgamated Cloth-

ing Workers, the modern methods of the Textile Workers Organizing Committee and the deplorably stupid sluggings, blacklistings and Ku Kluxings by enraged employers and mill-controlled local governments are serving the C.I.O. extremely well.

Empty or nearly empty pay envelopes are making more effective arguments for organization than any of the C.I.O. spellbinders. Large numbers of mill-owners have abandoned the check system of payment, hoping thereby to make it more difficult for wage records to be kept by persons outside their offices.

But the textile workers are still suspicious of the United Textile Workers. Their strike of a few years ago did the workers no good. And now the Textile Workers Organizing Committee, a C.I.O. affiliate, has taken the field.

Propaganda Made to Order

In the T.W.O.C. are none of the old-fashioned, flat-foot, derby-hat, cigar-chewing walking delegates of yore. The T.W.O.C. is using more brains than feet, a small centralized staff working through leaders chosen by the millworkers from among their own numbers. And as they will readily tell you, they are finding empty envelopes, company-store rack-ets, poor housing and company-employed thugs better propaganda for the C.I.O. than anything the organizers can write or bellow. Incidentally there is very little bellowing.

We mentioned this to a mill official from West Point, Mississippi.

"We pay our girls what they are worth to us—no more, no less," he said. "If the Communists would leave us alone and stop agitating our girls, everything would be all right."

"Do you pay as little as a dollar sixty-six a week?" we asked. "We've been told so by your own workers. We met others who got as much as \$3.87. Is that so?"

"You probably talked to learners or gold-brickers," he said. "We pay what they're worth to us. Our fight is against Communism, against the C.I.O., against the Black-Connelly Bill, written by Communists and introduced by traitors."

Clearly we were getting nowhere. At Hattiesburg, Mr. J. J. Sullivan, for many years a superintendent of convict labor in prisons, and now head of the Reliance Manufacturing Company's plant in that city, had no such qualms.

"The Black-Connelly Bill is all right with Reliance," he said. "We're willing to pay forty cents an hour and work forty hours a week if we have to. We can do it. Of course it will put chiseling competition out of business. And that's all right, too. But we will still believe in a wage differential favoring the South."

Ole Miss' BAWI may, as Governor White devoutly hopes, prevent sweat-shop conditions. It may keep the textile workers safe from the clutches of the T.W.O.C. Maybe. Maybe. But it can exercise no influence upon the mills not operated under its aegis. It is not responsible for the older textile mills nor for those new ones enjoying private subsidies.

"How," we asked the governor, "do you hope to avoid labor troubles if you continue to import industry?"

"By keeping the industries small and scattered," he replied. "By avoiding industrial concentration. By urging upon each community that it insist that the company pay rolls do not fall below a level profitable to the community. After all, the communities own the factories. It is up to them to handle the situation whether caused by the mill or the labor agitator."

Maybe they will.

Anyway, they will always have the fertile brain of Brother Bush to fall back on.

TELEPHONE GREETINGS

ARE IN SEASON

Perhaps you can't see all your family and go
friends during the holidays. But you can
with absent ones for a few minutes—by tele-
phone. Have you thought how little it costs?



You can call—typical 3-minute station-to-station call
at night (7 P. M. till 4:30 A. M.) and all day Sunday
about 90 miles for 35c; about 150 miles for 50c; and
around 425 miles for a dollar.

TELEPHONE OFTEN DURING THE HOLIDAYS

Holiday Calls

Mother
Uncle Ben
Aunt Sarah
Grandmother
Suzanne
Cousin Don



IF YOU look back only a little while at what has been accomplished in saving life and preventing deaths in this country, you will get a thrill of reassurance. As a people we make our blunders and are guilty of our sins and follies but somehow we move forward.

How substantial is this advance in the well-being of all kinds and conditions of Americans is proved by an examination of what happened during the last twenty-five years to the policyholders of one of the great insurance companies.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company got together and made public its records covering the period from 1911 to 1935. The improvement in living conditions reflected in these records is amazing.

The insurance company reported on its own industrial policyholders. They are a large group—17,000,000 in 1935. They are not wealthy or privileged. They are working people, wage earners and, for the most part, they live in cities. In comparison with professional groups, they are definitely not well off.

Yet for this great mass of hard-working Americans the average duration of life has been extended nearly fourteen years within the quarter of a century studied. Nothing quite like this ever happened before.

As Dr. Louis Dublin and his associates point out, this tremendous step forward occurred in spite of a world war, the influenza epidemic and the lean years of economic depression. So powerful has been the advancing surge of medical care and public-health administration. In effect, our national life has been remodeled in the light of a fresh understanding of the requirements of sanitary science.

There is no magic or hocus-pocus in these gains. Every step is the fruit of labor, intelligence and sacrifice. For example, diphtheria registered a larger decline in the death rate than any other of the communicable diseases of childhood. Within a quarter of a century the death rate from this cause dropped 87.6%. There are sizable cities in the United States which have been entirely free from diphtheria for several years. Even the most populous communities, notably New York City, are able by immunizing all children to suppress this disease almost to the vanishing point.

The most spectacular gain is seen in the rapid decline of deaths from tuberculosis. In 1911 tuberculosis was the leading cause of death among the working population. Today it has



Health to All of Us

dropped to seventh place. The victims of tuberculosis were young men and women in the flush of life and at the beginning of economic usefulness. The tragedy of such losses is indescribable. Happily the tuberculosis death rate fell from 242 per 100,000 in 1911 to 56 in 1935.

Not merely medical science but also the rising standard of living is responsible in part for this health improvement. The comforts and advantages which only the well-to-do found available in 1911 have to an increasing extent become the property of the great masses of wage earners. Sanitary plumbing, modern heating and lighting systems, and the construction of cleaner and better-ventilated factories have played immense parts in the improvement of health and the prevention of death. The motorcar has enabled many of the wage earners included in this study to spend week ends and holidays in the open air.

Direct health instruction such as that made

available by public-health agencies and by many corporations and insurance companies has been most important. Only by persuasion could millions be induced to modify habits and attitudes so that they might co-operate with a great health movement. The willingness of the American people to participate in these efforts is a proof of the soundness of our democratic institutions.

Great as has been the progress in conquering death, from the standpoint of the fighter on the medical front, the war on disease has hardly begun. Much has been achieved but so much more remains to be done.

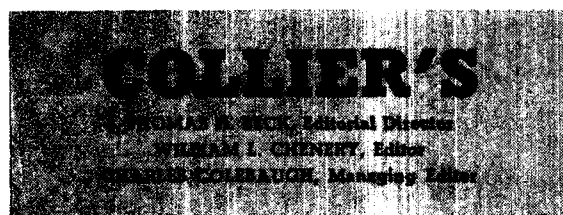
The death rate among the industrial policyholders formerly was considerably higher than that for the general population. The health hazards incident to poverty have been gradually disappearing for the entire group of 17,000,000 policyholders. Nevertheless, the death rates among Negroes from certain diseases are decidedly higher than the rates among the whites. The insurance-company statisticians suggest that greater poverty is one of the causes.

It is not the only cause. People vary widely in their susceptibility to different diseases. Negroes suffer more from tuberculosis but they were much more resistant to the great wartime plague of influenza. Why this is so doctors can now only guess.

What is perfectly clear from these interpretations of the piled-up facts of twenty-five years is the enormous need for the continued search for cures for diseases which still baffle the skill of the greatest doctors.

Even now, although the "flu" is a familiar ailment, the great influenza epidemic of 1918-1919 is still very largely a mystery. Why it struck at pregnant women with such virulence, why strong young men and women succumbed to its progress, why the middle-aged and the old showed greater resistance, are still subjects of medical research.

The ways by which the mysteries of the maladies which kill men are understood and explained show human nature at its best. Patient, humble men and women have accomplished these great things. They are not paid great sums and their reward is not great fame or glory. They have their weaknesses, doubtless, and their irritating qualities, but who else has contributed so much to the welfare of our generation?



What's all the fuss about a DRY whiskey?"



MORE AND MORE, you'll hear men who *know* liquor calling for a *dry* whiskey. A whiskey without even a trace of sweetness in its make-up. In other words, for Paul Jones.

No wonder! Such men have always preferred *dry* champagne, *dry* sherry, and *dry* cocktails. So it's only natural that they should favor a *dry* whiskey, too.

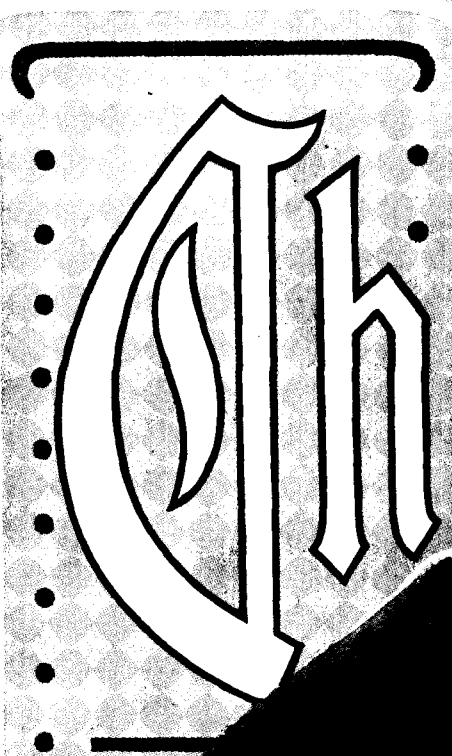
And Paul Jones *is* truly *dry*—gloriously rich and

melloy, yet brisk and clean-flavored, utterly without sweetness. And it's *ALL* whiskey—whiskey, every drop.

This quality of *dryness*, so highly prized by men of discriminating tastes, is one of the chief reasons why Paul Jones has been known as "A Gentleman's Whiskey" ever since its birth, back in 1865.

Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville and Baltimore, also make Four Roses, Old Oscar Pepper brand and Mattingly & Moore—all 90 proof, all blends of straight whiskeys—and that means *ALL* whiskey.

*A pack o'
pleasure*



Chesterfield



LIGGETT & MYERS



Copyright 1937, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.